

"THE GRAND DUKE," A NEW SERIAL IN THIS NUMBER.

THE MUNSEY

TRAINING FOR THE PRESIDENCY

AN IMPRESSION OF
THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

BY

FRANK A. MUNSEY



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NOVEMBER

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 2.

Training for the Presidency.*

AN IMPRESSION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THE two men who, in the closing days of this political battle, are forced into the very burning center of the searchlight, and upon whom one hundred million eyes are intently fixed, are President Roosevelt and Judge Parker. The campaign is well-nigh over. All that could be said in FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE, both for and against these two men, and the parties they represent, has been said—iterated and reiterated a million times.



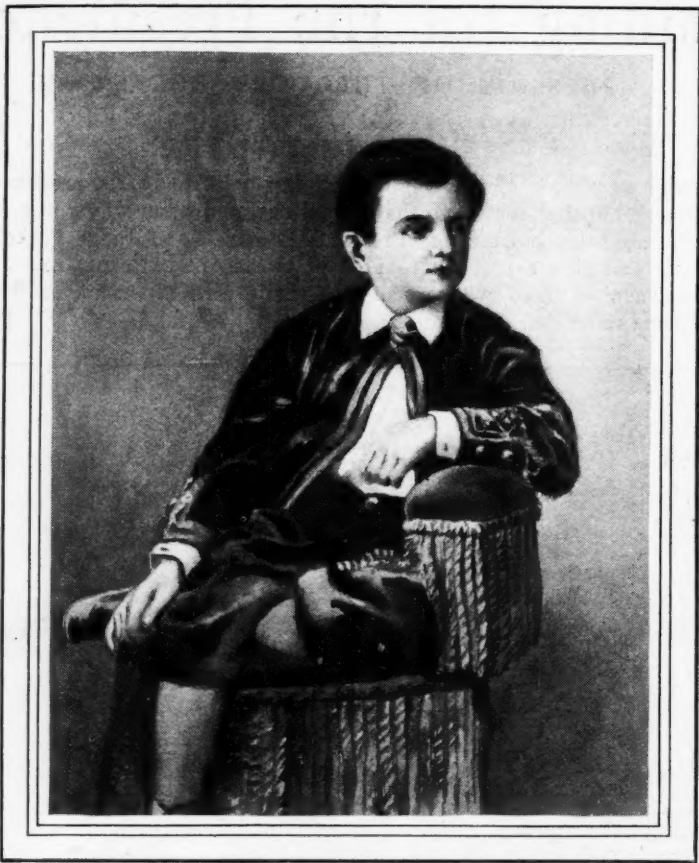
THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A CAVALRY
OFFICER IN 1898.

Drawn by H. L. V. Parkhurst.

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And all that could be said against them IN SAFETY has doubtless been said, and said with the frenzied fierceness that develops with the progress of a Presidential campaign.

The arguments are all in, and there is nothing in reason that could now be uttered, in favor or in criticism of the President or of Judge Parker, that would be likely to add or to subtract so much as a single vote from either.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE, WHEN HE WAS A PUPIL AT THE McMULLIN SCHOOL, AT BROADWAY AND TWENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK—HE WAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT BOY, BUT HIS HEALTH WAS DELICATE.

It is not, then, at this juncture out of place for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, strictly free from partizan bias as it is, to discuss these candidates as it would discuss any other men prominently in the public eye.

Just now Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker furnish a theme of TREMENDOUS NEWS VALUE for a magazine or newspaper article. In them, as individuals, as citizens, as human creatures, as eminent men, the vast aggregate curiosity and interest of a whole nation is astir.

For them it is a grievous misfortune that they cannot copyright themselves, and thus draw royalty on all the printed matter of which they are the subject.

If this were possible, two more multimillionaires would suddenly sweep into the foreground—billionaires, perchance.

Our editors asked me, at the last minute before going to press with this issue, to write something about Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Parker, or both, urging that **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE OUGHT TO BE IN ON THIS GREAT CIRCULATION-MAKING PUBLIC PLUNDER.**

I don't mind saying in this connection, and by way of defending myself, so that it will not seem that here in my own office I am looked upon merely as the last resort—I don't mind saying that an article of this nature had already been written for **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.** Unfortunately, however, it had, or seemed to have, a partizan bias that made it unavailable. The subject was:

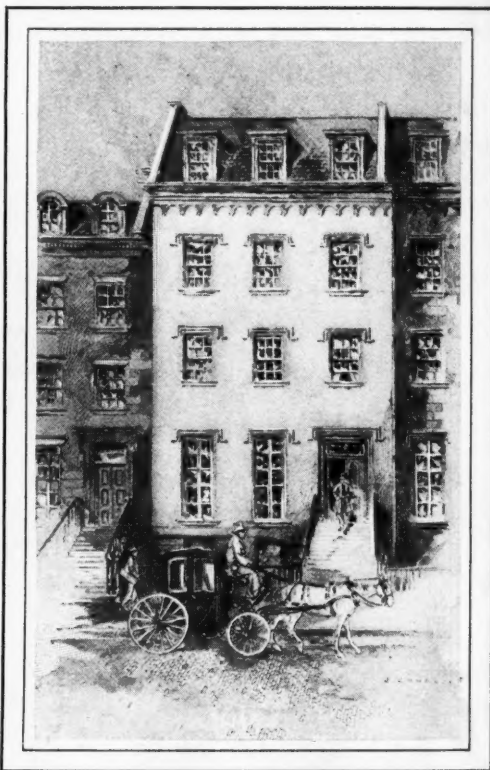
"TRAINING FOR THE PRESIDENCY."

I am asked to write an article on the same topic. I dislike being held down to the strict following of a theme in a formal way, and I especially dislike it on a hurry call at the eleventh hour. Whatever I say, then, will be in the nature of an informal talk.

As a rule I have no patience with the usual introduction to an article covering one third as much space as the article itself. There is rarely any justification for it. Notwithstanding my deeply grounded objection to this sort of thing, I find that I have already written five or six hundred words and have not yet got down to business.

But just as every one has a well defined excuse for what he does, I, too, have a well defined excuse in the present instance. I have sought to make it clear that this article, appearing as it will when the people of the whole country are feverishly sensitive as to what is or is not of political flavor, is meant to have no partizan leaning whatever. **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** is free, and will continue to be free, from the spirit of partizanship, and from politics of any kind either in State or in religious affairs. It is and always has been, and always will be, a magazine for all the people.

With all that has been written about Roosevelt and Parker, it is not an easy matter to say anything more worth the saying without repeating in substance what has already been said, and said many times. The incidents, little and big, in their lives, from infancy to the present time, together with historical facts



THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE—THE HOUSE AT NO. 28 EAST TWENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK, NOW ALTERED INTO A BUSINESS BUILDING. HERE HE WAS BORN OCTOBER 27, 1858.



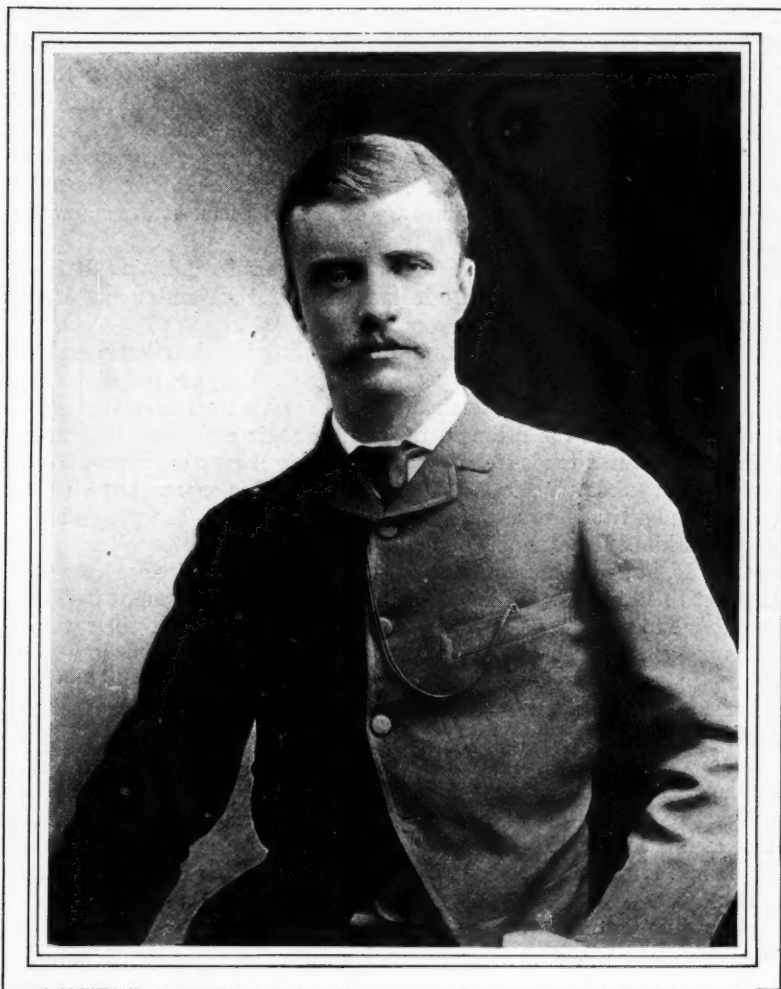
THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON HIS DAKOTA RANCH, IN 1884.

"He asked of his men nothing that he would not undertake himself. He faced the most violent blizzards while rounding up his cattle for safety. I remember this intrepid son of fortune breaking his own horses, sleeping at night with his saddle for a pillow, eating the same rough fare as his employees, and evidencing the indomitable will, courage, and endurance which brought him the affection and respect of his men."

—Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).

both personal and public, are familiar to every reader. There is little or nothing now to be added except it be the writer's individual impressions.

I should like to say something about both President Roosevelt and Judge



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE, AS A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLY.

Parker for this issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. But it has not been my good fortune to know Mr. Parker personally. If, therefore, I were to talk of him I should be saying what has little value. It would be but a reflection of the deductions of other men.

But of Theodore Roosevelt I know enough from personal acquaintance, together with a general knowledge of his work and habits of life, to form a pretty clear idea of him. If a writer reasons with some accuracy, the merit of his analysis of one whom he knows well is that it pictures the real man, instead of the shell of the man. His stature, the color of his eyes and hair, his features, and his

complexion, do not constitute the man. The real man is the inner man, not the outer. He is what his life and character portray him. His acts of kindness or bitterness; his charity or selfishness; his honesty or knavery; his energy or indolence—these set forth in bold outline the man himself.

Coming straight at the subject assigned me, "Training for the Presidency," I should say that in a superficial sense it is misleading as applied to Mr. Roosevelt. It would be equally misleading of Judge Parker. "Training for the Presidency" suggests a deliberate purpose, a carefully thought out plan, to become one day the Chief Magistrate of the United States; and the suggestion carries with it the idea that all one's thoughts and aims and energy have been bent to this one end. We are not wanting in examples of this kind. Every generation furnishes its quota. In our own times we can recall them, as even now we can see them.

But Presidents of the United States are rarely made of these. It is of this class that history records the many instances of crushed ambitions, of broken hearts and shattered hopes.

The men who become Presidents are those who give their heart and energy to the work in hand as the days and years develop it. They are not scheming, not studying to give each act and utterance of life the particular turn that will most enhance the chances of the ultimate triumph of their ambition. The man who gives himself up to this tends steadily, unconsciously it may be, toward a state of insincerity. His words take on a hollow sound, and his expression, his manner, his every act and attitude, proclaim his innermost purpose. The people are quick to understand him. He cannot hide his secret for long; and once known, all he may say and do, however generous and noble, is instantly discredited.

It is not this kind of training for the Presidency that brought to Theodore Roosevelt, and to Judge Parker, the nominations with which their respective parties have honored them. Judge Parker earned his recognition and won the confidence of his party by his conscientious and intelligent work at the bar and on the bench, and, better yet, by his sturdy character and simple, wholesome life.

And so, too, with Roosevelt. His career furnishes a well-nigh matchless example of simple, enthusiastic, intense, heart-and-soul application to the work in hand. This was true of him as a schoolboy; true of him at Harvard; true of him in the rough, rugged cowboy life of the West; true of him on entering into politics; true of him in the halls of legislation; true of him as police commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as soldier, as Governor, and equally true of him as President.

This was the kind of training, coupled with his literary work, his public utterances, his democracy, his warm, human impulses and acts; the friendships he made and held, and his exemplary life—this, I say, was the kind of individual training for the Presidency that brought to Roosevelt the supreme honor of the Chief Magistracy of the United States.

Contrast this record with that of the man whose eye, eagle-like, is fixed unswervingly on the Presidency; who knows no other object, who freezes into ice every impulse and suggestion that would tend to swerve him from his narrow, steel-ribbed course—contrast this, I repeat, and it will be reasonably plain which training is more likely to bring the capital reward.

But the foregoing has only to do with one's own training, and, after all, that is of the lesser and not the greater value. That training which is quickened and glorified with the divine spark begins always in one's ancestry.

Train a pine sapling till you grow old and gray, and you will never make of



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT, WHEN HE WAS THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK CITY (1886).

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

it a hickory tree. It will not have the fiber, the character, the strength. It will be a pine stick all its days, and nothing more. And so with human life. Training and association can polish the brain, and groom the body, and stimulate ambition and energy to their limits, but it cannot create new limits, or fashion a new brain or a new body.

Character has a deeper foundation than that of training and association. It comes somewhere out of the dim and unknown past. The man who stands head and shoulders above his fellow men is bigger because he was born bigger. The size of a man is God's work. It was never anything else, and never will be anything else so long as the world stands. No man has ever done great things who

wasn't created great in the fineness of his brain, the intensity of his nature, the clearness of his perception, and the force of his application.

But why should genius favor one man more than another? It may be because his ancestors, perhaps a thousand years before his advent, suffered more, endured more, fought a better fight than others of their time. It may be this or that or something else. It's all a great, impenetrable mystery. If not, account for Lincoln, if you can—Lincoln and Jackson and Webster and Grant and Napoleon.

If it were possible to secure an accurate account of Roosevelt's ancestry for several hundred years, a record that would give the nationality, the temperament, the occupation, the habit of thought and habit of life generally, of all these ancestors, both male and female, and to figure out exactly what percentage of the blood of each there is in President Roosevelt, of what possible value could it be, and in what way could it throw any light on this remarkable man? None whatever. It would be a mass of useless and misleading evidence, too voluminous and too complicated for the human mind to dissect.

From a countless army of ancestors, known and unknown; from the sailor, the soldier, the herdsman, the farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the doctor, the man of letters, the aristocrat; from womenfolk of all these classes and degrees; through toil and industry, poverty and affluence; through joy and sorrow, tenderness and affection, devotion to family, country, and religion—from all these and through all these sprang the Roosevelt of to-day.

And may it not be that the dominant and directing quality that has made Roosevelt what he is was born in the humblest of his ancestors centuries ago, and has come on down through a hundred generations, asserting itself sometimes mildly and sometimes conspicuously, and yet again perhaps lost sight of as if blotted out, but all the while gathering strength until at last, in its robust vigor, it expressed itself in Theodore Roosevelt?

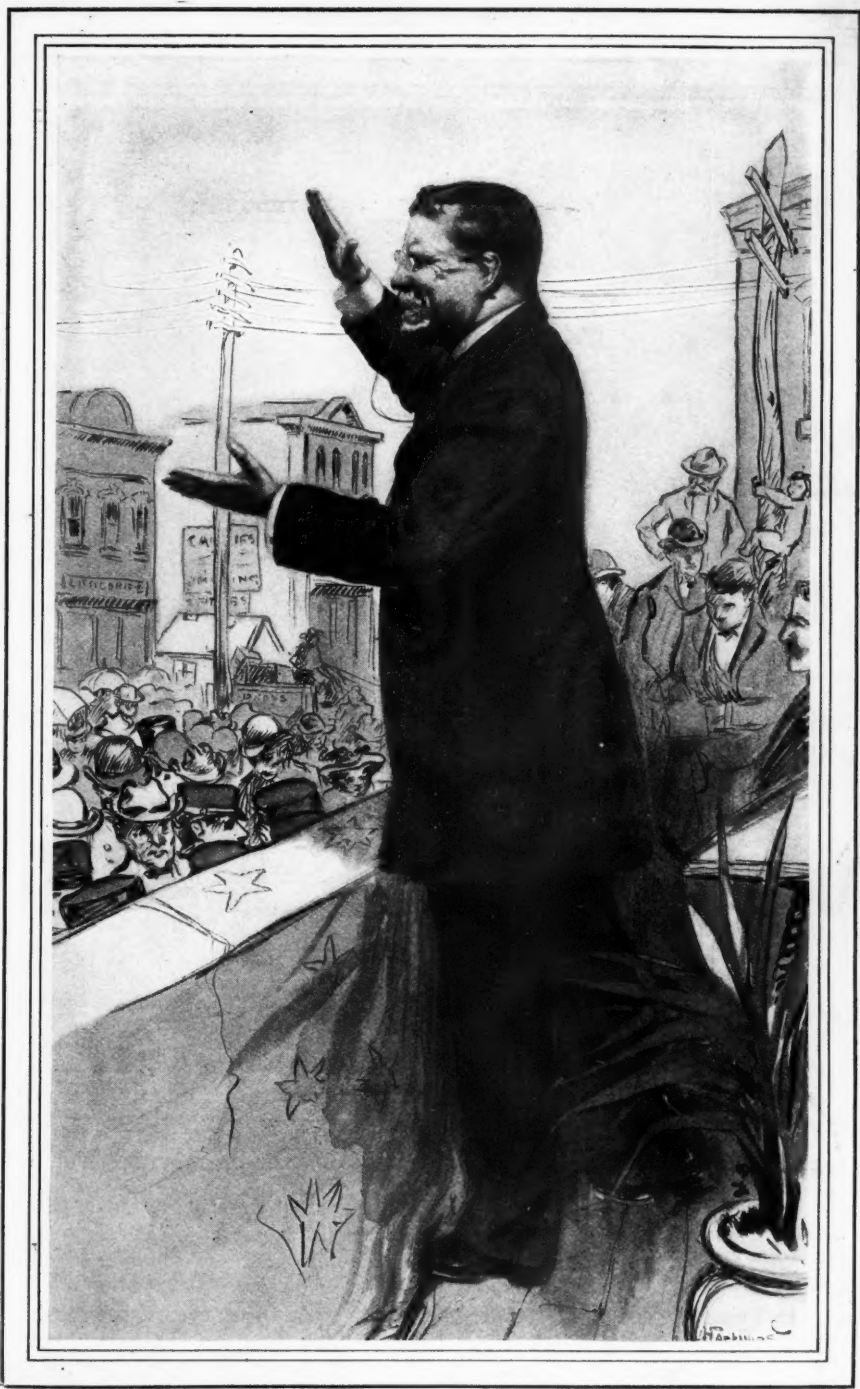
A survey of Roosevelt to-day, at the age of forty-six, reveals a man into whose life there has been crowded more varied and valuable experience than has come to any other living man of his age in the world, except one. This one exception is the Emperor William, between whom and the President there are some striking similarities.

In temperament, in alertness of mind, in habit of thought, in courage, in capacity for hard work, in watchfulness over the people and their interests, and in zealous devotion to duty, these two men are wonderfully alike.

Roosevelt, unique and many-sided, a man of corners, a man of culture and force, is withal a true type of Americanism—of sound, aggressive, progressive, wideawake, up and doing Americanism. He has borrowed nothing from any other country; would fit no other country.

In contrast, the Emperor William, while German to the core and preeminent-ly the greatest of the world's monarchs of to-day, seems from some source to have absorbed, in addition to his natural Hohenzollern inheritance, a tremendous infusion of Rooseveltian Americanism. It is in this that they so closely resemble each other.

In the early part of the Emperor William's reign, and indeed so late as half a dozen years ago, many intelligent and well informed Americans—and, as to that matter, many people of conservative judgment throughout Europe—held stubbornly to the belief that he was a menace to the world—a ruler of overweening vanity and egotism, and of little real ability. This theory has been amply disproven on every count. Instead of plunging the world into war, he seeks peace through preparedness for war.



A CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT HAMMERING HOME AN ARGUMENT ON THE PLATFORM.
Drawn by H. L. V. Parkhurst from a stereograph, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS HE IS TO-DAY, AT THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Arthur Hewitt, New York.

And instead of the clash of arms, it is the roar of commercial battle that we hear. He has pushed Germany to the very front in the great titanic struggle for the world's markets. He has been the inspiration and the guiding hand of her awakened and newly developed industries.

In a word, he does things, and is not afraid to do them, even if the timid and slow of thought cannot follow him. He is greater than conventionality, and is not a slave to blighting precedent. In this respect, again, Roosevelt and the Emperor William are markedly alike.

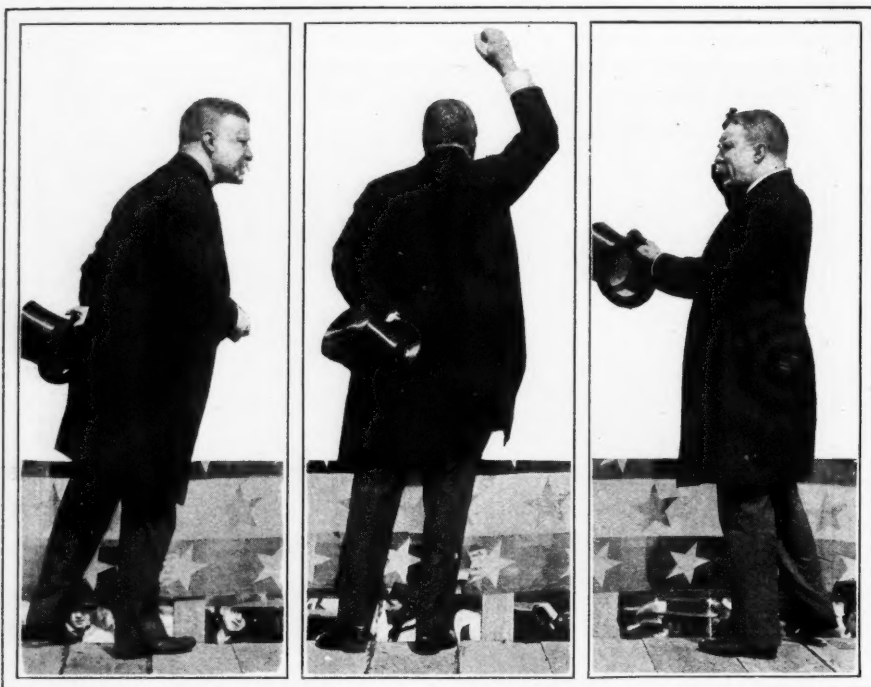
And these two together reach back in sympathy and feeling to our great old President, Andrew Jackson, the three forming a striking trinity.

Roosevelt hasn't all the virtues. He has his faults. He is intensely human. He isn't immune from error of judgment. He makes mistakes. If he didn't, he wouldn't be human, and wouldn't be good for anything. He makes mistakes, but he likewise makes successes. In determining a man's mental stature, the question



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS COLONEL OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY, BETTER KNOWN AS THE ROUGH RIDERS—OF THIS FAMOUS REGIMENT HE WAS COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN MAY, 1898, AND WAS MUSTERED OUT IN THE FOLLOWING SEPTEMBER. BECAME COLONEL WHILE IN THE FIELD AT SANTIAGO.

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.



SNAPSHOT PORTRAITS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT THAT SHOW THE INTENSITY OF THE MAN IN SPEAKING TO THE PEOPLE.

From photographs—Copyright, 1902, by R. L. Dunn.

is not "Does he make mistakes?" but, rather, "Does he make more successes than mistakes?"

The Gatling gun doesn't strike home its individual shots with the accuracy of the carefully, deliberately aimed rifle, but in battle, nevertheless, it does the deadly work. It brings results.

Whatever Roosevelt's shortcomings, he cannot be charged with the crimes of inaction, indecision, or lack of courage. I am talking of Roosevelt precisely as I would talk of any public man worth discussing in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

In the business world, the giant combinations reach out for the very highest grade of talent, and pay fabulous salaries for it. The man WHO DOES is the man to whom the doors are flung open, and to whose hands the life and soul of the concern are intrusted. It is not a question of whether he makes mistakes or not, so long as he can show net results. It is the net that men want.

In matters of state, however, the theory is that no government representative—business manager or director, if you please—should ever make a mistake except one of inaction. Reduce a man to such an anemic condition, and you spoil him. Some men are strong enough and self-assertive enough to resist this deadly theory. Roosevelt is one of them. Jackson and Lincoln and Cleveland were others.

A man's strength can be determined only by measurement. It is to get this measurement of Roosevelt that I have brought him and the Emperor William side by side, and it is to establish his relative strength still more definitely that I have dipped into business and business methods. I hope this way of going about



IT IS THIS INTENSITY OF MANNER THAT GIVES TO ROOSEVELT'S ORATORY ITS PECULIAR AND ORIGINAL STYLE.

From photographs—Copyright, 1902, by R. L. Dunn.

it has furnished a reasonably clear and accurate idea of Theodore Roosevelt as an executive force.

Of all Roosevelt's characteristics that one which is most marked, and which has contributed most to his achievements, is his **INTENSITY**.

Without this quality, no man, however brilliantly endowed in other respects, ever accomplishes much. With Roosevelt, intensity is his power, his strenuousness, his life. It is a passion with him—the very soul of his genius.

Roosevelt, however, is not merely a man of intensity and action, but is a scholar as well. His books show thought and sound analysis. His style in writing, as in speaking, is forceful and convincing. His oratory, like himself, is rugged and intense.

He is a close student of men and affairs, and of political history both at home and abroad. He is keen to discover merit in others, and is equally keen to retain and encourage it whether it be of his own political faith or of that opposed to him; and for dishonesty and incompetence he has no place in the great business over which he presides.

Opportunity doesn't make men, but it opens to them a chance for the development of what there is in them. There is no place on this continent where the possibility for development on broad, big lines equals, or begins to equal, that of the Presidency. Here the problems are world-wide in their scope. The discussions in Cabinet and in private are with big men and on big themes. The President is in elbow touch with kings and emperors. The keenest brains of all the world are pitted against him.

Such a training, with his tremendous responsibilities, with the decisions he makes, with the work he does, with the heart and soul he gives to it all, adds height and breadth and bigness to his stature.

No man in the Presidential chair could fail to grow. All our Presidents have grown and grown splendidly—Roosevelt perhaps the most of all. If so, the reason is found in the fact that he is the youngest Chief Magistrate we have ever had, and the younger the man the more receptive his mind. Moreover, Roosevelt's intense application to work has brought its reward in his rapid development.

Though Roosevelt is the direct product of our old Dutch aristocracy, he is himself in every shred of his fiber, from soul to surface, a democrat. And his democracy is not pretense. It is the real thing. It is the democracy of some grand old ancestor, some man of the people, even as Roosevelt himself is of the people. It is fortunate for him, however, that some of the blood of the more cultured and refined ancestry is in his veins. But for this, with his ten-thousand-horse-power storage battery of energy, his love of conquest, his bravery and daring, he might have been a menace to the world instead of the preeminently useful citizen he is.

Roosevelt's bravery is double-barreled. It is both moral and physical. This is assuredly a rare combination—rare indeed when so highly developed.

We have many men whose courage in physical combat, in the hell of battle, is so fine, so grand, so supreme, that we can only feel our admiration with a thrill that sweeps us from head to foot. But apply to these same fearless men the test of moral bravery, and our hearts will sink for pity of them. On the other hand, some men with the frailest of bodies and the most timid natures are giants—great, grand, heroic figures in the fiercer warfare of moral courage.

The combination, I repeat, is most rare, but in Roosevelt we have both. He can lead an army in the teeth of battle, and never flinch; and with equal courage he can say, and say with terrible emphasis, "YES," or "No!" HE DARES TO DO RIGHT AS HE UNDERSTANDS THE RIGHT, AND HE DARES TO DEFY WRONG AS HE SEES THE WRONG.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

I MUST be strong of soul and stanch of heart,
 No matter what the odds;
 The long day's sturdy struggle is my part—
 The far result is God's.

Not mine to wet the page of yesterday
 With unavailing tears,
 Nor strive to clear the mystery of a way
 Far-leading through the years.

Mine just to meet and conquer, hour by hour,
 The thing that men call Fate,
 Going from strength to strength, from power to power.
 Rising from state to state;

Fighting, face star-ward, through the changing wars
 With which a world is rife,
 So that my soul may borrow from the stars
 Courage and light and life;

Cleaving the shadows with unswerving faith,
 So I may move aright;
 Down to the valley of the shade of death
 Walking a path of light;

Till at the last, weary, I touch the goal,
 And know the journey blest,
 Ready, though stanch of heart and strong of soul,
 Aye, ready—for my rest!

Nancy Byrd Turner.

Father by Grace of the Court.

THE STORY OF MR. AMORY COGSWELL'S INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

I.

EDGING his way to the rear platform, the judge poked Mr. Amory Cogswell genially with his elbow.

"Glad to see your name on our list," he said. "You're the sort of official father that we want—representative citizen, and all that. But you're getting too heavy—ought to train down. I'm going to send you Mickey."

The judge spoke as if he intended presenting a silver service.

"But," protested Mr. Cogswell, in a panic, as they stopped with a jerk at the judge's corner, "I put my name down as a mere matter of form, you understand. I shouldn't know how to be official father to a Mickey!"

The judge swung off the step.

"He will be around in the morning," he called back.

Mr. Cogswell could fairly feel the grin upon his face. He reflected deeply for seven blocks. When the judge lost that election bet, he swore that he would pay Mr. Cogswell out for it some time. Apparently, Mickey was to be the coin used in the transaction. The judge seemed to have a high opinion of him. He must be a personage.

Mr. Cogswell began to dread Mickey. He regretted that he had, in a moment of enthusiasm, consented to become amateur guardian of any young evil-doer, fresh from an ordeal before the Juvenile Court, whom the judge might select. He regretted his representative citizenship. Most of all, he regretted that election bet.

It was with a sinking heart that he heard a knock upon the door of his private office promptly at nine next morning. He was a man fussy about interruptions. This morning his affairs were not interrupted; they were simply knocked into a cocked hat.

He sat down with a sigh. He was a large man with a kindly face.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened upon a wildly straining boy with a fat officer in tow. The officer touched his helmet with a forefinger. In so doing he lost the boy, who, in his eagerness to cut loose from the officer, bounced in the only direction open to him—namely, straight ahead. He landed in a chair with a thump. He seemed to fill the room. He was by no means a quiet personage.

Mr. Cogswell's expression lacked confidence. The officer grinned.

"Here's Mickey Turner as you're to guide and direct, sir. It'll be harder than pinchin' him. Two other gentlemen tried him—one of 'em's dead—subject to fits, sir. I wish ye luck and the upper hand. I'll be going. Good-morning, sir!"

"Er—good-morning," said Mr. Cogswell weakly.

He blinked at the door a moment, with some vague idea of pursuing the policeman, and of demanding advice regarding the prevention of fits. Then he turned about slowly, to surprise Mickey in the act of putting out his tongue at the closed door. Mr. Cogswell's attempt at a frown failed to abash him. He was of the order of brick-headed, freckled-faced boys. Both hands were stuffed into pockets too small for them. He was rather ragged and exceedingly dirty.

It was hard to make a beginning. Mr. Cogswell cleared his throat. It was plain even to himself that Mickey saw through him.

"Well, Michael," he said, with a pitiful effort at heartiness, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothin'," said Mickey, swinging his legs.

"Oh, but I must do something," he



"YOU MUST REMEMBER MICHAEL TURNER. SHAKE HANDS WITH THE JUDGE, MICHAEL."

protested hurriedly. "I'm to look out for you—your official father, you know."

Mickey grinned. He seemed amused.

"You ain't my father. I ain't got none. I got a brudder."

"Of course I'm not really——" began Mr. Amory Cogswell. "It's a mere colloquialism—that is—er—would you like to work—some nice, pleasant employment?"

"No," answered Mickey.

Mr. Cogswell took another tack.

"Let me see. What were you—er—taken into custody for?"

He tried for the polite in his impertinent question.

"Pinched for pickin' a pocket," said Mickey laconically.

"By Jove, you know," began Mr. Cogswell, and then stopped himself. "How did it happen?" he inquired dubiously.

"We wus down to the hay-weighin' at the city scales," said Mickey. "The Brown Jug nipped up behind a feller and did the trick. Then he swelled around. He said I dassen't. I said I dassed. I dassed, but the cop saw me. I got pinched."

Mickey swung his feet and stared at the ceiling. He appeared supremely bored.

Mr. Cogswell opened his lips for a timely reproof. The occasion seemed to expect it. Glancing at the boy, he saw that he also expected it. Probably it would only amuse him. Besides, reproofing people was not in Mr. Cogswell's line. It embarrassed him, and he had never found that it did much good.

"Well, well, now, we must see about something for you, Michael," said Mr. Cogswell, thinking out loud; "though what the deuce it will be passes—come in!" he called, at a knock upon the door.

There entered a small boy with an old man's face, who wore the uniform of a district messenger boy, and had a telegram. While Mr. Cogswell read it, the aged small boy allowed Mickey to make noiseless faces at him with no appearance of discomfort. He withdrew with dignity.

To Mr. Amory Cogswell the coming of the messenger had been an event. It

had given him an idea. He slapped his knee.

"How about your becoming a messenger boy, Michael?" he beamed. "I know the manager. It could be arranged. But look here, young man. No pocket picking; no fights; you to act the gentleman, on your honor, and I help you along. If not, you do for yourself. Now what about it?"

It occurred afterwards to Mr. Cogswell that Mickey looked mystified, and in time it transpired that the only "honor" Mickey knew was the dread judge, who could send him to the reformatory. But he promised to act the gentleman, for he was an easy-going lad to whom promises were short cuts to peace.

They wasted no time. A telephone conversation secured Mickey a place in the messenger service. Together they sallied forth in search of the nearest bath establishment—that is, Mr. Cogswell led the way, and Mickey unsuspectingly followed. He did not try to cut and run. He viewed this large man with growing favor. Moreover, Mickey was ever in search of a new sensation, and the bath establishment provided one.

He was given over to the vigorous mercies of a lusty attendant. Together they caused an arena combat of ancient Rome to pale into peaceful and insignificant pastime.

Meanwhile Mr. Cogswell scurried through near-by clothing houses. He brought back a complete outfit for his charge in a bundle under his arm. He had clean forgotten an engagement with his broker at eleven. He found quiet awaiting him—a subdued and shining Mickey, and an attendant with a battered eye.

"He's a lovely young Christian," sneered the attendant. "Such a sweet mamma's boy! I hope he comes again. I'd like to hand him out a few more!"

"That will do from you," said Mr. Amory Cogswell dryly. "You've been paid for the work—and it strikes me that he rather held his own, considering your size!"

Afterward, reflecting upon the feeling that prompted a speech so unwise, he put it down to the natural pride of

an official father in his boy's prowess. Already he was siding with Mickey against an honest man in the performance of his duty!

There was an added discomfort in perceiving, by a certain swagger in Mickey's manner, that he realized his growing power.

"Beastly hole, this," decided Mr. Cogswell, viewing the place with disfavor. "Another time he goes to the club."

There was no further trouble. Arrayed in the contents of the bundle, Mickey stepped high in the air with pride as they turned to leave. At the door the great effect was somewhat marred, however. Mickey, swinging about like a flash, shied a piece of wet soap at the lowering attendant. The aim was true, the man unwary. The missile hit and stuck.

"To remember mamma's boy!" called Mickey, and bolted.

At the next corner Mr. Cogswell, breathing heavily, caught up to the offender, and spoke severely. His rule to win by kindness, and to overlook small matters, went down before mutiny, a thing flatly reprehensible. At the end, Mickey grinned a little.

"I thought you weren't sweet on the bloke, neither," he said rather quietly, and Mr. Cogswell dropped the subject, preferring to discourage mutiny at another time.

At the telegraph office there was some preliminary red tape, while Mickey waited, a trifle awed, in a chair against the wall of the outer room. Mr. Amory Cogswell talked to the man in charge, and asked, as he left, for a daily telephonic report upon the boy.

"I'm responsible," he ended.

The man looked dubious.

"Of course," he said, "we will do what we can for you, sir, but"—he hesitated, and Mr. Cogswell looked anxious. "Well, perhaps he'll do," he concluded.

To his official father, Mickey loomed less largely in the big outside office. He seemed for the first time a very small boy, not a dauntless and roaring lion. Mr. Cogswell shook hands with him kindly.

"You're to do your best to be a thor-

ough sport and a gentleman, Michael," he said; "and if you need help, call on me."

Mickey answered nothing at all, but as Mr. Cogswell turned in the doorway to glance back at the boy, there seemed something wistful, something appealing, in the gaze that followed him.

"Poor little chap!" thought Mr. Cogswell, and then, in some surprise at himself: "Is it possible that I am going to like him?"

It was twelve thirty when at length Mr. Cogswell remembered his eleven o'clock appointment.

II.

THREE days—and Mickey ran away. It took a detective three more to find him, and two men to hold him, once caught. Obeying orders, they brought him at once to Mr. Cogswell's private office. It was the noon hour of an off day.

"Have a chair, Michael," remarked that gentleman, without looking around. "I'll be with you in a moment."

He heard a hesitating step and the scrape of a chair. Apparently Mickey was not in buoyant humor. There was no bouncing about to-day.

For a time Mr. Cogswell wrote steadily, with absolutely no sound from the boy. At length he threw down his pen and wheeled about in his chair. Some idea of punishment had, of necessity, been forcing itself into his unwilling mind; but at the first glance toward the boy he forgot his dim plans.

Mickey sat rigid in his chair, hands tight clasping the arms of it, eyes fixed upon his official father in a desperate defiance. He seemed like some poor wild thing, trapped and at bay. His one idea, written plain upon his face, was that another fight was coming, and that he must be ready for it. He was braced for the shock, and the sight of him sickened Mr. Amory Cogswell for punishments. The child looked as if his life had contained nothing else.

Upon the desk of the absent typewriter girl there was a large red apple. Mr. Cogswell's eye lighted upon it in passing. He reached for it, and cut it in half carefully. One of the halves he held out to Mickey.

A small, grimy hand relaxed its grip upon the arm of the chair. It was extended gingerly, and received the morsel with obvious hesitation. Upon the freckled face there dawned a look of incomprehension, accentuated by a mouth which hung frankly open. For the first time the boy looked stupid. Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Cogswell began to eat his half sociably.

"So you didn't care about the messenger service, Michael?" he began. "Work you too hard?"

An indistinct murmur from Mickey. He sat rigid, the apple in his hand.

"Nice apple," remarked Mr. Cogswell, munching. "Better try it."

Mickey raised his hand hurriedly, with round eyes upon this strange, large man. He attempted a bite, but could not compass it.

"Well," went on Mr. Amory Cogswell, "I don't want you to stay in a place you don't like. I'm a little sorry you didn't come and tell me straight out all about it, because I could have helped you; but I suppose you didn't wish to bother me."

"Yes, sir," whispered Mickey.

He was beginning to come to himself. He glanced sidewise at his apple.

"Why did you leave?" asked Mr. Cogswell, still munching.

"There was a feller," hesitated Mickey, "what called me a t'ief. I punched holes in him. He called me a t'ief! He was bigger 'n me."

Here he began to swing his legs, a habit strong upon him in narrative, but he stopped himself immediately.

"Well, I don't much blame you for that," remarked Mr. Cogswell. "That the only reason?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mickey briskly, and then his face changed. He glanced at the man quickly, and then away again. He swung one leg and stopped abruptly. He started to speak, and halted. At last he got it out. "There was a ball game," he added.

The heart of Mr. Amory Cogswell warmed to him. It was honest confession, that last.

"You wanted to see the game?"

"Yes, sir," Mickey said with a gulp. "I ran off—and there's a hole where ye kin see half the field!"

"Er—I like a ball game myself," said Mr. Cogswell casually. "I believe there is one this afternoon. How about our going?" Mickey jumped and dropped the apple. Mr. Cogswell pretended not to notice his hurried scramble for it. "Who is playing our boys to-day?" he asked.

"De Noo Yorks," shrilled Mickey excitedly, "and we got 'em licked to a finish!"

"I guess we'll go," decided Mr. Amory Cogswell. He turned to his desk. "Would you mind stopping a bit for me, Michael? By the way, just run down and wait for me at the door. It's cooler."

Listening to the joyous clamor of Mickey upon the stairs, Mr. Amory Cogswell reflected a bit.

"The judge will think I'm crazy," was the sum of his thoughts, "but by George, I've got to do things my own way!"

Mickey meanwhile, swaggering in the doorway, allowed two urchins to gaze at him admiringly, while he told them about the large man up-stairs.

"He's dead stuck on me, he is," Mickey informed them. "Ye ought to see him. It's fierce. He says he's my something er other father."

"Gee! An' you going in the grand stand?" marveled the two.

"Sure," returned Mickey loftily. "He ain't no cheap man. He's a swell, and he likes me."

At the sound of Mr. Cogswell's step upon the stairs, Mickey reduced his swagger, and the urchins vanished, whooping to show that they were above envy, and kicking their battered caps before them in the dust.

III.

THE day was a dream day to Mickey. First he was the guest at luncheon of Mr. Amory Cogswell at his club, a columned brick building that stood back from the busy avenue with a smooth lawn stretching down to iron palings. At the entrance stood the fat policeman that Mickey knew of old. He touched his helmet and grinned.

"I see you're gettin' on, sir," he ventured to remark.

"Fits do not run in my family," said Mr. Cogswell, and the officer's grin widened.

Mickey, however, eyed him warily until well beyond his reach, for years of training are not to be shaken off instantly even at the pinnacle of one's career. Once inside, the boy reached the ice-cream stage of ineffable bliss in safety. He was chatting amiably and swinging his legs beneath the table, when suddenly he halted. Then he choked. Mr. Cogswell, glancing up, saw the freckled face grow white. Mickey started to his feet, his eyes fixed upon some one in the distance.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Amory Cogswell.

"I—I guess I'll be going," said Mickey uneasily.

Mr. Cogswell turned. The judge was making his leisurely way down the long room, between the rows of tables, straight toward them.

"Sit down and finish your cream, Michael," said Mr. Cogswell quietly. "No one is going to hurt you. You understand? No one. You are my guest."

There was a ring in Mr. Cogswell's voice, and a light in his eye. Mickey, breathing heavily, sat down.

Presently the judge stopped beside them. He glanced at Mickey and then at Mr. Cogswell. He said nothing.

"Howdy, judge?" said Mr. Cogswell. "You must remember Michael Turner. Shake hands with the judge, Michael."

Mickey, his bright eyes fastened upon Mr. Cogswell, held out his hand, and the judge shook it gravely. Then he turned to the large gentleman.

"You don't know the risk," he said. "Remember the offense."

"I've my own opinion on that subject," answered Mr. Cogswell, "and I'll prove you wrong."

The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, Lord!" he remarked, and passed on.

And Mickey, with his eyes on his plate, and his ears wide open, had heard and understood, for he was sharp enough. A pleasant glow spread over him as he followed Mr. Cogswell from the dining-room.

There was a glorious drive out to the

ball-grounds behind Mr. Cogswell's fast horse, during which Mickey was squeezed into a corner of the narrow seat. There was even an ecstatic mile during which Mickey drove the fast horse himself.

During this drive Mr. Cogswell learned much concerning his companion—of a child left motherless, fatherless, homeless at six years old; of his life in the streets; of the big brother who was frankly a "bad one" and best avoided; somewhat of "de gang" and its doings—a tale exceedingly sketchy, disjointed, with a beginning but no ending, for the end had not come; and yet a tale that set Mr. Cogswell's blood to boiling, and that fixed him ever more firmly in his chosen course.

At the grounds they found an immense crowd, for there were more than Mickey who believed in the coming extermination of "de Noo Yorks." As for Mickey, once in his seat on the grand stand, he became silent, serious, absolutely unaware of everything not connected with the game.

Once the umpire, a gentleman in a loud tan coat, incurred his displeasure, and a voice beside Mr. Cogswell shrilled out suddenly, high and clear to the whole field:

"Aw, get on to his dizzy Mother Hubbard!"

And when the crowd took up the phrase, and the great captain of the home team looked up at him with a grin, Mickey allowed himself one grim smile. To him everything that followed came as an anti-climax, though the newspapers thought otherwise.

IV.

It all happened very quickly.

Mr. Cogswell, large, beaming, found himself with Mickey beside him, pressed closely by the crowd as they edged their slow way to the entrance. At the gate itself the jam grew greater. As he squeezed through to the open space beyond, Mr. Cogswell's right arm was suddenly knocked upward, and he felt a tug at his watch fob. Glancing down, he saw that his watch was gone; glancing up, he saw Mickey, a small figure, streaking through the crowd.

It was a bitter moment to Mr. Amory Cogswell. He stood perfectly still, elbowed by those behind, uttering no word. There was a dry lump in his throat. And then, from fifty feet away, came the noise of a shrill voice in frenzied anger.

"Catch on to him! Get a hold of him, can't you? He's a cutting me arm! Catch on to him!"

A surge of the crowd threw Mr. Cogswell forward. He became aware of a close knot of people ahead. Suddenly he pressed forward eagerly. In the center, three men were holding an ugly-looking young fellow with a white face. A policeman was pushing his way through the crowd. But the eyes of Mr. Amory Cogswell were for none of these.

To one side he saw a small figure, swaying unsteadily. A man was holding the little fellow upon his feet. One stride and Mr. Cogswell reached the scene. He leaned over and took the boy up in his arms.

"Mickey!" he said.

The eyes, which were closing, opened. A faint flush showed in the white cheeks.

"I saw him take it," whispered Mickey. "He nearly got away." His eyes closed again. "He's me brudder," he added.

And then he did a thing of which he was eternally ashamed. He fainted dead away in Mr. Cogswell's arms.

V.

THE judge, boarding his usual car next morning, found a seat next Mr. Amory Cogswell. In fact, Mr. Cogswell pointed it out for him.

"Sit down, judge," he beamed. "Seen the papers?"

"I have read the 'Boy Hero' one; I have also seen a headline in the *News* which read 'His Life for His Nibs'."

"Yes," smiled Mr. Cogswell. "I'm 'his nibs'—but it wasn't his life, you know—only a bad cut in the arm." It was beyond human power to refrain. "By the way, judge, what do you think of the boy now?"

"Well, there may be something in him," admitted the judge slowly.

"There is," affirmed Mr. Cogswell.

"What have you decided to make of him?"

"Oh, you mustn't believe everything you see in the newspapers," said Mr. Cogswell seriously. "Besides, I figure that, given an education, he will make himself. He's that kind. You couldn't very well stop him." Then he beamed broadly. "Just now, his ambition runs all to baseball. Well, we'll see. Here's my corner. So long, judge!"

OUR WESTERN GATEWAY.

ON the Bay of San Francisco, here is where the dream-ships ride,
Here you find fair, white-sailed fancies floating on the amber tide,
Purple visions, crimson fantasies, at anchor side by side.

Golden Gate and Angel Island, Tamalpais and Berkeley Hills—
See them from the yellow waters, 'neath a sky of daffodils;
Here is theme for song and story, rapture for a thousand thrills!

Turn to south and see the city silhouetted on the sky,
Lonely Alcatraz that watches gull and galleon floating by;
Note the amethystine Coast Range down the valley fade and die!

Draw still nearer to the marshes where the tules whisper tales
Of the Ceres-guarded valleys and the Bacchus-haunted vales
Set with crumbling shrines that mark the pious padre's tear-stained trails.

On the Bay of San Francisco, with its poppy-broidered rim
And its grand old forest gardens in the distance, dark and dim—
Poets, listen! Is that music of the songs of seraphim,

Or the chords of old romances in each breeze and billow wrought,
Melodies of Eldorado in the air with magic fraught,
Flutter of the sails that hither brought the daring argonaut?

Clarence Urmy.

Bombshells in Presidential Campaigns.

BY CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD,

CONGRESSMAN FROM MAINE.

CONGRESSMAN LITTLEFIELD TELLS THE STORY OF THE MURCHISON LETTERS, OF THE MOREY FORGERY, AND HOW A NEW YORK CLERGYMAN'S PHRASE OF "RUM, ROMANISM, AND REBELLION" DEFEATED BLAINE—HE RANKS JUDGE PARKER'S "COURAGEOUS AND MANLY TELEGRAM" AS ONE OF THE INCIDENTS THAT HAVE MADE RECENT POLITICAL HISTORY.

SO much personal bitterness has been displayed in some of the more recent Presidential campaigns that hasty observers often deplore the degeneracy of the times, and talk regretfully of the better days of the fathers, when more elevating methods were in vogue.

This impression exists largely by reason of the fact that occurrences and conditions in the early history of the country have faded from recollection. Few of us would like to see repeated the features of the first campaign between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Shortly after Washington's farewell address of September 17, 1796, the political warfare began. Instead of turning on questions of public policy, it was intensely and viciously personal. Jefferson was soundly berated for acts which were construed into serious offenses, and was accused of many things which he had not done and of which there was no shadow of proof. "The misrepresentations of Adams' political opinions and public writings were shameful and scandalous," if we may believe historians who carefully investigated the literature of that time. "His expressions were garbled and deliberately misquoted. Perhaps no American public man has ever been treated more foully in this respect than was he." Partizan newspapers were edited with a conscienceless purpose to win political battles at any expense of the truth. Nothing since has gone beyond it in malignity and in veracity.

Adams was openly charged with never having been heard of until some

British soldiers killed seven citizens of Boston. The soldiers were charged with murder, and it was contemptuously said of Adams that "though the whole town of Boston was explored, but two lawyers could be found hardy enough to defend them, and John Adams of Braintree was one. One hundred guineas, a sight Adams had never seen in his life before, dazed him. He took the case, and Preston was acquitted." It was claimed that in expiation of this offense he became a violent patriot, deluding the people as he had the court.

Jefferson's critics sneered at his devotion to civil and religious liberty.

How should he show his attachment to civil liberty—by prating and writing about it in times of peace, or by stoutly defending it in times of danger? Any poltroon can in the quiet of his cabinet compose fine essays on civil rights, but the men who will labor for them, battle for them, if need be die for them, are few, and Thomas Jefferson is not of the number.

They charged that when Tarleton invaded Virginia while Jefferson was Governor, "he basely fled before the foe, resigned office, and at the very crisis of their fate left the people to choose a ruler in his stead." They insisted that at heart he was not in favor of "freedom of but freedom from religious worship."

OUR FIRST CAMPAIGN BOMBHELL.

The political "bombshell" made its first appearance in this campaign a few days before the election, in the shape of an open letter from the French minister, Citizen Adet. It was addressed to the Secretary of State, and was pub-

lished in all the newspapers. It informed him that the administration had violated the treaties with France, and had conducted itself in a most ungrateful manner toward the country which had rendered important assistance in the Revolutionary struggle. Adet declared that while he was directed to suspend his diplomatic duties, such suspension was not to be construed "as a rupture between France and the United States, but as a mark of just discontent, which was to last until the government of the United States returned to sentiments and to measures more conformable to the interest of the alliance and to the sworn friendship between the two nations."

The explosion of this "bombshell" did not appear to affect Adams, who was elected, though it probably aided in the electing of Jefferson as Vice-President. Between the two the contest was very close, Adams having seventy-one and Jefferson sixty-eight electoral votes.

CLAY CHARGED WITH VENALITY.

In the campaign of 1824, Henry Clay was attacked in a letter which charged that "for some time past the friends of Clay have hinted that they, like the Swiss, would fight for those who would pay best." It was alleged that agents of the famous Kentuckian had approached leading supporters of Jackson, and had offered to support their candidate on condition that Clay should be appointed Secretary of State. They had stated—so the letter ran—that if Jackson's friends would not make the bargain, they could drive a similar one with the partizans of John Quincy Adams.

Clay was then Speaker of the House. He asserted that the letter was a forgery, and demonstrated his command of vigorous and expressive English by asserting that, if genuine, he pronounced its author, "whoever he may be, a base and infamous calumniator, a dastard and a liar."

George Kremer, a member from Pennsylvania, admitted the authorship, and insisted that the charge was true. A committee was raised to inquire into the matter, but Kremer declined to appear before it. Although the accusation was positively denied and was wholly

unsustained by any evidence, like many another political charge, those who were interested in believing, believed. While Jackson's ardent admirer, James Parton, admitted that "no charge was ever more plausible or more groundless, and none was ever more completely refuted," Jackson, with his dogged persistency, insisted upon its truth until his death. As a basis of a reflection upon both Adams and Clay, it continued to be the subject of vigorous controversy for more than twenty years.

THE FAMOUS MORGAN EPISODE.

It is difficult now to realize the political excitement created in 1826 by the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan. Morgan had been a member of the Masonic order, and was said to be about to betray its secrets to the world. He was traced to Niagara Falls, where he was believed to have been murdered. Public feeling was so wrought up that an Anti-Masonic party was organized. In 1828 this organization polled thirty-three thousand votes, and two years later the number had grown to one hundred and twenty-eight thousand. In 1831 it named William Wirt for the Presidency, and in connection with this nomination occurred an incident which furnishes a precedent—the only precedent, I think—for Judge Parker's action in sending his famous gold-standard telegram to the St. Louis convention when it had chosen him as its candidate.

The Anti-Masonic convention met in Baltimore, September 26, 1831, pursuant to a call to "the people of the United States opposed to secret societies." It was a dignified and representative body of men, and made no small pretensions to character and influence. It invited Chief Justice Marshall, who happened to be in Baltimore, to sit in the convention, and he accepted the invitation.

WIRT AND PARKER—A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

The National Republicans, constituting the bulk of the opposition to Jackson, were to hold their convention in December. It was the avowed purpose of the Anti-Masons to nominate a man

upon whom all the opponents of Jackson could unite, and it was expected that the National Republicans would indorse their nomination. Wirt was named on September 28. On the evening of that day he sent the convention a long letter, in which he said:

I had supposed that the very principle of your union was a war of indiscriminate proscription against all persons of the United States who have borne the name of mason, that you would put no person who had ever been a mason himself, and who would not moreover pledge himself to becoming a party to such a war of indiscriminate extermination, and wield the appointing power of the office under your dictation.

He went on to say that he himself had been "initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry;" he suggested "that many of the most illustrious men of Virginia, with General Washington at the head, belonged to the order, and had taken the degree of master." He "did not believe that there could be anything in the institution at war with their duties as patriots, men, and Christians; nor is it yet possible," he added, "for me to believe that they could have understood the arrangement as involving any such criminal obligation."

He referred at some length to the charge that the oaths of the order had been prostituted to base and unworthy purposes, which he of course condemned. He closed the letter with this significant declaration, especially significant as from his standpoint he was probably declining the nomination of the combined opposition to Jackson:

If with these views of my opinions it is the pleasure of your convention to change the nomination, I can assure you very sincerely I shall retire from it with far more pleasure than I should accept it.

This letter was received, as Wirt's biographer says, "with entire approbation." The convention did not adopt any platform, but issued a long address to the people.

Manifestly, Wirt's attitude was distinctly inconsistent with the views of the convention. While the parallel is not complete in every detail, his letter and the Parker telegram present a remarkable instance of the way in which history repeats itself.

INCIDENTS OF OTHER CAMPAIGNS.

The first "dark horse" to enter a Presidential race was James K. Polk,

in 1844. At the Democratic convention of that year, after seven ballots had been taken, in none of which his name appeared, on the second day there was a stampede to the Tennessee man, who received every vote. Since then a comparatively unknown candidate has so often led at the wire that the position of a properly groomed "dark horse" is not considered as by any means the least desirable one.

It is frequently asserted that neither a Presidential nor a Vice-Presidential nomination has ever been refused. Declinations in advance are a familiar feature, but a refusal when the nomination has actually been made and tendered is popularly supposed to be unknown. This impression is incorrect. In the convention which nominated Polk, Silas D. Wright, a Senator from New York, was nominated almost unanimously for Vice-President. He peremptorily declined on the ground that he had been a sincere advocate and supporter of Mr. Van Buren for the first place, and that he could not in honor accept the nomination for the second place, and thus appear to be gaining a profit by Van Buren's defeat.

Judge Parker's significant telegram is not the only instance when a Presidential candidate has found it necessary to supplement his party's declaration on an important question. In 1864 the Democrats nominated General George B. McClellan upon a platform demanding a "cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate convention of the States," and alluding to "four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war." To this McClellan replied:

I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain, that we had abandoned that Union for which we had so often periled our lives.

The convention had adjourned when the general's letter of acceptance was received, so that there was nothing for the party to do but to accept the pronounced refutation of its sentiments or reconvene for the nomination of another candidate. The refutation, which was practically a reversal of the car-

dinal plank in the platform, was allowed to stand.

THE NOTORIOUS MOREY LETTER.

In the savage assaults made upon General Garfield, the campaign of 1880 was mildly suggestive of the Adams-Jefferson canvass. The Democrats were perhaps stung and goaded to this course by the merciless ridicule heaped upon General Hancock by the Republicans after he made his philosophic generalization that the tariff was "a local issue." Whatever their inspiration or justification, in vigor and reckless character their attacks left little to be desired.

On the 23d of October, ten days before the election, under the heading "Garfield's Political Death-Warrant—His Infamous Letter Advocating the Increased Immigration of Chinese Laborers," there appeared one of the most malicious and baseless falsehoods ever manufactured in a campaign. It was a photographic copy of the celebrated Morey letter, which was proved, after the campaign was over, to be a forgery. One of the authors of the fraud was sentenced to prison for eight years.

The head-lines were very fair indications of the contents of the alleged letter. Garfield's clear and elegant writing readily lent itself to the forger's skill, and the imitation was for all practical purposes perfect. Facsimiles were sent broadcast over the country, especially to the Pacific Coast States, too late, of course, for any effective answer. It did not prevent the election of Garfield, but it was a most effective campaign trick, and had the vote been closer the effect might have been disastrous.

HOW BLAINE LOST THE PRESIDENCY.

For dramatic effect and profound and serious consequences, the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 developed an incident that is without a parallel in our political history. The struggle had been one of intense excitement. For personal abuse, scandal, virulent assaults upon the character of the candidates, misrepresentation and merciless denunciation, it could safely challenge comparison with any preceding cam-

paign, even that of 1796. Mr. Blaine was just concluding a tour of speech-making, during which he had been met by great crowds of people, who had received him with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and with all the spectacular demonstrations incident to a Presidential canvass. On Wednesday, October 29, he reached New York. As part of an enormous demonstration, a large body of clergymen, representing the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist churches, including a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, a Quaker, and a colored preacher, arranged for an audience with him.

Blaine's attitude with reference to Ireland and her controversies with Great Britain had been one of warm and sympathetic friendship for Ireland. Although himself a Protestant, his mother was a Catholic. Irish Democrats insisted that no Irishman or Catholic could vote for Cleveland. Leading Irish-American newspapers were vigorously supporting Blaine. There can be no question but that his popularity with the Irish-American voters was very great, and that many of them were declaring themselves for him.

Under these circumstances the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard "achieved greatness" at a bound by delivering, near the close of a very short address, the most famous and effective alliteration known to our literature—"Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Burchard was acting as the spokesman for this deputation of clergymen who desired to assure Mr. Blaine of their loyal support. He met the Maine statesman on the stairs of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and, according to the report of the *Kennebec Journal*, Mr. Blaine's home paper, spoke as follows:

We are very happy to welcome you to this city. You see here representatives of all the denominations of this city. We are your friends, Mr. Blaine, notwithstanding all the calumny that has been urged in the papers against you. We stand by your side, we expect to vote for you next Tuesday. We have a high expectation, which is that you will be President of the United States, that you will do honor to your name, to the United States, and to the high office you will occupy. We are Republicans, and do not propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with a party whose antecedents have been Rum and Rebellion. We are loyal to our flag, we are loyal to you.

It will be noticed that this report leaves out of the address the significant and damning word "Romanism," which no doubt was edited out of the despatch in the hope that it would not get over the country.

THE STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Frank W. Mack, who was present representing the Associated Press, has recently written a very graphic narrative of the incident. He stood between the two men when the speeches were made, and carefully watched Mr. Blaine. He thinks that the candidate did not hear the fatal "R's" while Burchard was speaking. He says:

Mr. Blaine's face, however, had fixed itself to a far-away gaze. He had not begun to realize what his ear heard, the vision was focused far off, with unheeding ears, unseeing eyes.

Other witnesses say that when the words were uttered Blaine "started and flushed," indicating that he heard and too well understood what the clergyman had said.

Mr. Burchard's great speech contained only one hundred and twenty-seven words, and could not have taken more than two minutes in delivery. In one hundred and twenty seconds a Presidential election was lost, the energetic campaign work of several months destroyed, and the dream of Blaine's life shattered.

In his brief answering speech, Blaine acknowledged the compliment of the deputation as "the representative of the party whose creed and whose practice are in harmony with the churches," but made no reference to the clergyman's blunder.

When he finished speaking, his attention was at once called to the fatal words, and he immediately made an effort to edit the report. It was too late. It had gone to press. Democratic campaign managers were present to take advantage of any misstep the candidate might make. The moment Blaine ended his reply, the late Colonel John Tracey, in charge of the Democratic national committee's press bureau, dashed for the telegraph office. With the practised eye of an old campaigner, he had recognized so rare an opportunity. As he passed the late Dwight Lawrence, of the

New York Republican State committee, he shouted:

"We've got you! We've got you!"

THE DEADLINESS OF MR. BURCHARD'S PHRASE.

Although he was one of the most resourceful men of his time in instantaneous retort, it is difficult to see what Blaine could have said to neutralize Mr. Burchard's utterance without offending Catholics on the one hand or Protestants on the other. On Saturday, November 1, he gave out an interview with Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*, intended to break the force of the deadly phrase. Although three days had elapsed, he did not undertake to explain or answer it, but after some generalities about religious liberty, said that it was the first word spoken in the campaign "tending to wound the feelings of the Catholics."

If this was all that he could say on reflection, what could he have said on the spur of the moment? The vase was shattered when the words were uttered. The election came off on the following Tuesday. During the intervening days the phrase "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," attributed to Blaine, was posted on billboards, displayed in "scare heads" in the newspapers, and carried in transparencies in processions. On Sunday it was distributed in handbills at the doors of all the Catholic churches in New York. If any effective denial had been made, it was simply impossible for it to reach and combat the assertion thus sown broadcast before the time for voting.

There can be little doubt that this colossal blunder cost Blaine the Presidency. With New York's thirty-six electoral votes he would have won. He lost them by the plurality of 1,149, out of a total of 1,123,159. A change of less than six hundred votes would have given him the election. It is incredible that an incident so offensive to the Irish Catholics did not change many more.

THE MURCHISON CORRESPONDENCE.

A sensational incident of the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1888 was the correspondence between the British minister at Washington, Sir Lionel

Sackville-West, and an individual purporting to be Charles F. Murchison. It appears that about two months before the election of that year, one George Osgoodby, of Pomona, California, wrote to Sir Lionel signing his letter with the name of Murchison. He represented himself as an Englishman who had recently been naturalized, and who was anxious for advice as to how he should vote. He referred to Cleveland's message on the fishery question, which seemed inconsistent with the President's friendly attitude toward England in other respects, and especially in the line of economic legislation. Harrison, on the other hand, the supposed Murchison continued, was a high tariff man, and undoubtedly an enemy to British interests generally. He made the flattering assumption that the minister was "the fountain head of knowledge" on the question of Mr. Cleveland's relations with England, and asked for information.

The minister fell into the trap. He wrote Murchison that "any political party which openly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and the party in power is fully aware of that fact." He did not undertake to predict just what President Cleveland would do in the matter of retaliation, but he concluded that there was "every reason to believe that while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of con-

ciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message."

The correspondence, with Sir Lionel's insinuation that the attitude of the administration was more or less disingenuous, was made public shortly before the election. A historian of the campaign (Andrews) thus records what followed:

The President at first inclined to ignore the incident, but changed when a member of the Cabinet received from the Democratic national committee the following:

"Does the President know that the Irish vote is slipping out of our hands because of diplomatic shilly-shallying? See Lamont at once. Something ought to be done to-day."

Something was done. On October 30 the minister was notified that he was *persona non grata*, his recall was asked for and refused, whereupon his passports were delivered to him. The English government resented this, and refused to fill the vacancy during the remaining months of Cleveland's administration.

It is not probable that the incident—which was not a pleasant or creditable one in any of its aspects—had any appreciable effect upon the election. Harrison's majority was too decisive to be affected by it.

No specially sensational episodes characterized the Presidential elections of 1892, 1896, and 1900. If that of the present year has no more significant incident than the courageous and manly Parker telegram, it will take its place in history as one of the few that have been made interesting by a striking and unusual chapter of politics.

IN AN OLD HOME.

THE thoughts of other days they keep;
They will not brook a newer thing.
From smoke-stained rafters, where they sleep,
The boneset and lobelia swing;

The old-time carpet on the floor,
The hair-cloth sofa, straight and grim;
While from those walls watch evermore
Ancestral portraits, quaint and dim.

And yet their rooms a lurking power
Of sleep to wakeful eyelids bear,
As if some dream-filled poppy flower
Had died, and left its essence there.

A strange allurements, where my heart
Feels all earth's hopes and pleasures cease;
Yet finds, from modern ways apart,
A refuge, and a sense of peace.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

When Abner Craig Received the Sign.

HOW GHUNGI, OF LLOYD'S CIRCUS, EARNED A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

BY GRACE McELROY IURS.

I.

"AND if it please Thee, Lord, send a sign to the unbelieving, that their hearts may be softened and their possessions directed to Thy footstool!"

A derisive chuckle interrupted the supplication, subduing itself to suppressed shaking as Miss Eliza turned reproachful eyes upon the scoffer.

"The Lord will assuredly punish you for your levity, Abner!" she solemnly warned her brother.

"He better be thinkin' about sendin' that sign along, first," was the irreverent answer. "'Tain't in natur'; man-natur' nur Lord-natur' either, to plan and do two things at once!"

At this ribaldry Miss Eliza shudderingly turned back to her prayer.

"Smite not the scoffer in his stubborn ignorance," she implored, and Abner, scenting a harangue whose terms might be unflattering, hastily left the room.

Miss Eliza's patient fortitude with her ungodly brother had won for her, in the eyes of her acquaintances, a halo of no mean dimensions. She herself was wont to regard it as a modest asset; and through long concentration of desire she had come to the belief that Abner's conversion would set the final seal of worthiness on her own life's spiritual striving.

In the years of her early youth, Miss Eliza had been twice invited out, and once visited, by a youth who afterwards turned his energies to the field of Indian mission work, dying there in the first year of his pastorate. This circumstance, sacredly and romantically cherished through commonplace years, had powerfully inclined Miss Eliza's own preference. It was to the Indian missions that she longed to divert part of the stream of prosperity which flowed from her brother's broad acres.

Even the avowed detestation of old Abner for her pet benefice, could not shake her faith in his ultimate vanquishment. When he openly expressed contempt for mission work in general and for Indian missions in particular, she did not attempt to argue with him. Her method of combat was more subtle. She redoubled her prayers—which were invariably recited in the family sitting-room after supper—and set forth such arraignments that Abner was wont to say he needed only to "set 'Liza prayin' to find out what an ornery, low-down crittur the Lord must think him!"

That was one of the arguments with which he fenced himself in against her solicitations, but with the hope which is perennial in woman she prayed on, finally pinning her faith to some visible "sign" which should abash the skeptic and bring him properly to his knees.

It was in the year when the discovery of oil on Abner's farm had augmented his income threefold, that a special appeal for the Indian mission fund was sent out. Redbank did its duty nobly, but the fund, after the manner of such funds, refused to stretch to the full limits of the deficit, and a second and more urgent demand was sounded from headquarters. The extra meeting, at which Miss Eliza was foremost in hearing reports, promising renewed exertions, and urging unwonted effort on the laggards, was held the day after Abner had broken in upon her supplications with his sinful chuckling.

She had treated him to a grieved but patient silence all morning, but the vividly painted needs of her beloved mission had divested her soul of more trifling burdens, and she hastened home to pour into Abner's ears all that she had heard.

He listened to her unsympathetically enough.

"Live an' let live, I say," he answered sententiously; "but there's ways an' ways of doin' it. We don't go divin' down in the water to teach the fishes how to walk, 'stead o' swimmin'. What for should we want to go to furrin places to teach heathen niggers to pray, long's they're happy singin'?"

"Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?" quoted Miss Eliza solemnly.

He snorted impatiently in response.

"I guess lamps of life ain't so scarce that we got to carry 'em over seas to donate," he said. "Accordin' to my belief, every man that wants one bad enough'll get it for himself. Them that don't want are apt to be all the better for not havin' it thrust on 'em."

But Miss Eliza was not to be turned aside. The young man who had pleaded the cause at the meeting that day had resembled somewhat the unforgotten figure of her youthful hero, and she was aroused as never before.

"You've been blessed lately, Abner," she said, coming close to him in her earnestness. "You've neither chick nor child to come after. You'd never miss a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!"

Abner gasped, but something in Eliza's face arrested the flow of sarcastic words. Her cheeks were flushed unwontedly; a little tendrill of hair, escaped from her smooth coiffure, waved almost coquettishly over her face. Suddenly the years seemed to slip away, leaving them both children, she begging for some of the treasures which only boys might possess and bestow.

An unaccustomed moisture gathered in his eyes. Without stopping to brush it away, he put out his hand to pat hers, but touched her cheek instead in a hasty, half-ashamed caress.

"There, there, Lizzy"—he had not called her Lizzy since she wore pinafores—"you've been a good sister to me. If you want to squander a—a thousand dollars on Indian missions, I guess the old man'll stand good for it."

But that was not what Miss Eliza wanted. Ten thousand, yea twenty thousand of her own would she pour into the Lord's work, but that was a matter of course. It was from Abner's

hand that she wished the gift to come. To Abner's soul she yearned for the sure reward to flow. All this she afterwards poured out in her fervent sentences of prayer, and for once, under the influence of the strange tenderness which pervaded him, Abner forbore even to smile.

II.

THE day had been very hot, with a foggy sunshine which seemed to concentrate its energies on the tents, and a humidity which made not only clothes but flesh itself seem superfluous. Tempers of man and beast suffered accordingly, and the evening performance of Lloyd's Gigantic Combination Circus closed with multiplied evidences of relief. A sullen rumble echoed from the lions' cage, drowning the voices of the tired performers. Snorts and scufflings told experienced ears that the bears were having one of their bad times—and even tent-men gave them a wide berth.

There was noise everywhere, and a sense of vague unrest permeated every corner of the aggregation. Only Ghungi, the big elephant, was silent, standing almost motionless in his tent, shifting noiselessly from one to another of his huge feet, and occasionally curling his trunk at the end quickly, and as quickly uncurling it again. His keeper eyed him distrustfully, and gave an extra hitch to the pegged ropes ere he went for his late supper.

Ghungi rolled his little eyes after the man as he left the tent, but it was not until several minutes later that there was any change in his silent shifting. It seemed to come all at once. There was a whirling of huge black shadows in the tent, a sound of slipping chains and tearing cloth, a single shrill trumpet note which brought silence on the rest of the menagerie like a suddenly dropped curtain—then a swift patter of gigantic feet, and before the keepers could spring from their overturned tables, Ghungi had vanished in the enveloping darkness.

The fog lay thick in the lanes; there was no gleam of starlight, but the padding feet found their way over gardens

and through orchards, needing neither light nor guidance. The cows slumbering peacefully in the fields fled in terror as the mountain-like monster approached, but Ghungi never saw them. His trunk was held aloft, his cavern-like mouth wide open, and in all his great rolling body there was but one sensation—the mad instinct of the jungle rush, to run, and run!

The cloudy night was at its blackest when he stopped. His feet had splashed suddenly into the coolness of lapping water, and with a sudden recognition that something more than running might be got out of this wonderful night of freedom, he filled his trunk and began to swing his great bulk over the gurgle. The wavelets barely covered his feet, but Ghungi was not disposed to be critical. Rivers had been scarce on the route of the circus, and the occasional half-dozen buckets of muddy water which his keeper's energy had compassed had seemed to him mere travesties of baths.

Now he stood astride of the plank which served as a bridge across the brook, his great ears flopping forward, and as the water spouted over him, trickling deliciously into the creases of neck and forehead, he forgot the very existence of Lloyd's Gigantic Combination Circus; forgot that he was a runaway with need of caution. Lifting his head, he sent forth a far-reaching trumpet call which waked a thousand echoes in the silent night.

III.

ABNER CRAIG, more moved from his accustomed unsentimental poise than he realized, had not slept well. Distorted visions of the sufferings which Miss Eliza had so graphically detailed haunted his momentary dozes, and he felt himself oppressed to continued wakefulness by the close blackness of the night, which seemed to shut him in like a pall.

When a sharp, vibrating call, far removed from the familiar farm sounds, pierced his chamber, it startled his taut nerves to quivering alertness. When a chorus of terror from the barn followed, he sprang out of bed in instant realiza-

tion of something untoward. The instinct of the owner made him move quickly. Stopping only to light the candle of his night lantern, he hurried through the hall, fumbled his way past the kitchen door, and struck the path-way leading to the barn.

Shading the light with his hand; he approached the plank bridge which crossed the brook. He was well on it before he discerned a huge black bulk swinging before him, splashing water like a rampant fountain, and emitting suddenly, in his very face, a companion to the awful sound that had aroused him. The terror of the unknown paralyzed him, and he stood still, unable to move.

Then an instinctive seeking for companionship in his danger led him to shout; and this, with the twinkle of the lantern, which fell from his shaking hand and rolled into the water, caught Ghungi's errant attention. It had been the custom of the elephant's keeper to shout at him when he ordered him to lift the performing boys to his broad back; and through the lawlessness pervading him, the habit of obedience asserted itself. With a single sweep of his trunk he seized the trembling figure before him and swung it up.

Abner was not a coward, but his senses, having only simple Redbank precedent to rely on, deserted him momentarily. It was not until he felt the world heave and sway under him that his mind registered another impression. He perceived himself to be on the top of something huge and soft, at inconceivable heights from the ground, something which rolled and rocked ominously, and from which came occasionally long notes of that terrifying noise which had seemed to suspend all the familiar habitude of his life.

Instinct sometimes acts before reason, and so it was that without knowing how or why, he laid himself as flat as possible, and clutched, with all the force of his bony hands, the flopping curtain-like ears—though he did not know they were ears—within reach.

Perhaps it was this clutch which made Ghungi decide that his bath had lasted long enough; he would lose no more time standing still when all the

world might be his for the running. Off he went, through the knee-high wheat, crushing a wide pathway before him—across the vegetable garden, through the thicket of blackberry vines, and out into the high road.

Here at least there were no fences, and the horror of the crashing destruction was removed from Abner's consciousness. But there were other horrors remaining; above all the dread sense of something utterly unknown which pervaded him, as much as the shuddering shocks of Ghungi's gait would let anything pervade.

The circus was an unknown quality in Redbank. Off the direct line of railroad, the village had never, in all its green and blossomy life, seen its fences decorated with flaring posters or its fields sawdusted into rings. Shooktown, where Ghungi's tent now flopped forlornly on its pegs, and Ghungi's keepers swore in divers tongues, was seventeen miles distant by road—Ghungi's pathway had not followed traditional divisions—and even there the circus came scarcely once in a decade. Abner had seen pictures of elephants in books, but a clear outline on a five-inch page bears but faint resemblance to a mountain of mystery which crashes through obstacles regardless of size; and moreover, Abner was in no frame of mind or body to recall pictures.

Finally Ghungi, moved by one of the inexplicable impulses born of the sweet-smelling, sticky night—impulses which were remnants of his far-off youth in Indian jungles—wheeled in the road. Curling his trunk about Abner, he tore the unwilling passenger from his uneasy resting place. A single moment he held him suspended in the air; then, with the same gentleness which he was wont to show in dealing with the groups of children who rode in his howdah and fed him with peanuts, he set his shaking burden down in the road, and sped off into the darkness—which was beginning now to tinge itself with silvery premonitions of the dawn.

Abner looked dazedly about him, still reeling from the dizzy ride; then, recognizing a familiar fence, he crawled through it and made his way homeward. It was not an easy nor a brief journey,

for Ghungi's feet had covered the ground swiftly, but he persevered, and entered his home kitchen just as Miss Eliza made her appearance to prepare the breakfast.

He gave no heed to her horrified exclamations at his disheveled aspect, nor made answer to her frightened questioning. With mouth grimly set, and eyes in which determination was struggling through the film of stupefied amazement, he went straight to his desk in the dining-room and wrote two checks.

"There, 'Liza—there's your thousand dollars for the Indian missions, if you want to give it; and there's mine!" he said, as he thrust them toward her.

"Are you gone mad, brother?" she cried, holding the slips loosely in her hand.

"I've received the sign!" he said solemnly; and not another word could she get from him.

They were at the breakfast table, Miss Eliza apprehensively expectant, Abner so nervous that he could not hold his cup, when there came an imperative rap at the door.

"Have you seen anything of a stray elephant around here, madam?" politely asked a strange voice when Miss Eliza answered the summons.

"Sakes o' man—an elephant!" she faltered, while Abner sat back suddenly in his chair.

"We belong to Lloyd's Gigantic Combination Circus, an' our big elephant, Ghungi, got loose last night and run off," explained the stranger. "We've trailed him to your yard, and we thought perhaps you'd seen him."

"There's no elephant been here," said Miss Eliza, looking at her brother, on whom a great light had begun to break.

"If you'll go through my wheat field, and then down the road for a spell, I guess you'll find the trail continued further on," Abner said slowly; "and—I'd pen my elephants up better if I was you, mister. They're—they're apt to cost people somethin' when they get loose."

And that was the only regret he ever voiced for the thousand dollars that went to the Indian missions.

The Russian as a Social Factor.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE REMARKABLE PROMINENCE AND POPULARITY OF RUSSIAN ARISTOCRATS, MILLIONAIRES, AND DIPLOMATS IN COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY, ESPECIALLY IN PARIS AND ON THE WINTER PLAYGROUND OF THE RIVIERA.

NO matter what may be his ultimate political or military standing in the Far East, socially the Russian has long held a dominant rank to the west and south of his own land. This is particularly notable at Paris and in the sunny region of the Riviera, the winter playground of Europe.

True, the Russian does not look upon Paris as the heaven to which he hopes to go after death, as the proverb says that good Americans do. Nor does he cry with Sainte-Beuve: "*O, Paris! C'est chez toi qu'il est doux de vivre, c'est chez toi que je veux mourir!*" With all his faults, possessed as he is of a thousand *outré* customs which, to us, are semi-oriental when they are not quite medieval, the Russian aristocrat is, nevertheless, a patriot, and he prefers to die at home. But Paris is the city of his choice as long as he is alive and able to enjoy himself.

Here we find as permanent residents members of many of the noblest families of Russia. During the Paris season, and indeed all the year round, the Russian colony is augmented by visitors of various types. Prominent among them are the great people of Moscow, the heart of Muscovite imperialism—men and women who uphold military despotism equally with their religion, and whose Russ is the purest, richest, and most sonorous spoken. Contrasting with these is the Siberian millionaire who seeks the gaming tables of Paris as a change from crude and remote Irkutsk—where, however, while he may look like a peasant, he lives like a prince of the blood, his palace a dream of almost barbaric luxury, his stables boasting Parisian carriages and English horses, all the world contributing to his pleasures.

In these two types we have the extremes of those that represent in Paris the wealth of Russia. Both are equally in evidence, but in widely separated circles. The Siberian Cræsus, who does not care to sleep in a bed and has a tramp's aversion to a bath, is not likely to be met in the narrow boundaries of the Faubourg St. Germain, where camp the proud leaders of that dwindling army, the ancient aristocracy of France.

In fact it would be easier, perhaps, to name those more or less Parisianized Russians of note who never have been received in the most exclusive society. Marie Bashkirtseff, although of noble and wealthy family, was never admitted, much as she craved the privilege. Nor was Sonya Kovalevsky, also of noble birth, although later she was influential in the university set at Stockholm. Helena Blavatsky, the theosophist, had no social standing in Paris despite her illustrious ancestry. Even less, of course, was had or wanted by Prince Kropotkin, chief of the "anarchist anarchists."

Of another class—sometimes in society when they wish, but rarely of it—are the Russian artists, so numerous in Paris that they have their own club. Chief among these have been the marine painter, Bogoluboff, and Verestchagin, depicter of the horrors of war, whose strange fate it was to sink with the battleship Petropavlovsk. Then, too, there are the curiosities, the originals, and the adventurers. In my schoolboy days there, a familiar figure along the inner boulevards was that of Rogozinski, King of Bota, once a lieutenant in the Russian army. Years ago, somewhere in darkest Africa, he obtained vast possessions from various

native chieftains. Of these he was stripped by Germany; and as his former kingdom now cannot be found on the map, poor Rogozinski has probably become a permanent member of the Russian colony in Paris.

THE PRESTIGE OF RUSSIAN TITLES.

There are not a few Muscovites of eminence who figure prominently in the

thing" from Russia. Politically, the two nations are as far apart as the two poles; yet we have seen the most absolute despot on earth receiving an almost hysterical welcome from a republic that is "the heir and embodiment of the French revolution." And the Czar's embassy at Paris is a potent force both in politics and society—as Americans may well understand from



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, SISTER OF THE CZAR,
WIFE OF DUKE PETER OF OLDENBURG.

Faubourg—that "last refuge in the modern Paris of monarchical France." This, in itself, is not strange. The oddity is the approval given them by the masses. Seemingly the latter, although republican, have an ineradicable love for a lord, and, the French nobility being somewhat discredited by a host of fake titles, they welcome the "real

the importance of the Russian representatives at Washington, and in summer at Bar Harbor.

As a matter of fact, titles, merely as such, count for less in Russia than in almost any European country. In St. Petersburg the aristocracy—which means the select society of the capital on the Neva—and the nobility are by

no means one and the same. This singular distinction must be understood before it can be appreciated why certain seemingly distinguished Russian titles are not on the lists of the most exclusive Parisians.

The humblest Russian, after a certain series of years of government ser-

ileges as such, consists of nobles whose titles are of earlier date than the reign of Peter the Great (1689-1725) and of untitled gentry of equally good pedigree. In the other class are those ennobled by Peter or his successors. The two thousand Russians, or thereabouts, actually in St. Petersburg society, and



vice, attains hereditary ennoblement. It is a regular and a curious part of the system of promotion. Moreover, all children take the titles of their parents, even during the latter's lifetime. Hence the number of nobles is immense. Possibly there are a thousand or more princes and princesses never received at court, though families bearing the title of "prince of the empire" number less than sixty. The real aristocracy, although it has no official priv-

ileges as such, consists of nobles whose titles are of earlier date than the reign of Peter the Great (1689-1725) and of untitled gentry of equally good pedigree. In the other class are those ennobled by Peter or his successors. The two thousand Russians, or thereabouts, actually in St. Petersburg society, and

admitted to the imperial court, are all of the highest birth. In the more or less disorganized social world of Paris there are supposed to be three systems—Legitimist, Bonapartist, and Republican. The Russian aristocrat is not greatly embarrassed by this somewhat mythical division. Of course the Faubourg pretends that nowadays there is nothing to live for. Nevertheless, there is a "season," and the rich of the three social circles fre-

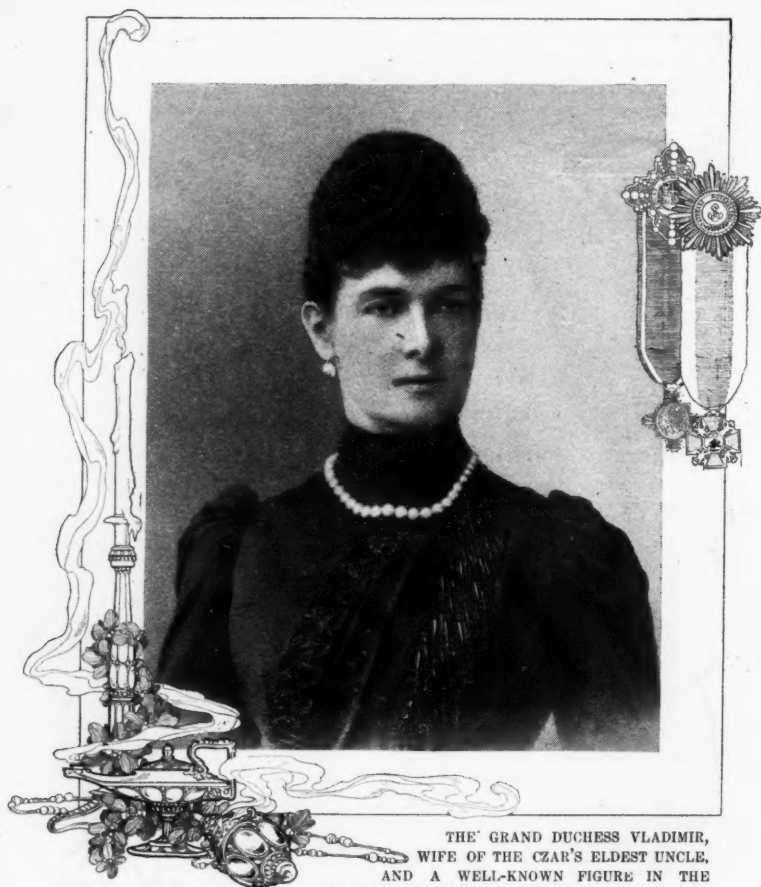


THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, SISTER OF THE LATE CZAR, ALEXANDER III, AND WIDOW OF THE LATE DUKE OF COBURG AND EDINBURGH.

quently unite in order to create something upon which to spend their money. Hence political questions do not trouble the visiting or resident Russian. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" or "*L'état, c'est moi*," the tricolor or the *drapeau blanc*—it's all one to him. Paris, whether imperial, monarchical, or republican, remains the capital of international society.

Until recent years the real inner social life of Paris had not been penetrated by any foreigners save only the Russians. The immortal charm of the city is felt by all, but the Muscovites have sounded its depths most success-

fully. This has been true for at least a century. At the *salon* of the Princess Lize Troubetzkoy, Thiers was devoted to his hostess. Under the third Napoleon another Princess Troubetzkoy, who married the Duc de Morny, natural son of Queen Hortense, was one of the most picturesque but not always most agreeable figures at court. In another sphere, we find a Russian among the founders of the Jockey Club—Yakouleff, a young man possessed of five million francs a year, one of the greatest incomes of that day. In more recent years the



THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR,
WIFE OF THE CZAR'S ELDEST UNCLE,
AND A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN THE
SOCIETY OF PARIS AND THE RIVIERA.

salon of the late Princess Mathilde, niece of the great Napoleon, was visited by many Russians on her famous Sundays and her more exclusive Wednesdays. Their friendship easily survived her divorce from the wealthy Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, whose family, by order of the Czar, made her an annual allowance of a quarter of a million francs.

THE WIDOW OF A MURDERED CZAR.

To-day, at Paris and Nice, where she has residences, a strangely interesting personage is Princess Dolgoroukov, morganatic wife of the Czar Alexander II, the present emperor's grandfather. The Dolgoroukov family is one of the most important in Russia. Michael Romanoff, founder of the ru-

ling dynasty, married one of its daughters. Some thirty years ago the princess of whom I speak was a lady-in-waiting to the wife of Alexander II. She had borne him three children when, shortly after the death of the empress, and not long before his own terrible death by a nihilist's bomb, he married her morganatically, and conferred upon her the princely title of Yourievski.

It may be well to mention here the curious fact that in the Russian language titles are modified according to the sex of their possessor. For example, Russians call this particular princess neither Dolgoroukov nor Yourievski—which are masculine forms—but Dolgoroukova and Yourievskaja. Her son, on the other hand, is George Dolgoroukov, Prince Yourievski, and fig-

ures as such in the third part of the "Almanach de Gotha." There is a similar distinction of sex in the patronymics of the royal princes and princesses. For instance, the present Czar

royalty; some descended from alliances with the family of the Empress Josephine, or with that of the Murats, who once ruled Naples; others from out-of-the-way and almost forgotten sover-



THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA,
DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE
VLADIMIR, AND WIFE OF PRINCE
NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

is Nicholas Alexandrovitch—Nicholas the son of Alexander; his sister is Xenia Alexandrovna—or Xenia the daughter of Alexander.

HOW THE RUSSIANS IN PARIS LIVE.

In the Paris colony there are many Russians more or less closely allied with

eigns of the sixteenth century; and still others forming part of a family that abdicated a throne in the Caucasus less than a half century ago. Strangely interesting have been the careers of some of these people.

On the other hand, the life of the

average Russian in Paris seems a trifle monotonous to us of a more strenuous land. As regards the male Russian, this is partly due to the fact that he is not a sportsman. He dislikes exercise. He

St. Petersburg, he breakfasts at noon. Some hours later he joins the entire colony in the drive through the Bois. Still later are calls innumerable. After dinner, always the theater.

Thus far the program is not notably



THE COUNTESS TORBY, WIFE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL MICHAILOVITCH, WHO WAS BANISHED FROM ST. PETERSBURG ON ACCOUNT OF THE MARRIAGE.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

walks only when any other form of locomotion is impossible. Strange to say, remembering the climate of his birth, he does not skate. He carries abroad the social customs and the daily program of the aristocracy of his own land. Of all civilized beings he is probably the latest to rise and to retire. Ten in the morning is, with him, an absurdly early hour to be awakened. In Paris, as at

different, you see, from the daily routine of certain Parisians, or even of New Yorkers. But the distinctive Russian feature is seen after the theater when nightly, about twelve, the *salons* of the women are filled, supper being served about two o'clock in the morning. Only among these people would it be possible without creating surprise to have yourself announced at



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL MICHAILOVITCH, A GRANDSON OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS I, AND A SECOND COUSIN OF THE PRESENT CZAR.

any hour up to three. At that time, even a Russian begins to have some thought of going to bed.

Possibly it is to his aversion to exercise, and to his indolent social life, that the Russian's credulity as regards mysticism is due, for of all mankind he is the most superstitious, the easiest victim of jugglers in magical arts. And possibly it is this phase of his character that so endears Paris to him—Paris, the happy hunting-ground of the trickster in things occult.

The present war has not materially lessened the Russian colony in the French capital. Perhaps, however, it does not lead in financial extravagance to the extent it once did. It must be remembered that not all of the great landed magnates have even yet recov-

ered from the emancipation of their serfs, of whom each had thousands.

Ranking with Paris, and far exceeding any of the other Continental cities, Monaco is a favorite resort of the Russian aristocracy—as, indeed, it is of that of all Europe. Any day in the fashionable season, from December to April, a greater number of titled people may probably be found in the *salon* of the Casino than in any other public place in the world. One of the owners of this famous gambling palace is a Russian of illustrious descent, Prince Constantine Radziwill. A relative, Prince Leon Radziwill, is, like King Edward, a foreign member of the Union, the oldest and most exclusive club in Paris; an organization which Parisians rank almost with the Insti-

tute de France. The career of Prince Constantine, on the other hand, has been such that he is ostracized by the best people in Paris. He is not received even at the Russian embassy.

RUSSIAN ROYALTY ABROAD.

The Russian grand dukes have al-

from abductors the child of the first wife of the present reigning Prince of Monaco. The incident occurred when that unfortunate woman, who had been Lady Mary Hamilton of England, made desperate by her royal husband's indignities, fled from Monaco with her child, and, closely followed by em-



THE PRINCESS DOLGOROUKOV (PRINCESS YOURIEVSKI), WHO WAS THE MORGANATIC WIFE OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER II, AND WHO HAS RESIDENCES AT PARIS AND AT NICE.

From a photograph taken about the time of her marriage in 1880.

ways found Monaco particularly congenial. A first cousin of the present Czar, the Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, who was the Newport sensation of a recent season, is annually a familiar figure there, though the war may possibly keep him away during the coming winter. It was his mother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who rescued

issaries of the prince, crossed the border into Italy. The grand duchess whose bravery saved the boy is known in the society of Berlin, of London, where an intimate friend is Mrs. Arthur Paget, an American; and of Athens, where Russians are particularly prominent.

At the last-named capital the chief figure, of course, is the Queen of

Greece, who was the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the late Grand Duke Constantine, the Czar's great-uncle. Next in importance is the former Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and now the wife of Prince Nicholas, third son of the King of Greece. His majesty's eldest daughter, Alexandra, now dead, was the wife of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, the youngest of the four uncles of the Czar.

Not all of the imperial family have joined their countrymen abroad under equally creditable circumstances. For example, the late Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch, brother of the Czar Alexander II, is understood to have been exiled for accepting a bribe to conceal enormous army frauds. Going to Paris, he became one of the most noted visitors at the political *salon* of Mme. Adam. To her paper, the *Nouvelle Revue*, he contributed articles flagrantly insulting his brother, the Czar. Pardoned on the accession of his nephew, Alexander III, in 1881, his career ended when he was suddenly stricken insane in the presence of the emperor and of the army which he had once commanded.

Of others of the imperial family notable in European society there may be mentioned the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, Vladimir's brother, who, when he visited America in 1871, made himself popular everywhere, and whose morganatic wife, the daughter of a Russian poet, resides at Venice; and the widowed Duchess of Edinburgh and Coburg, who was the Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of Alexander II.

Perhaps the most interesting personage not previously named is, however, the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch, son of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaievitch. Michael's residence in England is, to a certain extent, enforced, his morganatic marriage having been bitterly opposed by the imperial family. He lives chiefly in London and at Keele Hall, in Staffordshire, with his wife, Sophie, Countess of Merenberg, now known as the Countess Torby. It is understood that his kinsman, the present Czar, recently offered to reinstate him at St. Petersburg if he would

first serve for a time with his regiment at Tiflis, in Transcaucasia; but the proffered olive-branch was spurned by the countess, who would not allow her husband to "bury himself," as she phrased it, in the wilds of Asia.

French was long the language *de rigueur* of St. Petersburg society, and in Paris to-day there are probably a few Russians who have difficulty in speaking their own tongue. Even aside from rank, lineage, and wealth there are reasons for the excellent position held in the French capital by the aristocracy of Russia. Americans may sympathize with Japan in the struggle over Manchuria; they may even disapprove, politically, of the whole Russian system; but none who has ever met the typical Russian of the highest class denies his individual charm. The Muscovite of pure blood, tall and fair, symmetrical of feature and figure, graceful, always at ease, with conversational powers of world-wide range, is, to say the least of him, no insignificant rival in a drawing-room. His has ever been an easy victory over feminine hearts—in Paris, at Monaco, at Newport, or elsewhere. That he is not always unworthy of a woman's love is shown by the fact that the marriages of American girls with Russians have usually proved happy ones.

Possibly the interest of the *Parisienne* in her visiting sister from the far north is due to the fact that, next to the American woman, she of Russia has the greatest freedom of any in the world. Not only does the Russian law recognize the perfect equality of the sexes; not only does the very marriage rite impose the same responsibilities upon husband and wife; not only is the woman entitled to privileges undreamed of in France, but she is perhaps the most accomplished woman in all Europe. Also she possesses attributes that are Parisian. She is clever, brilliant, versatile. Small wonder that these superbly gowned Russians, speaking all the languages of Europe, conversing wittily and intelligently of battles or ballets, of socialism or society, of art or baccarat—in fact, of what you will—small wonder that they captivate, in Paris or elsewhere.

Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla.*

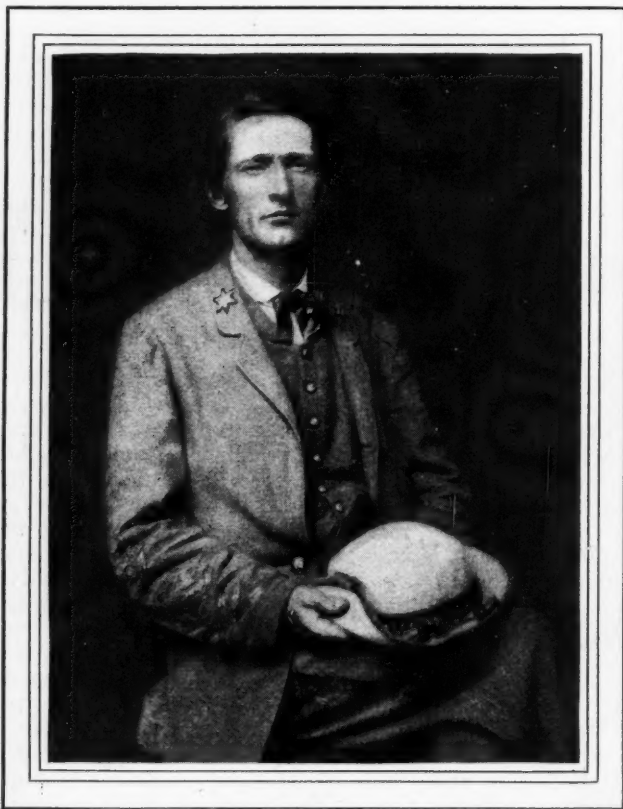
BY JOHN W. MUNSON,

AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS FROM JUNE, 1863, TO THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

SETTING FORTH THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTS, RAIDS, AND EXPEDITIONS OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE COMMAND.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

In Chapters I to V, which appeared in the September and October issues, the author tells of the formation of Mosby's Partizan Rangers in February, 1863, and of his own admission to their ranks in June of that year. He gives a frank and graphic sketch of Mosby and his men, describing their equipment, their discipline, their fighting methods, and their skill in guerrilla warfare; and he tells the story of three of their most famous exploits—the two Dranesville fights, in April, 1863, and February, 1864, and the Greenback Raid, in October, 1864.



COLONEL MOSBY IN THE UNIFORM OF A MAJOR IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, TO WHICH RANK HE WAS PROMOTED IN APRIL, 1863, AFTER THE FIGHT AT MISKELI'S BARN.

From a photograph taken in 1863.

* Copyright, 1904, by John W. Munson, New York—This series of articles began in the September number of MUNSEY'S.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOUNT ZION CHURCH FIGHT.

IN the October instalment of these recollections I covered three events somewhat wide apart. I did so because two of them were closely allied in many particulars, though their actual dates were April 1, 1863, and February 22, 1864.

We will now proceed to the 3d of July, 1864—a couple of weeks after Grant's army sat down to besiege Petersburg. On that day Mosby's command, assembled in conclave, decided to start on a raid into Maryland. We reached the Potomac river on the morning of July 4th, arriving almost immediately opposite the Federal post at Point of Rocks.

There was no particular reason why we should go about looking for trouble to that extent, but it was Independence Day, and the boys wanted to explode a few fireworks and make a little noise. Accordingly, Colonel Mosby ordered them to cross the river and attack the Union men, heading his horse for the stream as he spoke.

MAJOR FORBES ON OUR TRAIL.

The command followed, crossed the river under heavy fire, made the Maryland shore with but few casualties, and began a vigorous assault upon Point of Rocks, driving out the garrison and capturing the post. We destroyed all the government property, burned a fine boat, cut the telegraph wires, helped ourselves to all the stores we could handle, and returned to the Virginia side. This all happened before noon, and we spent the remainder of the day distributing the plunder that we had brought back with us.

Colonel Mosby had heard that Major Forbes, in command of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, was in the neighborhood, and that he was looking for us. On July 5 we operated along the Virginia side of the Potomac, in sight of the enemy most of the time. Toward evening we started for Leesburg, the county-seat of Loudoun County, and stopped not far from there for the night. A scouting party that had been sent by Mosby toward the town returned after nightfall and reported that Major Forbes' command, the Second Massachusetts, and some of the Thirteenth New York, were encamped near Leesburg; that the major knew of our raid at Point of Rocks, and that he had spread the news among the residents of Leesburg that he had Mosby's men in a trap, and would spring it the next day—July 6.

This wasn't the pleasantest thing that could have been said to us at that hour, and Mosby ordered the men to saddle up immediately. We moved in a wide circle, under cover of darkness, around Leesburg toward Waterford, and camped for the remainder of the night. We had about one hundred and fifty men with us, as part of the command had gone home after the Point of Rocks raid.

I recollect distinctly how Mosby remained awake during part of that night. He sat alone under a tree with his hat on



THE FIGHT WITH MAJOR FORBES—"A SHELL WENT HOWLING UP THE ROAD, ONLY TO BURST WELL OUT OF RANGE."



THE FIGHT WITH MAJOR FORBES—"WE SWEEPED INTO THEIR LINE LIKE A HURRICANE, EACH MAN WITH A DRAWN SIX-SHOOTER."

his knee, evidently plunged in deep thought. The idea that Forbes had him in a trap, and would spring it the next day, seemed to annoy the colonel. We all knew that he was formulating a plan of action.

MOSBY HELPS TO SPRING THE TRAP.

At about four in the morning he lay down on his saddle, slept for an hour, got up at sunrise, and called for his cup of coffee. His weakness was strong coffee, which he insisted on having, no matter what the cost. It was impossible to deceive him with chicory or any other substitute; unless it was the very best unadulterated brown berry he would spit it out and demand the genuine article, never resting until he got it. If the Northern army had cut off Mosby's coffee supply, the Partizan Rangers would have become leaderless early in the campaign.

After his cup of coffee on the morning of July 6 he got into the saddle, humming a cheerful tune, and ordered the command to follow him. He had made up his mind during the night to help Major Forbes "spring that trap" *by going after him!*

In a short time we arrived at Leesburg, but found that the major's command had moved toward Aldie, a few miles south. We pushed along and tried to cut him off at Ball's Mill, but he had already crossed the ford when we got there, and was headed for Mount Zion Church.

We took a straight cut-off to reach the turnpike east of Mount Zion, so as to get in between Forbes and his headquarters, which were at or near Falls Church, in Fairfax County. We knew that he had heard of our movements and began to suspect that he was not half so anxious to get us into his trap as he was to keep out of Mosby's.

When we broke into the pike a mile and a half below Mount Zion Forbes hadn't yet come in sight, so we took time to plant our twelve-pounder in the middle of the road, and arrange to receive him.

HAND TO HAND IN THE FIELD.

Presently Forbes and his two hundred men hove in sight near Mount

Zion, where they stopped and fed their horses. The major didn't see us until he got started down the pike again. Our artillery squad, which was more or less afraid of the twelve-pounder, yanked the lanyard and a shell went howling up the road, only to burst well out of range, and without doing the slightest damage. Major Forbes instantly crossed with his men into a field on the south side of the pike, passing through a gap in the fence. Here he drew the entire command up in a straight line to await our attack, which he knew was about due.

In order to get at Forbes we had to move along the road in his front and take the concentrated fire of his command. Mosby ordered us to hold our fire until we got into the field, and told us to go along the pike rather leisurely, not giving our horses full rein until we got through the gap in the fence. Forbes hadn't the same idea about when the fight should begin. His men began raking us along the road, and were ready with more ammunition when we wheeled and sent up the blood-curdling yell which was so much a part of our tactics.

That we had better horses than the Federals there isn't any possible doubt. At any rate, we swept into their line like a hurricane, each man with a drawn six-shooter. At first, Forbes' men made a good fight, but they could not stand the rain of pistol-balls. We split the front rank asunder, and broke the spirit of the command. Half of them, in a mad and helpless scramble, got into the next field, where they rallied around Forbes and fought as gallantly as any men could fight. We crashed into them again, and the battle became a hand-to-hand conflict, with revolvers against sabers, Mosby's men discharging their weapons into the very faces of Forbes' troopers. It was a mass of struggling, cursing maniacs, each striving to slay his antagonist.

FORTY-FOUR GET BACK ALIVE.

Major Forbes occupied the center of the action, standing in his stirrups, with saber drawn, fighting desperately. He thrust his blade through the shoulder of Captain Tom Richards, who had



THE GREAT BERRYVILLE RAID, IN WHICH MOSBY'S MEN STAMPEDED ONE OF SHERIDAN'S SUPPLY TRAINS, CAPTURING THREE HUNDRED MEN, SIX HUNDRED HORSES AND MULES, AND TWO HUNDRED CATTLE, AND DESTROYING MORE THAN A HUNDRED WAGONS—

marked him for single combat. Richards snapped his pistol in the major's face, but it failed to explode. In that instant a bullet ripped into Forbes' horse, and he went down under the dying animal, pinned helplessly, and had to surrender. One of his officers, Lieutenant Amory, now a prominent citizen of Boston, fell side by side with his commander, while his men were now flying in every direction.

To show how we were interwoven with the enemy, it may be recorded that one of our men, Willie Martin, was so closely surrounded by Forbes' men that they were obliged to club him into insensibility, because there was no room to fire a carbine.

When Forbes and Amory fell, the Federal troopers were in full rout, with Mosby on their heels. The flight and the pursuit were strung out from the scene of the engagement to Sudley Church, a distance of ten miles. I followed Colonel Mosby and Johnny

Edmonds over the entire stretch, and when we returned we found dead and wounded men and horses all along the pike. Mosby found a man kneeling near a fence by the roadside, with his head touching the ground in front of him and his left hand clutching a gaping wound in his side. I was ordered to go to his assistance, but when I reached him I found a dead man.

"MY OLD FRIEND TOM RICHARDS."

The fighting and the rout lasted until late in the afternoon, and there were so many wounded men to help, and so many prisoners to look after, that we did not start homeward until long after dark. Our loss was seven wounded, one of whom died later. The Federals had twenty men killed on the field and forty wounded, about fifteen mortally, besides losing sixty prisoners and one hundred horses. Colonel C. R. Lowell, Jr., commanding the brigade of which the Second Massachusetts was a part,



—“WE RUSHED THEM, THE WHOLE COMMAND CHARGING DOWN THE SLOPE, NOT IN COLUMNS, BUT SPREAD OUT OVER ALL CREATION, EACH MAN DOING HIS BEST TO OUT-YELL HIS COMRADE, AND EMPTYING REVOLVERS RIGHT AND LEFT.”

said in his official report of the fight that only forty-four men got back to camp alive. This has been verified by a survivor whom I met recently.

Although Tom Richards did his best to kill the Federal commanding officer in this fight, I am pleased to record the fact that we captured him alive, which was a much more satisfactory achievement, because Major William H. Forbes returned to Massachusetts after the war, and up to the time of his death, two years ago, he was one of the most influential, beloved, and respected citizens in that commonwealth of loyal and enlightened men. I called on him several years ago in his Boston office, and we “fought the war over again” with all the zest at our command. In the course of our conversation he put his hand on my knee and said:

“Tell me, Munson, how is my old friend Tom Richards?”

Surely to recall Tom Richards as his “friend” was enough to convince

any listener that the North and the South are to-day united!

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMOUS BERRYVILLE RAID.

On the 7th of August, 1864, Major General Philip H. Sheridan assumed command of the Middle Military Division of the Federal army, with headquarters at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Colonel Mosby set to work on a large scale to “annoy” Sheridan, who was striking some fearful blows at us.

If the reader observes that I am writing nothing but Mosby history, it is because our command had its hands full with its special work, and seldom came in touch with the larger armies. News of their operations came to us in a rather disconnected way. Mosby had to “go it alone,” so to speak, and the newspapers were not as well circulated in those days as they are now.

But let us return to Sheridan. On August 12, five days after the Federal commander established himself at Harper's Ferry, Mosby took three hundred of his command—the largest number we had ever had in any single engagement up to that time—and marched from Upperville, in Fauquier County, over into the Valley of Virginia. We went into camp about midnight not far from Berryville in Clarke County—a maneuver which consisted of unsaddling our horses and lying down on the landscape to sleep. Scouts, sent out to look the situation over, presently returned with the information that a wagon train was moving on the pike, about three miles distant.

WE MINGLE WITH THE ENEMY.

Colonel Mosby ordered a few of us to accompany him. Leaving the rest of the command to get some much-needed rest, we struck out in the direction whence, in the stillness of the night, came the rumbling echoes of the heavily loaded wagons. In a short time we sighted our prize, a long line of wagons winding along the road and stretching away as far as the eye could reach in the darkness. We rode among the drivers, looked the stock over, and chatted with the guards and teamsters in the most friendly manner. It was too dark to distinguish us from their own men, and we mingled with them so freely that our presence created no suspicion.

We learned that there were one hundred and fifty wagons in the train, with more than a thousand head of horses, cattle, and mules, guarded by about two thousand men, consisting of two Ohio regiments and one Maryland regiment, besides cavalry distributed along the

line under orders of Brigadier-General Kenly, commanding. We then drew off into the fields one by one, and Colonel Mosby despatched the writer back to his sleeping comrades, to arouse them and bring the full force up in a hurry.

Just about daybreak Chapman and Richards arrived at the appointed rendezvous with nearly three hundred of Mosby's men and two pieces of light artillery—twelve-pounders. It was one of these guns that made so much noise and did so little damage at Mount Zion Church on the 6th of July. In our hurried movement, however, one of the guns was disabled, and was drawn off the road out of the way. The other was posted on a little eminence looking down over the turnpike along which we knew the wagon train was bound to move.

A SUNRISE SURPRISE.

A streak of light broke in the east, and we hustled our forces into position, Mosby giving rapid instructions to the entire command. The flush of the morning began to glow over the rolling landscape. Down the pike we saw the cloud of dust rising, as though a giant serpent was creeping along toward Berryville from Harper's Ferry. The entire train was soon in sight, blind to the presence of our command.

From our position on the low hill, the twelve-pounder sent a shot over the wagon train. It exploded like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, and was followed quickly by another, which burst in the midst of the enemy. The whole train halted and writhed in its center as if a wound had been opened in its vitals. Apparently its guards did not see us. We got another charge into the old twelve-pounder and banged away



AFTER THE
BERRYVILLE RAID.

again. What on earth possessed them I am even at this late day unable to state; but as with one mind, without making the least resistance, the horses and men of the wagon train began to retreat.

Then we rushed them, the whole command charging down the slope, not in columns, but spread out over all creation, each man doing his best to out-yell his comrade, and emptying revolvers right and left. The whole wagon train was thrown into a panic. Teamsters wheeled their horses and mules around in the road, and, plying their black-snakes, sent the animals galloping madly down the pike and crashing into other teams, which in turn ran away. Infantry stampeded in every direction. Cavalry, uncertain from which point the attack came, bolted backward and forward without any definite plan. Wounded animals all along the train were neighing and adding to the confusion. Pistols and rifles were cracking singly and in volleys.

Mosby dashed up and down the line of battle on his horse, urging the command by voice and gesture. I never saw him quite so interested in the total demolition of things. Before the action began he had expressed the hope that his men would give General Kenly the worst licking he ever got, and it delighted him to see the work progressing so well.

THE PANIC OF PANDEMONIUM.

At several points along the line Kenly's men made stands behind stone fences, and poured volleys into us; but when charged they invariably retreated from their positions. The conflict was strung out over a mile and a half, which was the length of the wagon train when the fight was at its best. Our men were yelling, galloping, charging, firing, stampeding mules and horses, and creating pandemonium everywhere. It wasn't long before we had the Federals demoralized and thoroughly whipped, and we were able to turn our attention to the prisoners and the spoils. Mosby gave orders to unhitch all the teams that had not run away, and to set fire to the wagons. It was a terrible sight, and a severe punishment, but it only

justified Sherman's famous saying that "war is hell."

Among the wagons was one containing a safe in which an army paymaster had concealed one hundred and ten thousand dollars. We overlooked it, unfortunately, and it was recovered the next day by the enemy. Too bad! But two months later the Greenback Raid evened up the score.

By eight o'clock in the morning the fight was over and the enemy was ours. Then a serious problem arose. How were we to get three hundred prisoners, nearly nine hundred head of captured stock, and the other spoils of war, out of Sheridan's country into our own? News of the raid had gone in every direction, and we were threatened with an overpowering assault at any moment.

At this juncture Mosby issued one of those orders that seemed to contain more audacity than wisdom.

"We'll go to Rectorstown at once," he said quietly, "and take the animals and prisoners with us."

TUNELESS VIOLINS AND VICTORY.

There wasn't anything more to be said on the subject, and we started. Rectorstown lay twenty-five miles to the south, back in Fauquier County. Stonewall Jackson's forced marches were not in it with this one of ours. We fastened up the loose harnesses as best we could, and, herding the animals into one drove, started at a trot down the wreck-strewn pike toward the Shenandoah River, several miles away. It was the most extraordinary procession that ever headed for the historic stream. The captured Federals were on foot, while Mosby's men were mounted, victors and victims chatting freely together and speculating on the trip before them. A number of the Rangers, in a spirit of gaiety, had decked themselves out in the fine uniforms found in the baggage of the Northern officers. Some of the coats were turned inside out, so as to display the beautiful red and yellow linings. From one of the wagons we had resurrected a lot of musical instruments, and the leaders of the mounted vanguard made the morning hideous with attempts to play plantation melodies on tuneless violins.

No more motly throng ever came back from a successful raid. There was a song on every man's lips, and those who had yelled or sung themselves hoarse waved captured flags and made hilarious gestures. In the midst of this nondescript legion the nine hundred head of stock, bellowing, neighing, and braying, wallowed along in the hot dust, the steam rising from their bodies and the saliva dripping from the mouths of the fat steers, of which we had more than two hundred.

Down the slope and into the rushing Shenandoah, regardless of ford or pass, dashed the whole cavalcade, some swimming, some wading, others finding ferriage at the tail of a horse or cow. The orchestra, in the lead, scraped away bravely on their violins. Only the unhorsing of some of the worst of the performers saved them from bodily violence at the hands of their justly indignant comrades. In a short time, dripping but refreshed, we emerged from the stream, struggled on up the road, and began the ascent of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Strange to say, not a man or an animal was lost on the passage.

HOME AGAIN THE SAME DAY.

We crossed the mountains at break-neck pace, made a rapid descent into the Piedmont Valley, and at four o'clock that afternoon, with all hands present, the captured property was divided at Rectortown, twenty-five miles from the scene of the action fought on the morning of the same day. How was that for a forced march?

Our loss in this affair was two men killed and two wounded. The number of the enemy's casualties we could not ascertain, but Major William E. Beardsley, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, reported from Winchester, on the day after the fight, to Colonel Thomas Devine, commanding the Second Brigade of the First Cavalry Division, as follows:

We were attacked by Mosby at daylight yesterday morning at Berryville, and a disgraceful panic ensued, resulting in the entire destruction of the reserve brigade's train and a portion of ours, with battery forges, etcetera, the running off of nearly all the mules, the capture of a large number of prisoners, the killing of five of our men, with many wounded.

We brought out more than six hundred horses and mules, more than two hundred head of fat beef cattle, and about three hundred prisoners, and destroyed more than one hundred wagons with their valuable contents. We did not kill the commanding officer, but shortly afterward we heard that he had been dismissed.

After dividing the horses and plunder among the men, we sent the mules and a large number of the cattle to General Lee for the use of the regular army. They were driven through Fauquier, Rappahannock, Culpepper, and Orange counties as far as Gordonsville. On my return from carrying despatches and reports of the affair to General Lee, I could follow the trail of the captured animals by bits of broken harness here and there for nearly the entire route.

"HANG THEM WITHOUT TRIAL."

The result of this raid was shown by the rapidity with which Sheridan at once fell back to his old position down the valley, where, three days later, he received the following telegram from General Grant:

When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

No one who is at all familiar with Grant's admiration for a fighter will be surprised to learn that when he became President of the United States, the great soldier offered Mosby an appointment. Grant meant it when he said: "Let us have peace."

This is Sheridan's reply to Grant's telegram:

Mosby has annoyed me and captured a few wagons. We hung one and shot six of his men yesterday.

I wonder what General Phil would call many wagons, when he referred to what we took as "a few"!

Two days after the Berryville fight, Captain A. E. Richards, with a small scouting party, ran into a squad of Federal cavalry near the scene of the previous engagement. He killed the commanding officer, Lieutenant J. S. Walker, of the First United States Cavalry; wounded and captured Lieutenant Philip Dwyer, of the Fifth United States Cavalry, and captured all the rest of the squad but one. When Richards

reported to Mosby on this affair, the colonel replied that he was "glad one man got away, so that he could tell Sheridan what happened to the rest of them!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BLAZER'S RIVAL GUERRILLAS.

THINGS were getting pretty hot in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry in that month of August, 1864. Sheridan was very much irritated by the persistence of Mosby's men. In fact, the relations between us and the North were daily growing more bitter, and Grant's telegram would have been followed to the letter had the Federals got their hands on any of us.

Among others who wanted to have a try at us was Captain Richard Blazer, of Crook's Division. The result of his uncontrollable desire to "mix it with Mosby" is best set forth in two war despatches subsequently published by the government. The first, dated August 20, 1864, is from General Sheridan to General Augur, and reads:

I have one hundred men who will take the contract to clean out Mosby's gang. I want one hundred Spencer rifles for them. Send them to me if they can be found in Washington.

Captain Richard Blazer was to command these hundred men who stood ready to "clean out Mosby's gang." The second despatch is dated November 19, 1864, from Harper's Ferry, and is from General Stevenson to General Forsyth. It follows:

Two of Captain Blazer's men came in this morning, Privates Harris and Johnson. They report that Mosby attacked Blazer near Kabletown yesterday, about eleven o'clock. They say the entire command, with the exception of themselves, was either captured or killed.

It may be interesting to know just what developed between the dates of these two telegrams. Captain Richard Blazer thought, and Sheridan agreed with him, that the Northern army could find some work for a husky little guerrilla band of its own, to fight the devil with fire as it were. The captain was put at the head of one hundred picked men, selected by himself from Crook's entire division; and there is no doubt that he succeeded in getting fine material. He was provided with his Spen-

cer rifles, and shortly after the 20th of August he started to "clean out Mosby's gang."

He began under very favorable conditions, as the colonel was busy keeping out of the jaws of bigger enemies. Indeed, we were hot-footing it over northern Virginia with all kinds of trouble on hand. He went to work at once, and came after us in our own territory, surprising a few parties of Rangers here and there, and generally whipping them. His first official report was that he had "captured one Mosby man, after chasing the guerrillas for three miles."

BLAZER BEGINS IN EARNEST.

Early in September, while on a scouting expedition in the Valley of Virginia, he surprised one of our bands under Lieutenant Joe Nelson, and gave it a good walloping, killing two men, wounding five, and taking five prisoners. Blazer reported one killed and six wounded in the engagement. If he only had one man killed, we knew where to locate the fatality, for in the running fight a Blazer man rode up alongside of Emory Pitts of our Company B and snapped a pistol, which missed fire. Pitts, greatly surprised to find that his brains were still intact, used them with rapidity. He leaned from his saddle, seized his antagonist by the scruff of the neck with his left hand, lifted the man from his stirrups, and with his right hand held a revolver under his captive's breast and fired a bullet clean through him, dropping the corpse to the ground as he galloped off. The Federal soldier happened to fall on one of our men who had been unhorsed, and who was lying in a rut, playing possum. He reported that the body that dropped from Pitts' grip after the shot was fired never so much as quivered. Death came on swift wings to that soldier.

On the 11th of November, 1864, Blazer ran into thirty of our men under Captain Montjoy, near Berry's Ferry on the Shenandoah River. Montjoy was returning from a successful raid with twenty prisoners and as many horses. The Federals, who were growing expert in guerrilla warfare, got the "bulge" on Montjoy, whipped him, recaptured all his prisoners, killed and wounded

several of his men, and routed the rest. It began to look as if Blazer was going to carry out his promise to clean us out.

"WIPE BLAZER OUT."

At the time when news of the Montjoy affair came to Colonel Mosby's ears, it happened that Companies A and B of his command hadn't much on hand. The colonel summoned Major Richards, and told him to take some of each company over into the valley and "wipe Blazer out—go through him!"

Richards started on the 17th of November, 1864, with one hundred Rangers, to look for Blazer. Most of his men were specially anxious to set eyes on the Northerner who had turned the trick so neatly on Montjoy. They were not picked men, however, but just plain, ordinary, every-day A and B guerrillas.

When Richards reached Castleman's Ferry he heard that Blazer was on a raid looking for Mosby, having fully made up his mind to finish the contract about which Sheridan had wired Augur nearly three months before. We located him in camp near Kabletown, in Jefferson County, West Virginia. Richards, preferring a daylight fight, camped near him. In the morning our men were so anxious for a settlement with Blazer's command that they did not wait for breakfast, but at sunrise galloped into Kabletown, only to find that Blazer had left but a few moments before, "looking for them."

It didn't take very long to find the blue column, which presently appeared across a field. Richards turned his men from the road to draw Blazer on, but Blazer was busy taking down a fence and dismounting his cavalry, so as to use his Spencers at long range. Richards instantly divided his command, and started off with half his men, as though retreating.

Blazer bit, and ordered a charge. When his men got clear of the woods and into the open, where there was no furniture in the way of our little game of tag, Richards turned on him, and our two divisions charged simultaneously.

BLAZER TAKES HIS MEDICINE.

Blazer's men used their Spencers until we got close up to them, when they

dropped their rifles and drew revolvers. Richards' attack was very much in the nature of a dynamite explosion at close range, and while there is no doubt that Blazer counted on a fight, and really wanted one, he had made no preparations for a massacre. His "picked one hundred men" broke before our onslaught, defying all their commander's efforts to rally them, and the flight became a panic and a rout.

Captain Blazer was overtaken by Syd Ferguson, who rode one of the best mares in our command. Blazer was knocked from his horse with the butt of a pistol, and picked up blind and bleeding from the ground. He came to the scratch cheerfully even in defeat, and took his medicine like a man. His loss was more than twenty men killed, many more wounded, most of them mortally, and about thirty of his command were taken prisoners. General Stevenson's despatch of November 19, already quoted, summed up the situation briefly and truthfully.

This affair terminated Sheridan's belief that he had a "hundred picked men who could clean out Mosby's gang."

In this connection I cannot pass over an incident that at the time of its occurrence was widely discussed all over the South. It involves the Richmond boy John Puryear, that gallant daredevil of whom I wrote in the first instalment of these recollections.

THE CAPTURE OF PURYEAR.

On the morning of the day that we had our books balanced with Blazer, Puryear, together with Charley McDonough, was doing some scouting on his own hook. To make a long story short, Puryear fell into the hands of the enemy and was taken prisoner. McDonough escaped and reported back to Richards.

Puryear's captors were headed by Lieutenant Cole, of Blazer's command, who gave orders that steps be at once taken to "extract" some information from the prisoner. The Federals browbeat and threatened Puryear in a fruitless effort to loosen his tongue. Finally a halter was put around his neck and he was drawn up in the air clear of his toes three times, but Cole finally wearied

of his attempt to "extract" information, and ordered Puryear to mount the worst horse in the command and follow back to Blazer's camp. The beast was so weary that Puryear had no difficulty in making it appear that movement was next to impossible, a state of affairs that justified him in requesting permission to dismount to cut a stick large enough to urge the animal into a gallop. No objection was offered, and Puryear proceeded to get a club that was about right for the plans that were forming in his mind.

It was not long before Mosby's men came into view, and Blazer ordered Puryear to the rear. Puryear couldn't see it that way, and declared that he preferred to be at the front. There was no time to argue the case, so Puryear stayed.

At the moment when Richards' men came swinging down on Blazer in two divisions, Puryear rose in his stirrups, let out a rebel yell, and with a back hand movement dealt his guard a killing blow in the face with his club. Then he slipped from his horse into the thick of the mêlée, stripped his enemy of his pistols, remounted, and lit into the ranks of the Blazer column with an expression of ferocity that it is impossible to describe. His black eyes literally blazed, and, with the perspiration bursting from every pore, his jaw set, and his whole face livid, he started on his errand of vengeance.

LIBERTY AND REVENGE.

Nearly every man in our command saw him swirl into the fight. His rage was something terrible to look upon. Presently his eye found Lieutenant Cole, and without delay he was after him. He chased the Federal officer around an old blacksmith shop and overtook him just at the moment he was surrendering to Johnny Alexander, who tried to restrain Puryear from wreaking vengeance upon a man who had quit. But Puryear declared that Cole had ordered him hanged, a charge admitted by Cole. The next instant Puryear fired his pistol into Cole's chest and stood back to contemplate his work. Cole fell limp and gasping against Alexander's horse, sinking gradually to the ground. He was dead in less than a minute.

Puryear burst out crying like a child, and collapsed, sob after sob shaking his body. He was useless for the rest of that day.

When Johnny Alexander took Cole's pistols from his body he found them both empty. It is but fair, however, to say that Puryear did not know this until Alexander told him—in other words, until after he had wreaked his ghastly revenge. Puryear at the time was not yet out of his teens.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRUTH OF THE CUSTER EPISODE.

As I have written before, the month of August, 1864, was one of the busiest in the history of our command. Hardly a day passed without bloodshed. The Northern feeling against Mosby's men was intense, and opportunities to crush our command were thrown away because of the enemy's anxiety to spread instant death and annihilation. When concerted attacks were arranged, some hot-headed Northerner, guilty only of an error in judgment, would blaze away at us from ambush, and sound the signal that enabled us to slip away in time. Mosby's men, it must be remembered, knew more about the lay of the land in northern Virginia than did any of the visitors from the North, and we knew the guerrilla game thoroughly.

One afternoon in that busy month of August, Colonel Mosby, with about thirty or forty of his command, was riding through the woods of Fairfax County. He was not expecting immediate trouble. Suddenly a shower of bullets came singing through the trees from a party of Thirteenth New Yorkers, who retreated at a gallop toward Fairfax Station as soon as they had fired their volley. One of our men, George Slater, was wounded.

SABERS VERSUS SIX-SHOOTERS.

At the station the enemy was joined by some of the Sixteenth New York, about one hundred men in all. They came swinging back through the woods, and prepared to attack us. Our scouts, scattered throughout the underbrush, heard their commander order them to

use their carbines in the preliminary rush and then charge with their sabers. Mosby heard the order himself, and realizing that sabers were utterly worthless against our six-shooters he told us to "go through 'em!"

It was over in a few minutes. We killed the commanding officer, Captain J. H. Flemming of the Sixteenth New York, and six of his men; wounded Captain McMenamin of the Thirteenth New York, a lieutenant, and eight men; and captured thirty prisoners and forty horses. Why under the sun the Federal troopers so often went into battle with those clumsy, antiquated sabers, was a mystery that none of Mosby's men ever unraveled. One might as well walk up to a howitzer with a billiard cue.

In his report on this affair, Colonel Lazelle said that "a board of investigation had been called to ascertain who was responsible." The one man who could best have enlightened the board was dead. Every attempt to charge Mosby with sabers was a signal failure, disastrous to those concerned.

CUSTER ORDERS THE TORCH.

Our victories and escapes only added fuel to the flame, and the Federal troops, enraged and embittered, did some things that were not just according to the articles of war, as we understood them to be written. Among other things, General Custer ordered that the torch be applied to Southern dwellings, which order was carried out by the Fifth Michigan Cavalry under Colonel Russell Alger, Secretary of War during the Spanish-American imbroglio.

At that time, in August, 1864, Alger was operating in the lower Valley of Virginia, and we frequently exchanged shots with his men, picked off their sentries, chased them, and were chased in return. One afternoon Captain Chapman of our command, with a detachment of scouts, came upon some burning dwellings in the neighborhood of Charlestown, in Jefferson County. We learned from the former residents, huddled about the ruins, that Alger's men had applied the match. The entreaties of the women and children were of no avail. The order had been given, and the order had to be obeyed.

Naturally we got pretty well wrought up over the affair, and started out to square things in the real guerrilla fashion. We passed the ruined homes of Mr. McCormick and Mr. Sowers, learned that the burners were just ahead of us, and went after them on a run, overtaking them at the residence of Colonel Morgan, to which they had just set fire. Our men were demons that day. Thirty of the burners were killed or wounded. We took no prisoners, and gave no quarter. Forty horses fell into our hands, and we retired without further concern.

No more buildings were burned in that valley by the Federals. It stopped there.

I REPORT TO GENERAL EARLY.

In order to contrast this with Mosby's understanding of ethics, I have but to recall the case of one of our men who went with us among the Quakers down in Loudoun County. He overturned an old Quaker's milk-can just for pure "cussedness." The fellow knew that the Quakers were sympathizers with the North, and foolishly believed that he was helping to wipe out the enemy by wanton spilling of good milk. Colonel Mosby had him arrested at once, and I was sent back with him to the regular army. I was instructed to turn him over to General Early, informing the general that he was not sufficient of a gentleman to travel with Mosby's men, and that he had a mistaken idea of the mission of the guerrillas.

After turning the prisoner, with some others, over to the proper officer, I reported at General Early's tent and told him all about the doings of Alger's men, how we met them at Colonel Morgan's, and what followed. He was so greatly interested and pleased at the result that I jokingly said:

"We killed as many as we could get at, and threw most of them into the fire."

"I wish to Heaven," he replied, "that you had thrown all of Sheridan's army in after them!"

General Phil was worrying the old man greatly at that time, and I haven't the slightest doubt that Early meant just what he said.

The fight—or rather the onslaught—at Colonel Morgan's house was not to be forgotten, however, for on the 23d of September General Custer, still breathing fire and vengeance, captured seven of Mosby's men and had them hanged or shot in Front Royal, Virginia, with their hands tied behind their backs. The men had been taken prisoners in a fair fight, in which they were fairly whipped. We felt that they should have been sent to some Northern prison, like other prisoners of war. The men who fired the shots were Michiganders, some of them of Alger's command.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

Colonel Mosby got reports on this matter, and waited his time. On the 6th of November following we got twenty-seven of these Michigan fellows in a raid, and escorted them to a quiet spot where Colonel Mosby had them draw lots to determine which seven of them should be killed in retaliation for the Front Royal episode. The idea seemed to shock the Federals greatly; but Mosby turned the seven unlucky men over to Lieutenant Edward Thompson of our command, to be taken to the Shenandoah Valley and hanged or shot near Winchester.

In the darkness, one of the prisoners got away. A little further on, Lieutenant Thompson, while crossing the mountains at Ashby's Gap, met Captain Montjoy returning from a raid in the valley, with some prisoners. Montjoy, it appears, had recently become a Mason, and was a very enthusiastic craftsman. He ascertained, in the usual way, that two of the condemned men were brother-Masons, and that they would be glad to enjoy any fraternal assistance that might be available at the moment; so Montjoy took them from Thompson in exchange for two of his own prisoners, and passed on.

When Mosby heard of the transfer he called Montjoy to him and said, after delivering a lecture on discipline:

"I want you to understand that my command is not a Masonic lodge!"

Of the seven men to be killed, only three were hanged. Two were shot, but

not killed, and recovered later; two got away. One of these latter when the spot for the execution was reached, asked Thompson for time to pray, which was readily accorded, the lieutenant joining silently in the petition of the condemned. The whole job was ill suited to Thompson's inclinations. While the Michigan man was making his peace with his Creator, he was incidentally "sawing wood" vigorously. With his hands clasped apparently in prayer, he slowly worked away at the cords that bound his wrists. His appeal to the Almighty was fervid in the extreme, and at the "Amen," which was uttered in a voice heavy with penitence, he turned to Thompson as if he was ready to have his head shot off. Instead, however, he planted a smash with his good right hand on Thompson's nose, knocked him flat on his back, jumped on his prostrate form, and, without waiting to thank him, disappeared in the darkness. Bravo, old boy! You were a trump!

Thompson, rather pleased at the celerity with which the Michigan man's appeal to heaven had been answered, picked himself up and finished his work. To the clothing of one of the men he pinned the following note, penned by Colonel Mosby:

These men have been hung in retaliation for an equal number of Colonel Mosby's men hung by order of General Custer at Front Royal. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The whole thing was carried out according to program, and with the calm determination that made Mosby a terror when he was aroused. On November 11 he wrote a letter to General Sheridan, calling attention to what he had done. He stated that since his men were murdered at Front Royal, fully seven hundred of Sheridan's men had been captured by his command, including officers of high rank, all of whom had been sent as prisoners of war to Richmond, and that retaliation had been confined to Custer's men only. Mosby's letter closed as follows:

Hereafter any prisoners falling into my hands will be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity shall compel me, reluctantly, to adopt a line of policy repugnant to humanity.

(To be continued.)

Randall's Step.

HOW A NEW YORK "PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN" SHOWED THAT HE HAD A HEART.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

EVERYTHING was built on a large scale in the dingy sitting-room of the station-house. The stove was tall and bulky, with a thick rail around it to support policemen's massive feet. The table was like a carpenter's bench. The uncushioned chairs were so generously wide that the little girl who sat in one could not bend her knees, and the heavy glass of water which the stout matron brought to her was not to be encircled by both her tiny hands.

The only object not out of proportion with the visitor was Nigger, the precinct dog, whom Officer Conlan had confidently introduced for the child's enlivenment. Nigger's tricks, however, were in vain. He industriously walked lame, rolled over, and played dead, but the tears still ran down the girl's pretty cheeks. She was lost and unhappy, and she did not care how many knew it.

Conlan, ruffled by Nigger's failure, explained to the matron.

"Can't tell where she lives, nor her folks' name, nor nothin'," he said. "Shake hands, Nigger. There—look at that! Nigger wants to shake hands, young one!"

Nigger held up a black paw.

"It's funny," said the matron, "that she don't know her name!"

"Name's Margaret," sobbed the girl.

"Margaret what, darlin'?" asked the matron hopefully.

Margaret only shook her tangle of yellow curls. A dozen big policemen, released from court work, creaked ponderously into the room. Huffnagle—one of them—bowed to the little girl.

"Good morning, miss," said he.

"Mornin'," quavered Margaret.

"I've made a mash," announced Huffnagle, grinning.

The other officers gathered around while they unfastened their coats. Margaret was awed by the splendid multitude of brass buttons, and her blue eyes opened wide.

"Tell me your address, and me and you'll chase up a roof-garden some night," said Huffnagle. "Where do you live, ma'am?"

"Av'nue," replied the girl.

The policemen became lazily interested, and Randall, a new-made plain-clothes man, sauntered in.

"Listen," said Randall. "Avenue A? First? Second?"

"Fift', maybe," suggested Huffnagle. "You're a elegant sleuth, Randall;" and he laughed with much vigor, for he did not like Randall.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears. It is not pleasant to be lost and laughed at.

"Shut up, you," recommended Conlan, scowling at Huffnagle.

Randall stroked the child's curls clumsily, and she looked at him with a dawning trust which at once vaguely touched his heart.

"Do the cars go by where you live?" he inquired.

The girl nodded.

"Elevated or—up-stairs or down on the street?"

"Both," said Margaret. "Only up-stairs, you know, they go 'round a corner."

Randall straightened up.

"That's easy!" he said. "Some avenue corner where there's a cross-town elevated."

"Ain't you the wonder with children, though?" sneered Huffnagle. "It takes a family man, don't it?"

He guffawed again because of Randall's childless marriage. Randall pretended not to hear. He reported to the desk sergeant that he thought the lost child's people might be found by a short

investigation. He was willing to try it, being off duty for the day.

"All right," said the sergeant. "Take her with you, if she'll go without raising merry Cain."

Margaret jumped out of the chair with alacrity. She bade good-by to the policeman—even to Huffnagle—patted

"Waits to kiss me mornin's," replied the girl.

"Now, that's a job I'd like myself!" laughed Randall. "Doesn't he kiss you evenings when you're abed?"

"Oh, no! Father don't live where I do."

"Where, then?"



"GOOD MORNING, MISS," SAID HUFFNAGLE.

Nigger's head gingerly, and trotted into the corridor, clinging to Randall's hand.

II.

RANDALL had been promoted into plain clothes only temporarily. To-day he was carrying his blue uniform and helmet home for repairs, in a canvas valise. With the anxiety of one fresh to his work he mentally ran over his "wanted" list as he descended to the sidewalk—Spike Hobbs, bank thief; Jim Kincaid, the murderer of the man who had robbed him of his wife; Dr. Lorz, confidence expert; and the missing brother of the Western senator. If Randall could chance upon any of these celebrities, he might get his step permanently.

"What does your father do?" said he to Margaret.

"Well," she said, "you go to the second door in the crooked alley, and it's green and white, all streaky, and you shake the handle three times, and then you scratch the wood, and father comes out and kisses you, and then you run home fast."

Randall pursed his lips.

"Your father is mighty cautious with his kisses," he commented. "Can't you remember his name yet?"

"Hasn't got any," asserted Margaret, gripping Randall's thumb.

She did not recognize the first elevated railroad corner, and the officer led her leisurely to another one. Randall liked the soft pressure of her hand on his. He wondered if it would be wrong for him to show the little girl to his wife; and his mouth tightened as he thought how fond Julia was of children. However, he cheered up immediately

when Margaret commanded him to carry her.

"Come on," agreed Randall eagerly, and lifted her in his unemployed arm.

He was oddly ashamed that he had not proposed it before. The girl cuddled down on his broad shoulder, and slipped her cool fingers inside his collar.

"So sleepy," she sighed, with her eyelids fluttering.

Randall walked more slowly. Few passers-by failed to give the pair a second glance. Several kindly women turned to smile at them, and from the entrance of a dark court a man lurched out abruptly and stared so hard with his stupid eyes that Randall halted. The man was of Randall's build, and dressed in shabby overalls and jumper. He raised his hand doubtfully.

"Why, what are you—" he mumbled, and broke off short, scanning the street shiftily.

"Hush!" admonished Randall gently. "Do you know this kid? She's lost, and belongs about here. Don't wake her. She's tired."

"Seems like I've seen her," drawled the man, considering, and after a pause he added: "She's one of Mrs. Brophy's bunch—the old woman who runs a sort of kid boarding-house at nine sixty-five, around the corner." Margaret stirred, and the man dodged back curiously. "Say, friend," he muttered in Randall's ear, "you'll take her over to Brophy's, eh?"

"Surest thing you know," whispered Randall. "Guess I'll shake this bagful of clothes, though, for a while."

They were in front of a cigar-store, whose Cuban proprietor assured Randall that the valise would be safe in his keeping. When the policeman emerged with the slumbering Margaret, the man in overalls had disappeared. Randall looked down the crooked passageway toward the court, and saw that the second dingy door was painted in streaks of green and white.

He sauntered on reflectively to number nine sixty-five. The longer he carried the child, the better fitted she seemed, somehow, to his arms. Her yellow curls blew pleasantly against his cheek. He hoped that the Brophy place was decent.

The hope was smitten brutally by the first glimpse of the squalid tenement. Mrs. Brophy, a stooping, pitifully overworked old woman, received Margaret with sullen unconcern. Yes, she saw to the young one. The father put her there. A dollar a week, and worth it.

Margaret cried when Randall went, but she was glad to be home, she said.

"Home!" echoed Randall, stumbling down the noisome stairs. "I'm going to talk turkey to that father!"

III

UNDER the cigar-store awning Randall encountered Bill Mulqueen, a stout detective from the Central Office. Mulqueen liked to patronize younger men, and he made room affably for Randall in the narrow strip of shade.

"You're doing plain-clothes work, hey?" said Mulqueen condescendingly.

"Not much of it yet," said Randall. "I suppose you've got something good, Mr. Mulqueen?"

The detective puffed importantly at one of the Cuban's perfectos.

"Oh, pretty fair, Randy," he admitted. "I don't mind telling you. Did you ever hear of Kincaid? He's tucked away in this precinct somewhere. Me and my partner's looking for his trail."

"What kind of a trail?" asked Randall, with a queer premonition taking shape in his mind.

"Kincaid's kid," said Mulqueen. "We ain't sure, but we think Kincaid's kid is kept around here, and for that reason he's bound to show up. We figure as how Kincaid is terrible stuck on that kid. It was mostly on account of the child that Kincaid done the killing. You see, the dago who'd run off with his wife tried to swipe his little girl, too, and Kincaid, he up and shot him. Kind of tough, wasn't it?"

Randall nodded absently. Across the street a lively piano-organ struck up for the benefit of a laughing squad of boys and girls. One black-haired tot danced on the asphalt, bobbing like a cork. Mulqueen rolled his cigar in his mouth.

"Yes, sir, it's kind of tough," he grunted, "to be trailing Kincaid this way. You got any young ones, Randy?"

"No," said Randall irritably. "But

"I guess I won't get my step this time," he soliloquized grimly, "but I'll bring home something that Julia will like better!"

For many years thereafter Randall and his big-hearted wife and their adopted Margaret blessed the day when Jim Kincaid disappeared from New York.

The Meeting of Mr. Ebbs and Mrs. Smith.

A SOCIAL COMEDY—TIME, THE PRESENT YEAR; SCENE, NEW YORK AND A SUBURBAN VILLA.

BY WINIFRED LEE WENDELL.

I.

[T WAS a custom of long standing for Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Vliet, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perkins, and Mr. Timothy Ebbs to meet at various places on the occasions of their respective birthdays. And so on this fifth day of June the happy quintet was assembled at the Villa to celebrate the fact that its bachelor member had made his first earthly appearance on that day of the year.

The Villa, formerly an abandoned farm, had been discovered by Matthew Vliet, and, two years later, found its homely beauty transformed into a formal garden after the most approved Italian style. From the moment one stepped through the great iron gates, America was left behind, and Italy—the fragrant, pillared, fountain-plashed Italy of medieval days, with its bay-scented vistas of green and white, its snub-nosed satyrs and wreathed bacchanals, its shadowed pergolas—surrounded one with its old-world charm.

All having arrived but Ebbs, the talk drifted round to him, when a maid, in crisp cap and apron, loomed up from the pillared recesses and handed her mistress a letter. Mrs. Vliet glanced at the address and gave a little cry of delight as she inserted that woman's weapon, a hat-pin, beneath the flap. The seal broke and crumbled to the floor, a powdery, crimson cloud.

"Who do you think it's from?" she cried, waving the letter aloft. "Oh, you will never guess—I'm going to tell you. It is from the future Mrs. Timothy Ebbs! If she were made to order she couldn't be better suited to him!"

Keen interest shone upon the other faces; for the matrimonial affairs of Timothy Ebbs—although, like Mr. Landor's "Conversations," purely imaginary—were of absorbing interest to his friends. Designing mammas, eager but

less diplomatic papas, friendly brothers, and, most dangerous of all, the maidens—that army of martyrs to a lost cause—Ebbs met and vanquished with a gentle but unwavering stubbornness.

Mrs. Vliet proceeded to read the letter aloud.

MY DEAR AGNES:

I am told that one must go away from Italy to see her in one of her happiest moods; in other words, that you and Matthew have built unto yourselves an Italian garden and villa which would woo the shades of Petrarch and Laura from their tombs. I am going to run over and take a peep at you in your paradise this summer. I sail to-morrow on the Cambrian. I have some business to attend to as soon as I land, but when playtime comes my first thought will be of you. Address me care of Brown Brothers & Company. Hastily, and with love to you both,

KATE REMSEN SMITH.

"Why, she must be in New York by this time," cried Mrs. Vliet, when she had finished reading the letter. "I shall write her to-night. Perhaps we can arrange a house party for next week-end."

Matthew Vliet shook his head despairingly.

"What intriguers these women are!" he groaned. "Poor Tim!"

"Why poor Tim? Is she deformed?" asked Perkins.

"Deformed?" Vliet replied. "She's adorable. Landed Smith the first time she threw her line out."

"Married!" cried Mrs. Perkins, dismayed.

"Smith was good enough to catch a fever in Egypt," Vliet hastened to assure her.

"Leave anything?" queried Perkins.

Mrs. Vliet raised both hands.

"Millions!" she gasped.

"Hello, hello!" cried a man's voice from the opposite side of the court. "Awfully sorry I couldn't come earlier!"

"Timothy!" exclaimed four voices in chorus, and "Not a word about Kate!" was Mrs. Vliet's warning.

Ebbs, hat in hand, stepped across the

stone flagging briskly, his straight hair rumpled in temporary confusion, his homely, clean-cut face bathed in perspiration. But his smile—Timothy's *pièce de résistance*—held its own against both heat and hurry.

"You'll forgive me, I know, when I tell you what delayed me," he said, going straight toward Mrs. Vliet.

She held out her hand, his smile reflected in her upturned face.

"When you smile, Timothy, I can forgive you anything!"

Timothy's smile widened to a grin. He beamed upon the others, then drew a deep breath of content.

"Did you restore the child safely to its mother's arms?" asked Perkins carelessly.

Ebbs, upon the point of seating himself, wheeled toward his questioner.

"How on earth did you know?" he cried.

"Guessed," answered Perkins, surprised in turn. "Go on with your story."

"The little girl had climbed into a cherry-tree growing near the wall separating our gardens," began Ebbs obediently; "the object of her desire being a spray just beyond her reach."

"How history repeats itself!" murmured Vliet.

"She lost her balance, and fell—on my side of the fence," continued Timothy.

"Not killed?" cried both ladies.

"No, thank Heaven, but stunned, and her little wrist sprained. There were only women in the house, so I went for the doctor," he finished quietly.

"I thought the house next yours was vacant," observed Perkins.

"It was, up to last week."

"Nice sort?" asked Vliet.

"Can't say. One never knows much about one's neighbors in New York, you know."

"What name?" asked Perkins, who had a penchant for details.

"Smith," answered Ebbs.

"What?" cried three voices.

"Smith," repeated Ebbs, looking at them in surprise. "Anything unusual in the name?"

"Of course not," said Mrs. Vliet, hastily flinging a warning glance at the culprits. "Don't you want to see the new sundial, Timothy?"

II.

UPON the evening of his return Ebbs, according to his usual custom, was enjoying an after-dinner smoke in the

garden—for his house, unlike most New York houses, possessed such an appurtenance. His man, Henkel, not according to his usual custom, was standing idly in the window of the dining-room, gazing into the neighboring garden with absorbed eyes.

"Henkel!" cried Timothy.

"Sir?"

"How's the little girl?"

"Cook says much better, sir."

"Hope her people will look after her more carefully in the future," continued Ebbs, his resonant tones ringing clearly against the silence of the garden.

"Ah, Mr. Timothy, sir," called Henkel softly, stepping out upon the veranda and bending a disconcerted face upon his master.

"What's up?" cried Ebbs.

"Down, sir, in the garden, sir," came the stage whisper.

"In the garden, did you say? Glad she's able to be out," cried the warm-hearted Timothy. "I'll ask her how she feels."

Springing toward the branches of the fateful tree, he swung himself upon the wall. The picture which greeted his eyes was not the expected one. A woman was walking down the path, bending now and then to whiff the sweetness of her roses. As she moved toward him, the parting shafts of sunlight laid her path with cloth of gold, changed the bluebells at her feet into cups of flame. The air was spun with fire-mist; it edged her white gown with an amber nimbus, studded the regal crown of dark hair with countless jewels. She walked in a world of golden light, and Timothy, watching her, was fascinated as he had never been fascinated before.

A moment later she came to an abrupt stop; for her gown, brushing a low-growing bush, was caught in its thorny embrace and held. She stooped to release it, but the captor, enamored of so sweet a presence, clung tenaciously.

"May I help you?" asked a voice from the wall.

She turned and looked over her shoulder. Then she smiled.

"If you will!"

III.

FOR a week Mr. Ebbs returned from the whirl and heat of Wall Street to his greenery with clock-like regularity. Never before had it been so attractive. True, the view was unchanged; the same flowers bloomed and filled the garden

with their scent. And yet—what a transformation! Heretofore it had been the refuge of a solitary Adam; now it was Paradise, for Eve had arrived.

Ebbs, ensconced behind his flower-boxes on the veranda, could look into the neighboring garden and watch her; for she, too, sought the cool and sweetness of her garden. On Tuesday evening she espied him. What man could resist that smile? There was a silent, perhaps unconscious, invitation in it that brought Ebbs to his feet and to the wall.

"Good-evening, Mr. Ebbs," said the divinity in white.

"Good-evening, Miss Smith," answered the man on the wall.

"You look altogether too comfortable. I think we shall have to follow suit and build a veranda!"

"Don't. Use mine," was on his tongue's end; but he only responded:

"It is comfortable." Then the informality of the situation was too much for him. "Won't you come over and try it?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid the wall is too much for me," she said, smiling demurely.

Ebbs was a man who never turned back, his hand once on the plow. He dropped quickly to the ground—Eve's side of the fence.

"There is the front door, you know, and—I'm dreadfully lonely!"

On Wednesday there was a void upon the earth. On Thursday and Friday Paradise resumed its usual glamour. On Saturday, the moon was a shadowy crescent above the tree-tops; the stars were still veiled in sunset mists; the air was odorous with the scent of mignonette and sweet peas. Ebbs, expectancy written in every feature, waited for the flutter of white amid the flowers, the sound of a voice which was like no other voice he had ever heard. At the first signal of her approach he stepped boldly on to the wall.

"Special delivery, sir," said Henkel's voice behind him. He opened the letter, conscious that her eyes were upon him. It was from Mrs. Vliet, inviting him to spend Sunday at the Villa. He glanced at his watch. There was barely time to catch the last train. Then his eyes fell upon her.

"Answer, sir?"

"No—yes—wait a moment."

His eyes still sought hers.

"Can I help you?" she asked sweetly.

"Will you?" he asked eagerly. "May I go to church with you to-morrow?"

The corners of her mouth drew to-

gether in a wise little smile; for Timothy had not impressed her as being a churchman.

"Yes—but it's early mass!"

Timothy did not flinch.

"Thanks," he said quietly, and, scribbling a few words, he handed them to Henkel.

IV.

TO MRS. MATTHEW VLIET, The VILLA, PARKVIEW, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y.

Another engagement. Impossible to go. Awfully sorry.

T. EBBS.

TO MRS. MATTHEW VLIET, The VILLA, PARKVIEW, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y.

Your letter miscarried and came too late. Greatly disappointed. Will run up next Saturday if convenient to you.

KATE R. SMITH.

Matthew Vliet, returning from the Parkview Links, found his wife staring at the two telegrams with disappointed eyes.

"Fate is against us," she groaned. "Timothy had another engagement—here's his wire; and another from Kate says that my letter miscarried and reached her too late. I shall write them both special delivery now."

Going to her desk, Mrs. Vliet penned the following notes:

DEAR TIMOTHY:

Don't make any engagement for next Saturday or Sunday. If you have one, break it, do, Timothy dear. We are going to try the new links; I can't think of any stronger inducement. Take the 3:10 at the Grand Central Station. Hastily and cordially yours,

AGNES VLIET.

MY DEAR KATE:

Can't understand my letter miscarrying, but I won't cry over spilled milk, although I was tempted to. Delighted at the prospect of having you with us this coming Saturday. Take the 3:10 at the Grand Central Station. Matthew joins me in love to you. Always affectionately yours,

AGNES VLIET.

The gatekeeper at the Grand Central stared at Timothy Ebbs with an official eye.

"Sorry, sir, but gate's closed. Can't break the rules."

Ebbs, suit-case in hand, gazed helplessly after the retreating train.

"It's an important engagement," he said. But his tone was listless.

The official eye still regarded Timothy coldly. "Sorry, sir. Where were you bound for?"

"Parkview," said Timothy.

"No more trains to Parkview to-day, sir."

"Where's the nearest telegraph of-

face?" asked Ebbs, striving to hide the grin of delight which spread over his face as the man spoke.

He sent his telegram to the Vliets, jumped into a cab, and drove home—elated. Disappointment awaited him, however. The house next door was suspiciously quiet.

"Cook says they've taken the little girl away," ventured Henkel, as Ebbs sat down to his solitary dinner. "Claret, sir?"

"For how long?" asked Ebbs faintly.

"All summer, sir. Miss Smith has went to Carlsbad. Rheumatics terrible, sir."

"Carlsbad—rheumatics?" repeated Timothy, regardless of his English in his excitement.

"I suppose, sir, that when folks gets old they feel a bit shaky, sir," Henkel explained.

"Old?" roared Ebbs. "What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Arkell, the little girl's nurse, told cook that Miss Smith would be sixty-four come next September, sir."

"Of whom are you speaking, Henkel?"

"My references is to the maiden party, sir, Miss Smith, Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law."

Timothy felt his face go white. He stared stonily at his plate.

"And she let me call her Miss Smith!" he murmured; a remark which, if Henkel heard, he gravely ignored.

For a week Ebbs enjoyed, or, to be correct, endured, the beauties of an Eveless garden. When a summons came from the Villa on Friday morning, he blessed the fates. The Villa, at least, would have no haunting memories of her presence. Mrs. Vliet's message ran:

"Third call to the Villa. Will you come Saturday?"

His reply was brief but expressive:

I will if I have to walk. T. EBBS.

Having secured his seat half an hour before the train left, Timothy was deep in his paper when the train-boys began to cry their wares.

"Popular books of the day! Novels by the Duchess, Winston Churchill, William Dean Howells!" was the shrill cry.

"Have you a collaboration of the Duchess and William Dean Howells?" asked a quiet voice behind Ebbs.

"Sold out," answered the boy promptly. "Try 'Sir Mortimer'?"

Timothy sprang from his seat.

"Mrs. Smith!" he cried.

"I thought you looked familiar!" She

smiled complacently. "Won't you come and join me?"

"How much of a ride do we have together?" asked Timothy, having migrated. "My stop is Parkview."

"How nice!" was her answer. "You can help me with my luggage."

"This is providential," he cried.

"Where do you stay?"

"The Villa," she answered.

"The what?" exclaimed Ebbs.

"Mrs. Matthew Vliet's place. I'm to be there over Sunday."

"Why, we're fellow-guests!" Timothy announced solemnly.

Mrs. Smith eyed the tip of her shoe.

"It is strange that they have never said anything to either of us about the other," she mused.

"Where were you last Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" demanded Timothy.

"At the Villa," she replied. "Were you asked?"

"I was. I missed my train."

"I was to have gone a week before, but my invitation miscarried," she said.

"Do you remember the special delivery I received two weeks ago? I was standing on the wall talking to you when it came." She nodded. "It was an invitation from Mrs. Vliet," he said simply.

Then they looked at each other unsmilingly; for the situation had suddenly assumed prophetic significance.

"Do you know, I think that they have been trying to bring us together," Timothy announced presently. Her hand lay on the cushion beside him. He put his own over it firmly. "Shall we let them?" he whispered.

"It is too good a joke to spoil," she murmured, blushing exquisitely. "Do you think you can keep a straight face when we are introduced?"

"Parkview!" yelled the conductor.

V.

At the Villa the amber lights of the dining-room candles shone upon eight happy faces. Mrs. Smith and Ebbs had borne the ordeal of introduction so successfully, had shown such discreet yet unmistakably fervent interest in each other, that the plotters were wildly elated.

"We might have had the ride together," said Ebbs, smiling across the table at Mrs. Smith. "Agnes, why didn't you send me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Smith?"

The plotters exchanged glances.

"My dear Timothy, it never occurred to me," said the hostess sweetly. "I did tell you both to take the 3:10, didn't I?"

"I remember now, we rode in the same coach," remarked Mrs. Smith.

"I must have sat in front of you," said Ebbs shamelessly.

"You did, I think, for a while. Then you changed your seat."

"Went to the smoking-car, probably," suggested Perkins.

"Awful habit, smoking," murmured Ebbs absently; but his eyes met the eyes opposite with a daring twinkle.

There was a dance that night at the club. Timothy, who never danced, watched the adorable Mrs. Smith as she was borne off in other arms, and managed to sit out at least half the program with her. As the friends assembled on the verandas to take their departure, Timothy slipped Mrs. Smith's flimsy wrap about her shoulders with a tenderness that did not escape four pairs of observant eyes.

"Don't bother about us," he said, turning to Mrs. Vliet. "We're going to walk back, and I want to show Mrs. Smith the garden by moonlight."

"You will find sardine sandwiches and beer in the billiard-room icebox," was Mrs. Vliet's parting shot.

The night was perfect. A full moon hung in a dome of unbroken blue. The scents of the garden, the stillness of the surrounding hills, the Villa, rising whitely from its shadowed terraces, took upon themselves a strange and sanctified beauty. In the smoking-room of the Villa the two Benedicts were having their weekly game of chess, while Mrs. Vliet read. Mrs. Perkins, pleading headache, had retired.

"Checkmate!" cried Vliet.

At the same moment the door was flung open, and the invalid, wrapped in her kimono, faced the others with distended eyes. The men rose, and Mrs. Vliet crossed the room hastily, crying:

"Are you ill?"

"No, not ill," replied Mrs. Perkins. "I've got something to tell you; I simply couldn't wait until morning."

She gathered her kimono about her and sank into a chair.

"What is it?" cried all three, surrounding her.

"Oh, my dears," replied Mrs. Perkins, "Timothy Ebbs and Mrs. Smith have spent the last half hour beneath my window planning their wedding trip!"

IN THE GARDEN OF LINDARAXA.

TERESA, Teresita!

The molten moonlight falls
Over the towering turrets
And the hush of the haunted halls,
And far through the silence, weird and sweet
The voice of the bulbul calls.

The Xenil glimmers yonder
Like a giant's silver blade,
And the shadows crouch around it
In stealthy ambushade.
And the scent of the roses like a spell
On the lips of the night is laid.

The lovely Lindaraxa
Once roamed these odorous aisles;
'Twas here her royal lover
Basked in her dazzling smiles,
Where love was taught in the moonlight's mesh
And the roses' fragrant wiles.

Teresa, Teresita,
The olden spell is cast
Over my heart, which whispers:
"Come, for the hour flies fast!"
Be the guest of the moon and the roses pale
And the dim, historic past!"

The fountain lisps and murmurs,
The walls gleam white above;
Fly through the tamarind shadows,
My dusky mountain-dove;
Teresa, Teresita,
There's naught in life but love!

Lula Clark Markham.

Germany's Next Emperor.

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE KAISER'S ELDEST SON AND HEIR AS HE ACTUALLY IS, AND THE YOUNG MECKLENBURG PRINCESS WHO IS TO SHARE HIS THRONE.

IT is as William III that Germany's crown prince will be known when the moment—far distant, be it hoped—arrives for him to assume his father's place on the throne. Until last year he figured in the army lists of both Germany and Austria as "Frederick William," but this year, by his own will and by the Kaiser's direction, the style has been changed to "William," without the prefix of "Frederick."

I call attention to this, in connection with his imminent marriage to Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, because of the clue which it affords to the young prince's character and aspirations. In

personal appearance and in manner he takes after his grandfather, "Unser Fritz," who was also christened Frederick William, but who dropped the latter name. But his mind is molded upon that of his father, whose views, prejudices, and aspirations he shares, and whose policy, rather than that of Frederick III, he may be relied upon to continue when he becomes emperor.

In spite of all the reports that have been published to the contrary, the Kaiser and the crown prince are devoted to each other. To the heir apparent, his father is in every sense of the word "William Second to None," while the monarch himself is wrapped up in his first-born. For ten years past the emperor has given every spare moment that he could snatch away from his multifarious occupations to the task of instilling his own ideas into the young prince. In talking and reasoning with him, even when he was a lad in his teens, the Kaiser treated him as far older than his years, discussing matters with him as if he were a full-fledged man; and it is owing to this that Germany's future sovereign is in certain respects remarkably mature for his age, and possesses an amount of knowledge and experience very rare in a youth of twenty-two.

The prince is not a prig, nor yet a milksop, but in every sense of the word a manly young fellow. He has



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WEARING HIS FIRST UNIFORM.

5 M



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AT THE AGE OF TEN, WHEN HE WAS COMMISSIONED A SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE GERMAN ARMY.



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AT THE RACE-TRACK—THE YOUNG PRINCE IS EXTREMELY FOND OF HORSES, AND IS A DARING STEEPLECHASE RIDER.

managed to escape contact with most of the darker sides of life, to keep his name clear of scandal of any kind, and to retain much of a boy's innocence and freshness of mind mingled with the worldly knowledge of a grown man. True, he has a keen sense of his own dignity; but it takes the form of an extreme simplicity, and of an absolute lack of affectation. He is intelligent enough to realize that his rank and position are so fully assured that he does not need to call attention to them by his manner or in his speech.

FALSE STORIES OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.

On several occasions during the last two or three years it has become known that the crown prince was ordered under arrest by the emperor. This meant confinement to his quarters for a few

days, which is the usual method adopted by European monarchs for punishing princes and princesses of their house who have broken the rules and regulations established for their guidance. On the strength of this news all sorts of extravagant stories have been built up, representing that the son was rebellious to his father's will, that bad blood existed between them, that the prince had become exceedingly wild, and that the emperor had been obliged to intervene with a strong hand in order to check the young man's excesses.

This gossip was manufactured out of whole cloth. As a matter of fact, the offenses which led the Kaiser to discipline the crown prince were of a nature to increase the young fellow's popularity among the people, and William II's pride in his son. For they were

feats of daring horsemanship, such as taking his horse up the great flight of marble steps in the gardens of the palace of Sans Souci at Potsdam, and riding the winner at a steeplechase over a course which is celebrated as the most dangerous in all Europe. No one

players in Germany. His influence over animals is extraordinary. As a school-boy, he succeeded in training his ponies, his dogs, and other pets to perform such clever tricks that on several occasions he managed, with the assistance of his brothers, to organize very credit-



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AS A SPORTSMAN—A RECENT PORTRAIT TAKEN DURING ONE OF HIS HUNTING EXPEDITIONS.

is more enthusiastic than the emperor about his son's prowess as a sportsman; but he holds that the dynastic and political interests which depend upon his first-born's life are too important to admit of the latter being risked in breakneck steeplechases and in risky feats of equestrianism.

Not only is the prince one of the best and most daring riders in the German army, but he excels as a four-in-hand and tandem whip, is an expert swordsman, a crack shot, an adept swimmer and oarsman, and one of the best tennis

able circus performances at Potsdam, usually in honor of his father's or his mother's birthday.

The crown prince has inherited the taste for music which is developed to a greater degree in the house of Hohenzollern than in any other of the reigning families of Europe. His talents as a violinist have been developed by his steady study of this instrument ever since his eighth year, under the direction of the Berlin court violinist, Von Exner. He has to his credit several compositions for the violin, and the



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AS AN UNDERGRADUATE
AT BONN UNIVERSITY, WEARING THE CAP OF
THE BORUSSIA STUDENT CORPS.

Stradivarius which once belonged to Queen Louise is perhaps the most highly prized of all his possessions.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S EDUCATION.

Like his father before him, Crown Prince William received a sensible public school education, first of all at the military cadet institution at Ploen, then at the public college or gymnasium at Cassel, and after that at the University of Bonn. Both at Cassel and at Bonn he was brought into intimate contact with his fellow students, young men recruited from every class in Germany.

Many of his holidays were spent in pedestrian trips through his father's dominions, the prince with one or more of his younger brothers trudging along the road as if they were the sons of artisans. In Germany, no industrial apprenticeship is considered complete without a tour of this kind; and it is difficult to imagine anything that could appeal more to the people than when the Kaiser adopted a similar method of training his boys.



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AND HIS FIANCÉE, DUCHESS CECILIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, DRIVING
AT GELBENSANDE, WHERE THE YOUNG DUCHESS LIVES WITH HER WIDOWED MOTHER,
THE GRAND DUCRESS ANASTASIA.

The Emperor William was but twenty-two years of age when he led to the altar the gracious lady who has since been his wisest counsellor and truest friend, and who has rendered his home life a model to every family in the Fatherland. The crown prince is

with many of those graces of manner and speech that are characteristic of the high-bred Frenchwoman, it is easy to understand that Princess Cecilia should have won the heart of the German crown prince. While from a dynastic and political point of view the union



CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AND HIS FIANCÉE RECEIVING A PARTY OF CHILDREN FROM A SCHOOL NEAR GELBENSANDE IN WHICH THE DUCHESS CECILIA IS INTERESTED.

marrying at the same age, and his bride, the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is like himself a great-great-grandchild of that Queen Louise of Prussia whose memory is held in such veneration by every patriotic German. The young duchess has inherited much of the fascination of her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, daughter of the Czar's great-uncle, the veteran Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch. Fair-haired, brown-eyed, tall,

offers great advantages, there is no doubt that it is as much of a love match as was that of his father and mother.

Moreover, the princess belongs to a race claiming kinship with the stalwart Teutonic tribe that established the Vandal kingdom of Carthage and won for it the mastery of the Mediterranean. In this fact there may perhaps be seen a happy omen for Germany's cherished aspiration to become one of the greatest maritime powers of the world.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The New Golf Champion.

It is a curious thing that the defeat of Walter J. Travis, thrice amateur golf champion of the United States, and once of Great Britain, should be more of a surprise than the victory of H. Chandler Egan, of Chicago, the American champion of 1904.

The defeat of Travis happened in the second round of the tournament, which took place on the Baltusrol links, near Short Hills, New Jersey, in September. His conqueror was George Ormiston, of Pittsburg, who was born in Scotland, but who came to America as a boy and learned most of his golf here. There is an adage that the man who beats Travis loses his next match—the reason being that the shock of a victory over the redoubtable veteran is too much for any ordinary golfer's nerves. And sure enough, Ormiston went down in the following round, being outplayed by a Brooklyn schoolboy, Fred Herreshoff, who entered for the championship from the Ekwanok Club, in

Vermont, his summer home. Golf is a game for all ages, and several lads in their teens have come well to the front during the present year.

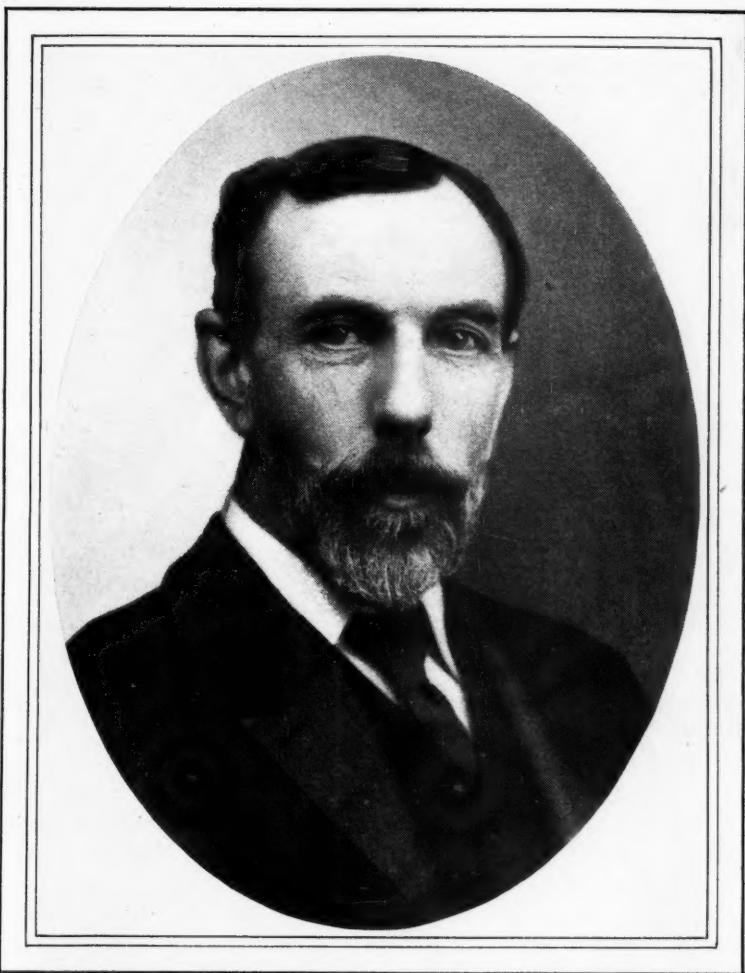
The quartet left in for the semi-finals included young Herreshoff; another schoolboy, W. T. West, of Philadelphia; Dr. Fredericks, a well known golfer from Oil City; and H. Chandler Egan, the Western amateur champion. The two schoolboys met, and Herreshoff easily defeated the Quaker City lad; Egan put out Fredericks, and Brooklyn and Chicago were left to fight for the coveted title and gold medal. The prize went to the older and more experienced player, who won by the decisive margin of eight up with six to play.

The new champion has been in the front rank of American golf for several seasons. He has twice won the Western championship, and once the intercollegiate. With his cousin, Walter Egan, he has long been a tower of strength to the Harvard team, of which he is now captain. With Travis defeated,



H. CHANDLER EGAN, AMERICAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.

From a photograph by Turner, New York.



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CHEMIST, DISCOVERER OF FIVE ELEMENTS,
A RECENT VISITOR TO AMERICA.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

there is no player who better deserves to rank as amateur champion of America.

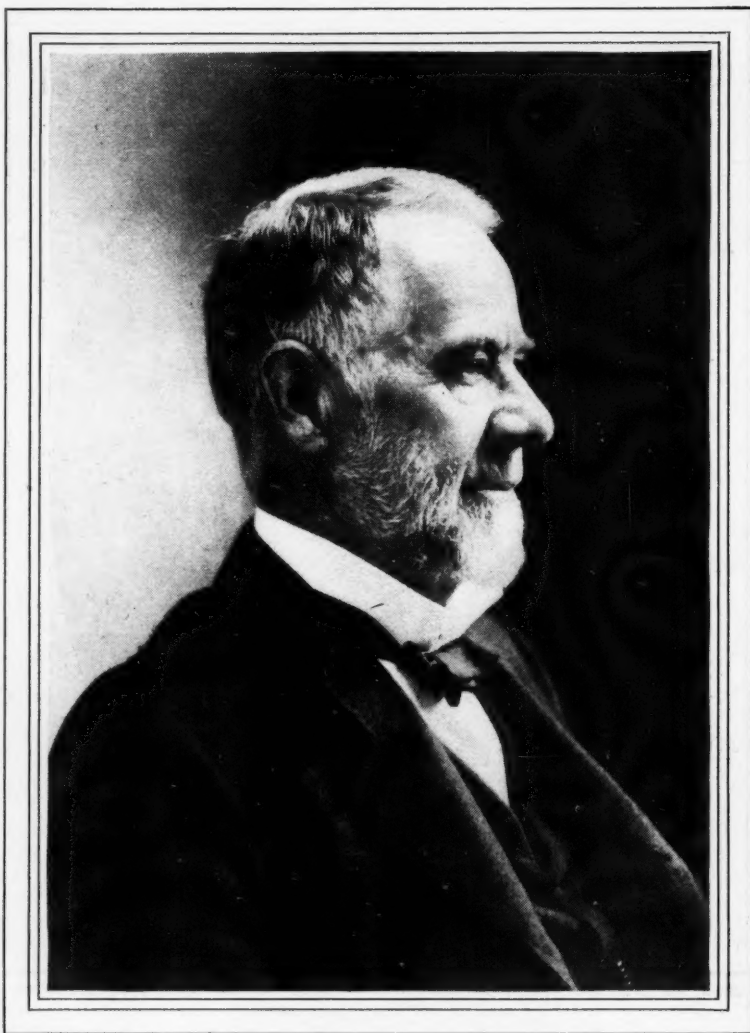
A Discoverer of Elements.

ONE of the most interesting visitors who has come to us from England during the last decade is Sir William Ramsay, who has achieved in the world of chemistry the unusual feat of discovering five elements. The five include helium, a metal, and argon, neon, krypton, and xenon, four new atmospheric gases. No single living scientist has achieved so much, nor yet been so reluctant to ac-

knowledge the applause that came from his fellows.

Sir William, who was by far the most distinguished of the visiting delegates to the annual meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, held recently in Washington, said some interesting things about radium, the wonderful new metal.

"All previous calculations of science are likely to be upset by radium," said he. "We may soon be compelled to revise some of the theories of physics that are now regarded as cardinal. I do not suppose that there is at the present time one-tenth of an ounce of radium in the



HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, OF WEST VIRGINIA, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Walden Fawcett, Washington.

whole world. If you can imagine getting that amount of radium together, it would supply more energy than two hundred and fifty tons of dynamite."

Sir William's hobby is punctuality. During his stay in New York he took keen delight in entertaining his callers to within five minutes of his dinner hour; he would then hastily step into his evening dress, and appear at seven o'clock to the second with an air of easy indifference and unconcern, his face wearing an expression of wonder at the sugges-

tion that somebody was beginning to feel nervous.

His whole life has been systematic in the extreme, and every hour of his wakefulness is divided into moments of study, observation, and experiment.

An Interesting Situation in West Virginia.

"MR. CORTELYOU, it is useless to spend any time worrying over the outcome in West Virginia. The Republican party



SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS, OF WEST VIRGINIA, WHO IS BOTH THE SON-IN-LAW AND THE POLITICAL ANTAGONIST OF EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS.

From a photograph by Walden Foxcroft, Washington.

gave McKinley more than eleven thousand plurality in '96, and more than twenty-one thousand in 1900. Don't bother about Henry Gassaway Davis and his promise to turn the old State into the Democratic column. I'll undertake to guarantee this matter, so keep cool."

Thereupon Stephen B. Elkins, Senator from West Virginia, and one of the clear-headed advisory committee of the Republican party, smiles knowingly at the chairman of the national committee, and tilts his chair back with that com-

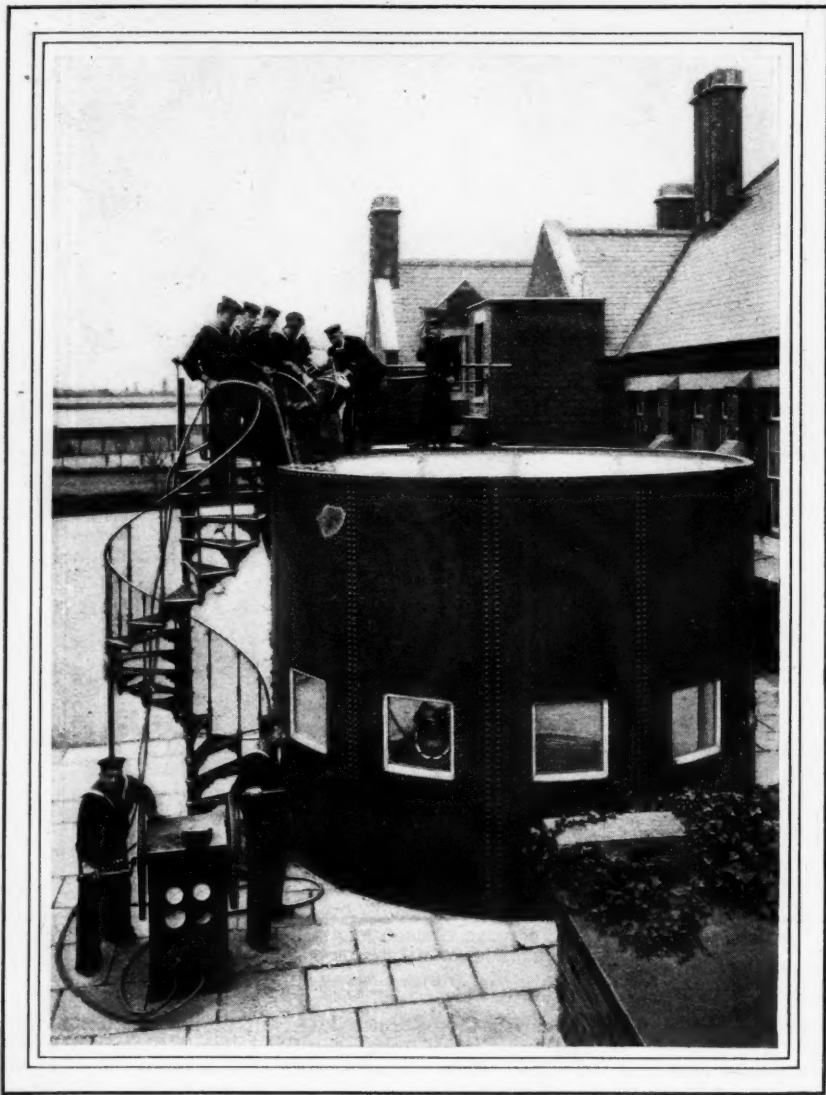
fortable air of assurance that national chairmen like to see in State leaders. Altogether Mr. Elkins is very encouraging, and it seems pretty sure, if not positively certain, that West Virginia is good for at least a twenty-five-thousand plurality in 1904 for Roosevelt.

Across Madison Square, in the Hoffman House, Henry Gassaway Davis, Democratic nominee for Vice-President, is looking Thomas Taggart in the eye and assuring him that West Virginia will go Democratic, sure.

"Senator Elkins is mistaken about West Virginia this year. The people down there want a change. I've canvassed the situation pretty carefully, and

to give Steve a good political drubbing down there. What's more, I'll do it this year, sure. Don't worry!"

With this manner of speech Mr. Davis



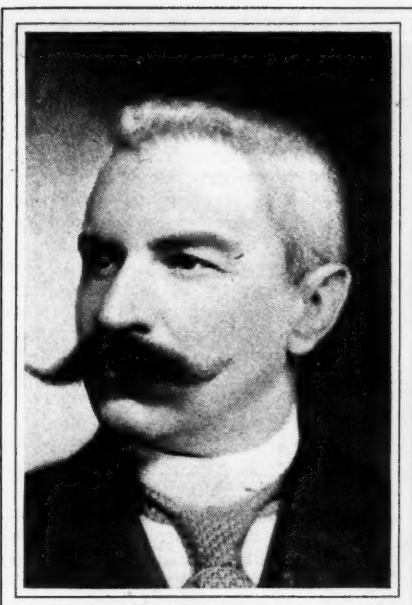
THE EXPERIMENTAL TANK AT WHALE ISLAND, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, WHERE BRITISH SEAMEN ARE TAUGHT THE ART OF SUBMARINE DIVING.

From a photograph by Cribb, Southsea.

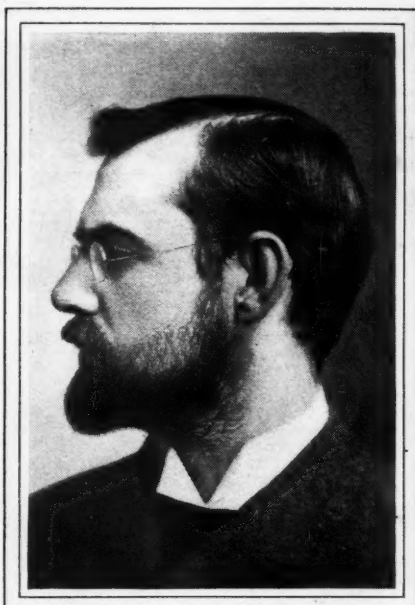
I believe we can set down a safe and comfortable Democratic plurality on election day. Do I object to a fight with Elkins? Certainly not. I like the idea of it. Nothing would suit me better than

fills Mr. Taggart with hope, and the Democratic pulse at headquarters begins to beat faster.

The situation is quite interesting when one comes to understand that Senator



RAMON CORRAL, VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, THE FIRST TENANT OF THAT OFFICE, WHICH HAS BEEN NEWLY CREATED BY THE MEXICAN CONGRESS.



ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON, FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA, WHICH HE HAS ENDOWED WITH FUNDS AND A VALUABLE COLLECTION.

Elkins is the son-in-law of Mr. Davis, that they are neighbors in the West Virginia town of Elkins, which they founded, and that the two families live an ideal, home-loving, fraternal existence. When Mr. Davis is not enjoying himself in the Elkins household, he is out on the stump, declaring that West Virginia is surely Democratic this year. On the other hand, when Senator Elkins is not wrapped in the bosom of his family he has his coat off and is doing the most effective campaign work of his life, preparing for the large Republican majority that he promises his party from West Virginia.

In the mean time the voters are lining up in battle array behind Stephen and Henry, while the national chairmen, Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Taggart, occupy the position of referees. We shall see.

England Trains Her Divers.

Nor long ago, one of England's best submarine boats, while floating quietly in British waters, was struck by a steamer which, ignorant of her whereabouts, approached her unnoticed. She gave a sudden lurch downward; a few bubbles, the last signal from her vitals, rose to the

surface, and her crew of two officers and nine men joined the great majority with Dayy Jones. Subsequently the submarine was recovered, and her dead—who were found each man at his appointed post—received decent burial in the earth.

The efforts to get at the sunken craft were retarded by the inability of the divers to operate successfully at the depth in which she lay. Moreover, few of the engineers able properly to inspect the submarine were familiar with the work or the art of diving. Therefore it occurred to the British naval authorities that it would be worth while to make more of the opportunity presented to their officers and men at the experimental diving-tank in the naval school at Whale Island.

This device is a circular steel tank about thirteen feet high and eighteen feet in diameter. About five feet from the bottom are several glass port-holes through which the operations of the diver can be inspected from without, and through which directions can be conveyed by the instructor. Every phase of the work is taught from the surface down, so to speak, and the student is soon equipped to slip over the side of a man-of-war and do the most expert div-



CAPTAIN HUGH SPENDER-CLAY OF THE BRITISH ARMY,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS PAULINE ASTOR WAS
RECENTLY ANNOUNCED.

From a photograph by Beresford, London.

ing. The most modern apparatus is provided for the comfort and safety of the men who undertake this trying service, including telephones and electric light bulbs for night work.

All volunteers for diving honors are subjected to a severe medical examination. The great difficulty encountered when the diving bell first made its appearance was to find men who could stand the confinement of the helmet, and operate with the more or less scanty and irregular supply of air pumped down from above. Men with weak heart action frequently died under water or on returning to the surface, and others were made deaf by the atmospheric pressure.

The British admiralty has brought the business of diving up to a high state of perfection, and is responsible for many of the improved appliances now in use throughout the naval schools of the

world, all of which are now interested in submarine work.

"After Díaz—What?"

This is the question that has long been asked in Mexico, where General Porfirio Díaz is about to enter upon his eighth consecutive term as president—this time to serve for six instead of four years, a change provided for in a recent amendment to the constitution of the republic which the ill-starred Maximilian failed to make an empire.

That Díaz is to be the perpetual president during his lifetime there seems to be no doubt. When it shall finally become necessary to choose his successor, it seems clear that his mantle will fall upon Ramon Corral, minister of the interior and vice-president-elect. Senor Corral's election to this last office, a newly created one, disposes of an issue about which much has been written, and incidentally terminates the presidential aspirations of several other Mexican statesmen who have figured in the public eye as possible political heirs of the veteran Díaz.

Ramon Corral was born in the State of Sonora in 1854. He spent his boyhood in the mountain town of Alamos, and at the age of twenty was editing two newspapers. He attracted attention by his attacks on political corruption, and developed free-speech tendencies that made him a terror to boodlers. He took up the sword in one or two of the early revolutions in his country, ran the gamut of local offices, and became vice-governor of Sonora.

In 1900 President Díaz, with his ear to the ground, heard the approach of the editor-soldier-statesman. Going forth with open arms, he gathered Corral to the bosom of his official family, making him governor of the Federal District of Mexico. Corral established his desk in the Capitol, threw open the doors of his office, and invited the high, the low, the rich, and the poor to enter without knocking, whenever they had anything to whisper into the gubernatorial ear. At

once he became popular with the masses.
Viva Corral!

Last year Diaz appointed him secretary of the interior, and later named him as his running mate on the Presidential ticket—there is but one ticket in Mexico.

The question has answered itself.
After Diaz—Corral!

Archer Huntington's Gift.

For the last fourteen years Archer M.



MISS PAULINE ASTOR, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WHO RENOUNCED THE UNITED STATES TO BECOME A BRITISH SUBJECT.

From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.

If Diaz should lay down the burdens of office, they will fall upon the shoulders of a man who inherits his principles and his policies, and whose popularity with all classes, investors included, makes it safe to say that the material progress of the country will receive no setbacks.

Huntington, the adopted son of the late Collis P. Huntington, the railroad king, has been occupied in gathering Spanish books, manuscripts, coins, paintings, and objects of archeological interest. In his chosen field, he has got together one of the finest collections in the world. When

he recently presented the entire results of his long and costly research to the City of New York, it really amounted to the establishment of a new institution which is of inestimable value to students of Spanish and Portuguese literature and art.

This event marks the foundation of the Hispanic Society of America, of which Mr. Huntington is the founder. For the present, the collection is assembled in the

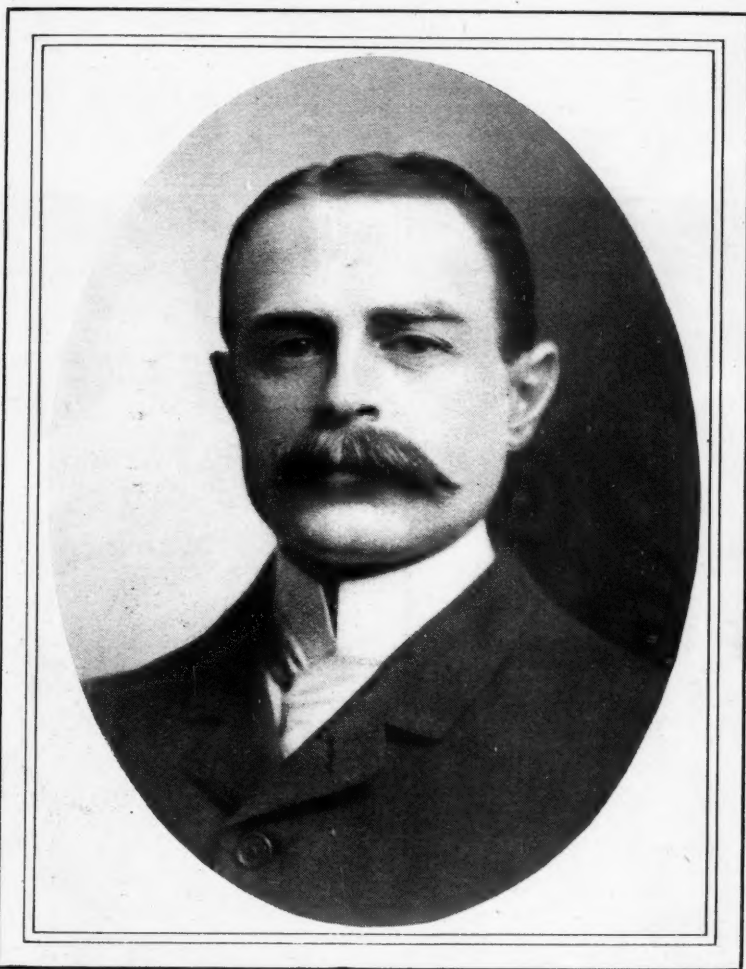
Huntington Library, at Pleasanton, Bay Chester, but it will be removed as soon as the contemplated building, which is to be the home of the society, is erected in Audubon Park, New York.

Mr. Huntington is best known in literature as the translator of "The Cid." His work has resulted in the bestowal of honorary degrees by Yale and Harvard. He is a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and of similar institutions in



THE TONGSAR PENLOP OF BHUTAN AND HIS RETINUE IN TIBET—BHUTAN IS A FRIENDLY PRINCIPALITY THROUGH WHICH THE BRITISH PASSED TO LHASA.

From a photograph taken by a member of the British Mission.



COLONEL FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND, COMMISSIONER OF THE ANGLO-INDIAN GOVERNMENT, WHO DICTATED A TREATY WITH TIBET IN THE PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA AT LHASA.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

various parts of Europe. Besides being the author of many books on subjects connected with Spain and its people, he has reprinted about fifty rare Spanish works for private circulation among students. The value of the collection and the endowment which he places at the disposal of the trustees is stated to be more than a million dollars.

Mr. Astor's Son-in-Law.

SOME years ago a black sheep of the British peerage, the younger son of a

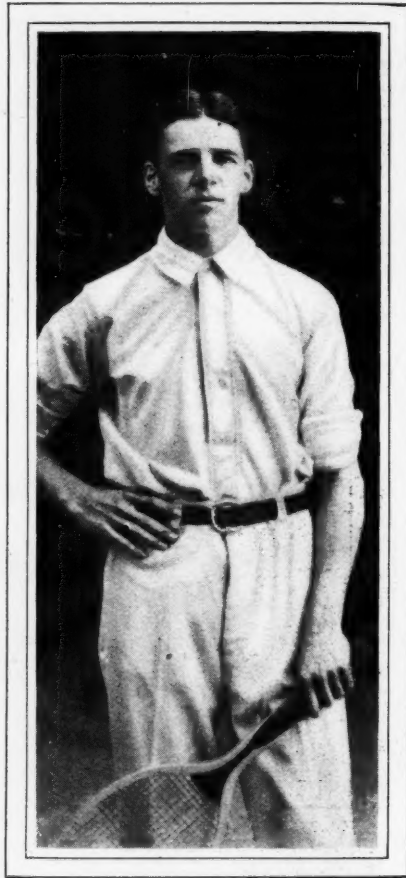
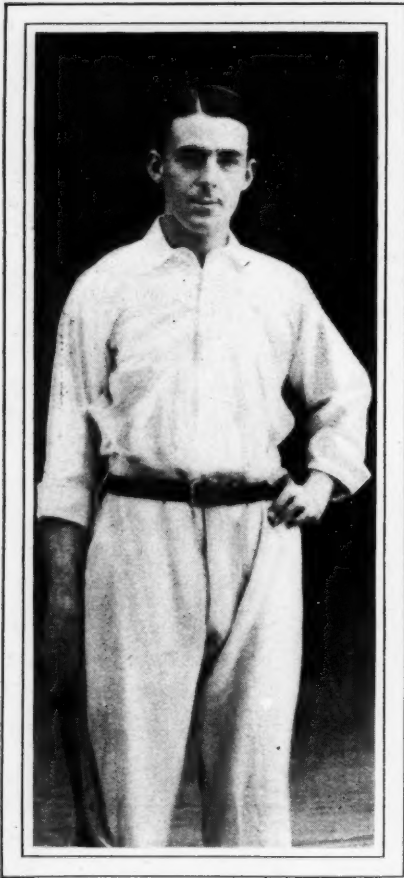
rich and eminent marquis, induced one Captain Hugh Spender-Clay to sign certain papers, ostensibly of no vital importance, which later turned out to be promissory notes for large amounts. Captain Spender-Clay was surprised and shocked, but recovered his poise in time to take the matter into court. The unworthy aristocrat received a specimen of that swift justice which so frequently manifests itself in England, and was sent to gaol. Spender-Clay was regarded by the public with the more or less contemptuous pity meted out to the victim in such

cases, and the incident was forgotten; forgotten until this same Captain Hugh Spender-Clay was announced as the fiancé of Miss Pauline Astor, the beautiful daughter of the ex-American multimillionaire, William Waldorf Astor.

declare that it is a marriage for love. We hope so, for the sake of all concerned.

Light at Last on Lhasa.

THE veil that has so long hidden the



HOLCOMBE WARD AND BEALS C. WRIGHT, WINNERS OF THE AMERICAN DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP IN LAWN TENNIS—MR. WARD IS ALSO THE HOLDER OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN SINGLES.

Several dates were set for the wedding, October 29 being the last.

The father of the bride paid America a visit in September, to look over his vast holding of New York real-estate, which is said to net him an income of nearly ten million dollars per annum. Captain Spender-Clay is understood to be possessed of some ten thousand pounds a year—sufficient, of course, to be comfortable on, but a mere nothing as compared with Mr. Astor's riches. Those most familiar with the circumstances

mysterious sacred city of Lhasa has been lifted by a little army of Anglo-Indian soldiers, and the mystery has vanished.

As Colonel Younghusband, the British commissioner, with the force escorting him, steadily advanced toward the mountain capital, messenger after messenger came out to forbid him to profane with his presence the holy land of Tibet. When threats proved useless, the envoys tried entreaty, and warned him that his nearer approach would inflict unendurable agonies on their priest-king, the

Dalai Lama. General Macdonald's sturdy Ghoorkas brushed aside the weak opposition they met here and there along the route, crossed range after range of mountains loftier than the Alps or the Rockies, and finally camped before the Lama's abode on Potala hill—a huge palace that towers above a small and shabby city of huts.

One or two native fanatics succeeded in creeping into the camp, knife in hand, and ran *amok* among the invaders, wounding a couple of British officers; but these patriotic desperadoes were quickly caught and hanged, and the Tibetan government made no further attempt at organized resistance. Indeed, the government had practically fallen to pieces. The Dalai Lama had gathered up his sanctity and fled, and his mentor, the Lama Dorjief, who represented Russian influence at Lhasa, had also disappeared in time.

In the throne-room of the fugitive ruler Colonel Younghusband dictated a treaty which was signed by the highest Tibetan officials left in the capital, and by the representative of China, which holds a somewhat indefinite suzerainty over the mountain kingdom. The terms of the document have not been published, but it is probably a renewal of the agreement of fourteen years ago, which provided for the admission of British Indian trade to Tibet, and the persistent repudiation of which by those in power at Lhasa led to the recent memorable invasion.

Subsequent history will show whether the new treaty will be better kept, now that the Calcutta government has shown that its arm is long enough and strong enough to reach far into the mountain fastnesses on its northern frontier. Some observers predict that the proud aristocrats of Lhasa will shut themselves off from the outer world more rigidly than ever; that they will blot their humiliation from their records, and deny that any foreign foe violated the sanctity of their capital. It was probably as a precaution against such a policy that Colonel Younghusband offered a silver coin to every native who visited the Anglo-Indian camp. As a result, there are several thousand Tibetans who can testify to having actually seen the British envoy and his escort camped beside the Dalai Lama's palace.

The neighboring principality of Bhutan, through which the expedition passed, was friendly to the British, and sent its ruler, the Tongsar Penlop, to the

supreme head of the Tibetan hierarchy to bring about a friendly understanding before fighting began. In this the Penlop followed the example of a former governor of Bhutan, one Shapanjoo, who, upon the outbreak of hostilities with Tibet in 1888, wrote a most unusual letter to the Tibetan chieftains, in which he said:

It is hopeless to struggle with the British government, which upon its part never breaks engagements once entered into.

The spiritual potentates of Lhasa have discovered that their neighbors of Bhutan possess a measure of worldly wisdom.

The Lawn-Tennis Champions.

The lawn-tennis championship tournament for 1904, recently held at Newport, brought with it the usual annual surprises. For instance, the veteran Larned was beaten in the semi-final round of the All-Comers' by William J. Clothier, of Harvard, who in turn lost to Holcombe Ward in the final.

H. L. Doherty, holder of the singles championship of Great Britain and America, failed to defend his title, which went to the winner of the All-Comers' by default. In the same way the national championship in doubles went to Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright, the Doherty brothers, who held it, failing to appear.

The victory of Ward and Wright in the doubles was not unexpected, but when the former carried off the singles championship, the old-timers caught their breath. Paired with Dwight F. Davis, the giver of the Davis International Cup, now held in England, Ward helped to make one of the strongest doubles teams ever seen in this country; but he had never been regarded as a solo performer of the very highest rank.

It was unfortunate that the absence of the Dohertys robbed the Newport meet of that international flavor which invariably adds to the zest of things. Without detracting one whit from the present American champions, it is practically a certainty that neither at singles or doubles are Messrs. Ward and Wright the equals of the famous British experts.

Stone's Peaceful Victory.

WARREN SANFORD STONE, who represented the New York elevated railroad employees in all the conferences between the men and Mr. August Belmont, is the individual mainly responsible for the settlement of the difficulties that threat-

ened no end of discomfort not only to the parties to the dispute, but to the people of the metropolis as well. Stone, who is the successor of the late Peter M. Arthur as grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is a man of peculiar reticence, so strongly opposed to controversies and antagonism between capital and labor that many of his intimates had formed the impression that he was not an ideal man to lead the engineers in a strike.

The recent strained relations between those whom Stone represented and their employers developed the fact that very few firmer or clearer-headed leaders have figured in all the long history of labor conflicts. Under the most trying circumstances the grand chief preserved the low pitch of a naturally soft voice, and dealt with the points at issue in a lawyer-like manner. When the compromise was finally effected, it became evident that Stone's placid disposition and quiet firmness, and his oft-repeated suggestion that the road and the employees "should reason together," were the primary causes of the settlement.

After his victory—the halting of a strike is always a victory—Stone's words to the press contained these two noteworthy sentences:

"I only fight when I have to. I follow the golden rule always."

A Notable Visitor from Hungary.

PERHAPS the most interesting of the long list of conventions held at the St. Louis Fair was the Interparliamentary Congress, which met there in September. It would be too much to claim that its proceedings marked the opening of a new chapter of history, or that Russia and Japan are likely to cease fighting in obedience to its pronouncement in favor of universal peace. But such a gathering, at which influential men of many countries met under the starry flag of our great republic, and exchanged their ideas on the common interests of civilization, could hardly fail to have results, direct or indirect.

Special attention was attracted by the Hungarian delegation to the convention. Hungary is a land with which the United States has always felt peculiar sympathy. Its people are a liberty-loving race, whose history has been a continual struggle against the encroachment of powerful neighbors. America has not forgotten Kossuth, nor has Hungary forgotten the memorable greeting that her famous

son received here fifty years ago. It was this, no doubt, that led no less than sixty members of her national legislature to accept the invitation to St. Louis, and to undertake a ten-thousand-mile journey in order to enjoy for a few days the hospitality of the United States.

The leader of the delegation was Count Albert Apponyi, president of the lower house of the Hungarian parliament. This tall and bearded descendant of an ancient family of Magyar nobles was an interesting figure wherever he went. Possessed of that democracy which is the sign of the true aristocrat, he made himself thoroughly at home in America, speaking English with remarkable fluency, though his pronunciation showed that he had learned the language from books rather than from conversation.

The Man Who Would Be King.

PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH, successor to the murdered Alexander, that erratic youth who lured his mother's hair-dresser to a throne, has been crowned King of Serbia.

The bauble of his office was placed upon the royal head by the same patriarch whose trembling hands had set it down with all its sanguinary legacy upon the misshapen brow of the dead Alexander. It was from the same palace where Queen Draga, clinging to her panic-stricken consort, was slain and spat upon, that Peter went forth to a salute of twenty-one guns to the cathedral yawning for his presence.

Beside him rode his two sons, princes of the blood, grandchildren of that Alexander, Hospodar of Serbia, who instigated the murder of prince Milosh Obrenovitch, his successor on the throne. About the trio, always at a respectful and precautionary distance, hovered their subjects, awed by the brass and gold of the new ruler, uncertain of his stability, fearful lest the intrigue that sent Alexander to his fathers might still be unsated.

Troopers in helmets, booted and spurred, defined the line of march. At about eight o'clock the sun came out. From the Serbian people arose a murmur of joy, swelling into cheers. Shortly afterward Peter entered the cathedral. The sky became overcast and rain drizzled; but the ceremony proceeded, and presently his majesty returned a crowned king.

At the moment when the cavalcade passed from the shadow of the cathedral

into the street, an untoward accident befell; the royal standards dropped in the mud. It was the same native mud that the assassins had trailed on their boots into the palace where Alexander and Draga died miserably but a few months ago.

But Peter Karageorgevitch is King of Serbia, and although Britain and several other powers do not care to be represented at his court, the new monarch is nevertheless a ruler. He seems to be quite at home in the palace which the royal housekeepers have washed of the blood-stains that were so liberally splashed about by the murderers of former King Alexander and his plebeian consort, Draga Maschin.

Krupp's Legacy to His Daughter.

IMAGINE a mere girl, not yet out of her teens, as the head of the largest manufacturing plant in Germany, the greatest producer of guns and other warlike weapons in the world, employing more than forty thousand workmen. Imagine a girl who actually owns an entire city, controlling its destinies, giving work and bread to its whole population. Imagine these, and you will understand the unique position of Fräulein Krupp, of Essen. She is the sole heir of Herr Friedrich Krupp, the late gun-maker extraordinary, whose cannon grin from the forts and the war-ships of almost every nation.

She it was, or her workmen, who supplied the armies and the fleets of Russia and Japan with the guns and the projectiles that are now changing the map of Asia. Her employees are busy about her great blast-furnaces and rolling-mills making new cannon and new armor-plate to replace what the Czar has lost in the far east.

Where there is war or threatened war, the child of Krupp has her agents ready to receive orders for more death-dealing weapons, more shells, more machinery to operate great man-slaying, history-making monsters.

This German *fräulein* has some of the extraordinary capacity for detail in business that her famous father possessed. She has turned her mind to the problems of the homes that she owns, the schools that are filled with the children of her employees, the hospitals where the sick are cared for, the churches, the parks, the music-halls, the restaurants, and even the beer-halls that are part of the plan of Essen. She receives reports from

the bakers, clothiers, market-men, and police officers that go toward making Essen a city.

And yet, aside from all these vital things, so much a part of her own household, she receives from all over Germany hundreds of begging letters each day—to say nothing of the communications that are written under her very window, entreating her to promote some worthy young gun-maker in the works, or to right some petty wrong received at the hands of an overbearing foreman.

When she goes forth to the enjoyments of life, detectives guard her, as secret service men guard monarchs and rulers the world over. She is too good, too great, too necessary, as it were, to have unrestricted liberty. Her guardians demand this precaution. For a time during the life of Herr Krupp, photographs of his daughter could be bought in Germany. Since his death they have been withdrawn from circulation, and the child of the gun-maker, suddenly finding herself a person of such importance, has gone into practical retirement, showing her face only to a favored few, and feeling, no doubt, many of the burdens and inconveniences that come with great riches.

Hail, Prince of Piedmont!

HELENA OF MONTENEGRO, once hailed by the people of Rome as "the goat-herd princess," because she came from the mountains of a poverty-stricken principality, is the mother of a son. It was in 1896 that the mob of the Italian capital flung the sobriquet at the bride of the Prince of Naples. Before their accession, she and her husband spent much of their time on their yacht, or on the tiny island of Monte Cristo. After five years Yolanda, a girl, came to the young couple, who meanwhile had become king and queen. A year ago Mafalda, another wee feminine creature was born. The populace began to take interest. A few weeks ago a son, christened Prince of Piedmont, and hailed as heir to his father's throne, came to the court of Italy.

Rome, stampeding to the very palace gates, threw its cap in the air and poured out its approval of the house of Savoy. Meanwhile, Helena, acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman on a European throne, was receiving news of her conquest at Racconigi, near Turin, where the future King of Italy lay sleeping in his mother's arms. The "goat-herd princess" has won her flock.

THE GRAND DUKE.*

BY CARLTON DAWE.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT ZILINSKI CONSPIRACY—A ROMANCE OF
RUSSIA AND MONTE CARLO

I.

IT was close on midnight when the train steamed into the station at Monte Carlo. Not a little exhausted after my long journey, I drove at once to my hotel and went to bed. The next morning my coffee and roll were taken somewhat later than usual; but one seems insensibly to fall into the slow step of the place, and it was something after eleven o'clock before I found myself on the world-famous terrace of the Casino.

It was a delightful morning, one of those mornings which make one feel glad to be alive. Away on my left the Italian mountains towered into the violet haze of the sky; on my right stood out the Rock of Monaco, with its closely-packed white houses flashing in the sunlight; before me glistened and shimmered the sea. As I lolled in the sun, I glanced through a copy of the *Echo de Paris* which I had purchased at a kiosk on my way down. It was the issue of the day previous, but on the lazy littoral of the Mediterranean one does not reckon time in the orthodox business manner.

Nothing of moment caught my eye. There seemed to be nothing supremely interesting at the back of the mountains. One is singularly self-centered at Monte Carlo. But as I was in the act of folding the paper, a telegraphic message from St. Petersburg, dated two days earlier, caught my eye. It was merely a line or two, stating that the Grand Duke Boris, Governor-General of Moscow, had left for the Riviera.

People always "leave for the Riviera" when they go to Monte Carlo. Even in the best of us there is still a little hypocrisy. I, though unattached, and personally responsible to no one for my actions, had told my friends in London that I was "going south," though my going south meant proceeding with all despatch direct to the principality. "Lucky beggar!" they said. Well, that remained to be proved.

Folding the paper, and lighting a cigarette, I arose and began slowly to saunter up and down the graveled walk. The promenaders were very few, my own compatriots seeming to be the chief patrons of the place. The foreigner—for we still call them foreigners in their own country—seems to prefer his late snooze, or his early flutter at the tables, to the mere blandishments of nature. The sea is always there, and so is the terrace, but one may miss one's chance if one is not in the room for the first throw.

It being rather early, there were not many people about, and the few who sprawled on the seats, or crawled aimlessly up and down, were not of a wildly interesting nature. Nothing at Monte Carlo is wildly interesting, except the big white building which dominates the promontory. That is the life and soul of the Riviera, the heart that pumps the blood throughout the whole body of the littoral, the magnet which draws the wise and the foolish from the four corners of the globe.

I walked on until I reached the lower end, near the lift, where I stood for a moment gazing at the picturesque tiles of the pretty little station beneath. Then turning, to continue my journey westward, I suddenly realized that one of the uniformed officials was regarding me with a singular and yet polite curiosity. I was a stranger, and it is their duty to regard strangers with no little concern. But as I passed the fellow I gave him a glance up and down, as much as to say: "Look well at me, my good man!"

To my amazement he doffed his cap, and honored me with a most pronounced obeisance.

Though taken by surprise, I saluted gravely, wondering what the fellow meant by his extraordinary politeness, for the foreigner is no more naturally polite than the much-maligned Englishman. And I knew something of the foreigner, having dwelt in most of the capitals of Europe, particularly in Peters-

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burg, where, in my official capacity as an attaché to the embassy, I was brought into contact with persons of various ranks and conditions.

It did not strike me at the time that he probably mistook me for some one else, as I knew no one of importance with whom I could possibly be confounded. Yet, as I walked slowly up and down, I caught quick, furtive glances thrown my way. Though it is all plain enough now, it occasioned no suspicion then. However, I could not help watching the fellow to see if he showed the same politeness to others; but I saw no more cap-lifting, not even a salute.

I hung over the parapet and watched a train wind slowly round the rock beneath; then I turned, and, leaning against the masonry, looked up at the mountains, and at the pigeons which, escaping the guns of the "sportsmen," had taken shelter upon the various ledges of the Casino. And then my glance was attracted by a very elegantly dressed young woman who came slowly down the steps to the lower terrace. She was alone, and seemed to look neither to right nor left of her. Not only did she not see me standing there, but I doubt if she particularly noticed any one.

She crossed a couple of dozen paces ahead of me, walked straight to an empty space near the parapet, and gazed away seaward. In this position she stood for a few minutes, tapping the balustrade before her with the point of her sunshade. Many people, as they meandered past, flung glances in her direction, but of them and of her surroundings she seemed perfectly oblivious. This I could tell, for I was watching her closely, something in her air, her manner, her general demeanor, having unconsciously attracted me.

Presently she moved away and walked eastward, and I watched to see if she would turn or disappear round the corner. To my relief she turned and came slowly back again, and to gain a nearer view of her I moved out from my position and placed myself in her direct line of advance. On she came, not a little conscious, I now believed, of the interest she was arousing. As she approached, I saw that she was very beautiful and young, not a day more than twenty-five or twenty-six. Her face was fair and delicate, her hair bright brown, and when she raised her eyes to mine I saw that they were large and blue and luminous.

But what struck me as most remark-

able was the immediate pallor which swept over her face as she looked at me. She started, and for a moment hesitated, as if she recognized me; but instantly recovering herself, realizing her mistake, as it were, she passed on. I swung round, and watched her slowly mount the steps, a vain hope that she would glance behind buoying me delusively; but she never stopped or turned her head, and presently she disappeared in the direction of the Hotel de Paris.

With her going, the terrace and its loungers lost all interest. Looking at my watch, I found that it was time for *déjeuner*. Yet all the way to my hotel I had visions of a neat figure in blue, of a fair face with eyes bluer and deeper than the waters of the quiet sea, yet which were suddenly startled by a glow of apprehension.

Some absurd scruple had forbidden an early visit to the Casino, but after lunch I was not a little eager to renew my acquaintance with the rooms. I had not visited the principality for ten years, five of which I had passed almost continuously in Russia, and many changes had taken place since then.

As I crossed the square to the Casino, I saw two men suddenly nudge each other and then look hard at me. I glanced over my person as well as I could, felt my tie, my hat. I could discover nothing amiss. I even stroked my beard and mustache. And then I was nearly run down by a motor which came flying round the square, to be pulled up shrieking and snorting at the front of the carpeted steps.

I drew back and watched its occupants alight; then crossed the road and followed them in the Casino. Aware that the bearded janitor was watching me intently, I gave him a quick glance. Off went his cap in a twinkling, and he remained bare-headed while I passed in. Though I had almost forgotten the man on the terrace, this fresh obeisance reminded me of him, and I was not a little amused. What on earth did it mean?

Within the office it was the same. To a short, stout, greasy-looking individual behind the desk I handed my card. It was a plain card with my name clearly printed—"Mr. Percival Wraymond." In the left-hand corner was the name of a well-known London club.

The person handled it, spelled it out slowly, and looked up at me. As his eyes caught mine, I thought they showed surprise; then he rose and involuntarily bowed.

"M. Percival Wraymond?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes," I answered.

What was the fellow smiling at? He asked me where I came from, and when I answered "London," he smiled again, though this time not quite so obtrusively. My address in Monte Carlo next followed, and then, instead of presenting me with a *carte du jour*, he gave me one for the whole season. I thanked him; he smiled again, as if secretly enjoying some prodigious joke.

Passing through the atrium, where many men were slowly walking up and down, smoking and chatting, I presented myself at the entrance to the playing-rooms and offered my card of admission. To my astonishment the zealous guardians of the inner sanctities, instead of inspecting the card, inspected me, and with low bows muttered something about it "not being necessary with you, *mon-sieur*," or words to that effect. The manners of Monte Carlo had vastly improved since my last visit.

Entering the rooms, I wandered about from table to table, telling myself that I wanted to see what people were doing, though there was an underthought that I might possibly see the woman with the Mediterranean eyes. However, having passed up and down the vast salons without observing her, I dropped into a vacant chair and began to play—modestly, as suited my desires and my purse.

As a rule people do not congregate round a table where there is no exciting play, and I was consequently not a little surprised to see a crowd three or four deep gather at my end of the table, exactly facing me. I looked round and across at my fellow players, but no one seemed to be staking more than five or ten francs at a time. As a matter of fact, I was the only one who was playing with gold pieces, though not with many of them. Yet presently I became aware that it was my play the onlookers were watching. At this I wondered not a little, for there was absolutely nothing interesting in my experiment, and as the ball ran dead against me I made no effort to force my luck, but forthwith rose and walked away.

As I did so I heard some one behind me say:

"Monsieur is careful!"

Immediately another voice replied:

"No wonder. He lost a fortune here two years ago."

I turned and looked at the men, who immediately honored me with a some-

what singular stare. Of course it was absurd to think that they could be referring to me, and yet I almost fancied they were. I had not been at Monte Carlo two years ago, and I was unpleasantly conscious of having no fortune to lose.

Having no luck at roulette, I thought I would try *trente et quarante*, and choosing a quiet table I sat down and began to punt mildly, and by slow degrees recovered my losses. Here again I seemed to excite no little interest, some of the ladies openly protesting at my lack of enterprise. Men looked at me, and then nodded at one another; at least I thought they looked at me, though why they should do so I was totally unable to comprehend. As I have said, I punted very modestly, and the modest punter is a person of utter insignificance at Monte Carlo.

But though my modesty would not permit the thought that I was creating a sensation, I must have been blind indeed not to notice that many of the foreign-looking gentlemen took something more than a passing interest in me. Two in particular, a fair and a dark man, watched me with such peculiar intensity as to cause a slight feeling of annoyance. They stood opposite, and though the fair one occasionally staked a louis, I felt convinced that I interested them much more than the game.

I in turn began to regard them with a more than common glance of scrutiny, remembering that these same men had also faced me at the roulette table. Of the two, the dark man seemed the more striking. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow with bright gray eyes, and cheekbones which betrayed his Slav origin. His fierce beard, and his manner of wearing his hair, which was thick and brushed straight up without a parting, gave him a sinister and, to English eyes, a very foreign appearance.

His companion, though he, too, wore his hair close-cropped and straight, was rather a handsome man, and might have belonged to any of the Teutonic races. He had full blue eyes, a straight nose, and a heavy, fair mustache, which only partly hid a full, weak mouth. For him, in a general way, there might be many phases of interest in life, but in the rooms there was undoubtedly only one. One saw in him the born gambler, the man who would risk life or death on the turn of a card. Not so the fellow with the beard. No doubt he, too, would risk greatly, but only after much thought.

I must admit that though I strove to

ignore the glances of these men I could not forget that they were perpetually watching me, and though it angered me considerably, I had to confess to a slight embarrassment. One naturally resents such continuous staring as a piece of gratuitous rudeness, and I in turn stared them out of countenance; for when the dark man saw my fixed look, he turned away his face and pretended to be deeply engrossed with something or somebody on the other side of the room. Eventually his companion left off playing, and I saw them both move from the table.

And now I began to wonder what they found in me to stare at, and wonder begat the doubt that they really were staring at me with any intent. A momentary interest, perhaps. One often becomes interested in a player and his methods, and my inconsistencies, of which I was perfectly well aware, must have seemed amazing to the methodical player. Odd as it may appear, nine out of every ten players are extremely methodical, though they pit themselves against chance in its blindest and most exasperating form. But I won, and that was the thing astounding.

Once or twice, as I perambulated the rooms, I again encountered my two friends, but, curious to relate, they seemed totally to ignore my existence. I cannot say I was suspicious of this, because I had no reason for being so; and yet the extraordinary homage which had been offered me that day could not possibly pass unrecognized. It was clear that they imagined me to be other than I was, and I wondered in whose likeness I had been so strangely cast.

II.

At Monte Carlo one gravitates toward the Casino as naturally as one does toward eternity. After dinner I again entered the rooms, hoping that this time fortune would be kinder, and permit me a view of the lady of the terrace. For, truth to tell, I was longing to get another and a closer glimpse of her. Her eyes, so like the deep blue of the sea, had burned their way into my inner self. Why had she started upon seeing me? For whom did she take me? For whom had they all taken me? And why had the sight of me caused her such apparent uneasiness? There was a mystery of some kind here which piqued me not a little, and I was so constituted as to hate nothing so much as a problem that I could not solve.

With reflection, the thought grew that to many people in the principality I was by no means the inoffensive person I knew myself to be. Of this the exceptional politeness of the officials afforded ample proof. They are never obtrusively polite except to persons of social importance, or to those from whom they have received a monetary token of goodwill. So far I had not tipped; yet bows came my way and hats went off to me as if I had been a prince or a millionaire.

I was not a little anxious to test their politeness further, and I mounted the Casino steps with something like an amused glow of expectation. But the suave officials bore the test remarkably well. The bearded janitor was gone, but in his place stood two other imposing gentlemen whose caps went off as soon as they beheld me, and, what was more, remained off until I had passed. I heard an Englishman behind me say to his companion:

"Did you see that? I wonder who that Johnny is?"

To which his companion replied:

"Some foreign big-wig, I suppose."

Some Englishmen seem to be under the impression that no one understands English out of England. I smiled to myself as I made my way to the *vestiaire*. If they only knew the kind of "foreign big-wig" I was!

I walked slowly through the rooms, carefully scrutinizing every table, but the lady with the Mediterranean eyes was not to be seen. Once only I caught a glimpse of my two friends of the afternoon. The younger, the fair man, was dressed, and looked handsome, I thought, in spite of a certain air of dissipation. The man with the beard and the piercing gray eyes had not changed his clothes. He gave one the impression of caring little for the superfluities of civilization. A deep line of determination passed between his eyes; his hard-pressed lips were indicative of firmness of will and fixity of purpose. He was the sort of person one would not lightly cross; and as he seemed to be unconscious of my presence, I did not obtrude it.

At the far end of the rooms I stopped for some time, watching some heavy play, and then wandered back to the more busy roulette tables, for when all is said and done the foundations of the Casino are built upon the humble five-franc pieces. Here, at one of the side tables, I suddenly discovered my divinity. She was playing, and evidently with luck, for in front of her was a formid-

able fortification in the shape of silver and gold. I stood beside her, but she did not look up from the table. Those wonderful eyes seemed to see nothing but the figures before her and the flying wheel. I moved round to the other side, but here the lamp more or less obstructed my vision. When a chair became vacant, I dropped into it.

At first she did not observe me, and I began to grow impatient. Would she never look across the table? Were all these people with their mad desire to win of such little consequence to her? I marked her manner, her face; I caught occasional glimpses of her eyes as she raised them to the wheel or to the *croupier*. The delicate nose, the full mouth, the wonderful arch of eyebrow—all these I duly noted and admired. I also noticed her extreme nonchalance as she played. Winning or losing, fate was treated with the same consummate indifference. I knew that at heart she was not a gambler, and I was glad; glad because, though I was not usually troubled with scruples, one likes to think of some people being a little better than one's self.

At last our eyes met, but this time there was no start of surprise, no sudden paling of the cheek. It was just a cold, sweeping glance such as a stranger might flash across strangers in a moment of unthinking curiosity. But it enabled me to look into her amazing eyes, and I saw that they shone darkly in the artificial light, just as the Mediterranean does when the storm clouds roll down from the mountains.

It was not a flattering encounter, though on my side I took no pains to conceal my open admiration. She must have been accustomed to such looks, and probably considered them as so many impertinences. But I was conscious of striving to look singularly unimpertinent, and I vainly hoped that she would recognize my glance as one which strove to do her honor.

But whatever she thought of it, or of me, she made no further sign of being even remotely aware of my presence, continuing to play with the same easy nonchalance which I already considered characteristic of her. Yet I was sorry to see that from the moment our eyes met her luck began to change. The table, with its diabolic skill in sapping, was steadily undermining her glittering fortifications. And still she played with an extraordinary coolness and indifference to calamity. When they struck her hard she plunged, and so deeply engrossed was

I in her game that I utterly ignored my own. The *ratto* swept the mass away; and then, and then only, did she look at me again. I endeavored to put a world of sympathy into my glance, but her eyes were dark, cold, inscrutable—perhaps a little contemptuous.

She flung a louis on No. 4. I covered it, but even this overt act did not cause her to turn my way. Yet it was just a little exciting to find ourselves for once in the same boat, and I watched the course of the marble with a quite unusual interest.

At last, with a sharp click, it flew into the waiting niche.

"*Quatre, noir, pair, et manque,*" droned the *croupier*.

I gave a sudden start, she also, and for a moment our eyes met. We had won!

I smiled, but she apparently did not notice the action, nor was there any sign of triumph on her face. She seemed to receive good or bad fortune with an equal stolidity.

There happened to be several sums placed on and round the winning number, and though they paid me without demur, a squabble ensued over the subsequent payments. There happened to be a stout person of unmistakable German breed playing just behind her, and he claimed the stake which was justly hers. I don't think he wished to cheat; I believe he honestly thought it was his piece that had won, for he had been playing rather recklessly, scattering his money with quite reprehensible prodigality. But in this instance he was at fault, for I had seen her place the money and had purposely followed her lead.

The *croupier* held the money, the *chefs* began to sputter. The German grew tremendously excited, and began to gabble bad French with an atrocious accent. Her eyes flashed darkly, ominously.

"It is mine, *monsieur,*" she said in a low, quiet, but amazingly steady voice. "Decidedly it is mine."

The *chef* questioned the *croupier*, who replied by shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders. When a Frenchman shrugs his shoulders, it is useless further to argue with him. Protest, explanation, denunciation, all are in vain. He wafts you into the limbo of insignificances by that little contemptuous shrug.

But the Teuton was demonstrative and spluttered wildly, and probably would have gained the day had not the *chef* at that moment caught my eye. I shook my head.

"*Monsieur* saw?" he asked.

"Decidedly. It is *madame's* money."

"*Merci, monsieur*," said the *chef*, bowing. Then, nodding to the *croupier*, he said, "Pay *madame*."

The German protested noisily, calling them thieves, swindlers, and many other unamusing epithets; but the shrug met him and he knew he was lost. Nothing less than a Prussian legion could have subdued that exquisite movement of disdain.

She bowed gravely to me, a salutation I returned with equal solemnity, but beyond that we made no progression. Whatever her gratitude, she seemed exceedingly undemonstrative, and I was not a little chagrined to find that my championship met with a mere formal approval. Still, I felt it was a step nearer my desire, and I congratulated myself on the contretemps.

After this the play went on quickly for some time, and then she put away what money she had left, shut her purse—I noticed that it was a handsome purse of gold mesh—and left the table. With her going vanished my interest, and presently I, too, vacated my seat.

It may scarcely be necessary to say that I perambulated the rooms with only one object, and presently I saw her standing by one of the tables. For a few moments I stood beside her without her apparent knowledge of my proximity, and then she turned and met my gaze.

"Our German friend was greatly annoyed," I said with a smile.

At first she did not answer, but surveyed me with evident embarrassment. I feared that she would not condescend to reply, or that she would reply coldly; but presently, to my inexpressible relief, she also smiled.

"You saw me place the money, *monsieur*?"

"Decidedly, *madame*." We spoke in French, and I noticed that though her accent was good, it was not absolutely pure. "In fact, I followed your lead."

"That was strange. If I remember rightly I was losing at the moment?"

"Yes, but I was winning."

"That was strange of you—to follow a loser!"

"It was to make you a winner."

Her eyes sought mine curiously, but she said nothing. She was not extraordinarily gracious—as indeed why should she be?—but I was determined to push on now that I had begun the journey. In any mood she was interesting—and she had wonderful eyes!

Moments of embarrassment followed in which, had I not been so strenuous in my quest, self-respect would have urged an immediate retreat; but I had approached her with a certain determination, and I had no intention of being balked by a scruple.

"*Madame*," I said, "I beg of you to pardon the presumption of a stranger, but it seems to me that we have met before."

Her eyes widened, and I saw her start ever so slightly. Yet when she spoke her voice was low, steady, and inexpressibly cold.

"I think not, *monsieur*," she answered.

"And yet it seems so to me. When I saw you on the terrace this morning I thought we recognized each other." As a matter of fact, this was only partly true. The recognition, if such there were, came from her.

"I do not think I have met *monsieur*," she said.

I had been a little undecided as to her nationality, and now it came with a flash.

"*Madame* is Russian?"

"Yes," she answered shortly, coldly; but I was not to be deterred. What of a frown when it may one day turn to a smile?

"I, too, have been in Russia," I said, speaking now in her native tongue, a language in which I was admitted to possess a singular fluency.

"Indeed!" she answered. "Perhaps *monsieur* is also Russian?" she added with a peculiar intonation which I failed utterly to comprehend.

"You flatter my command of your language," I answered, smiling, "but I am afraid I cannot claim that honor. I am English. May I be permitted to introduce myself?"

A smile, partly of amusement and partly, I thought, of suspicion, stole round the captivating corners of her mouth. It seemed I had introduced myself without her permission. Yet, accepting that smile as an acquiescence, I presented her with my card. She took it and carefully read the name. Then she said in the prettiest of broken English: "I must congratulate you, sir, on the command of my native tongue."

"And I you, *madame*, on your good English."

She shook her head, striving heroically to repress her amusement.

"Oh, no, I speak the English very bad!"

"You will not find an Englishman say so."

"Ah!"

She gave a little despairing sigh as she turned to watch the game, but whether it was in sorrow for my barefaced compliment, or regret at her inability ever to express herself in our language, I could not say.

"Madame will permit me?"

She bowed and I walked away, and as I went I congratulated myself on a successful breaking of the ice. Time and my own ingenuity must do the rest. I had spoken to her, had looked very closely into her eyes. I knew I should not rest until I had fathomed their mysterious depths.

Of course it was a piece of supreme presumption on my part to approach her without a formal introduction, but had I waited for such I should probably never have known her. Even as it was, there was no great success upon which to congratulate myself. She was civil—which was only reasonable, seeing how I had championed her cause; but time would show if she meant to extend that civility. When all was said and done, she had not received me with unbounded grace. There was here not even the shadow of a foundation on which I could raise a superstructure of flimsy hope. Indeed, she had behaved with a correct indifference which was just a little disconcerting.

Aimlessly wandering from table to table, I presently encountered her again, but this time she was in the company of my foreign friend with the fair mustache. I met them full in the middle of the room. I saw her say something to him, and presently his eyes met mine. If he and his bearded friend had interested themselves in me before, it seemed from his glance that that interest had suddenly become intensified. No doubt she had told him of our adventure at the table, and of my subsequent presumption. I wondered what would happen.

Our eyes met, and she bowed graciously. That was good; she was not annoyed.

But who was the man? Her husband? The thought caused a throb or two of intense uneasiness. I feared it was highly probable. All three of them were Russians, the man with the beard having "Slav" written all over his face. And this fair fellow was much too handsome to please me. Were it not for the dissipated eyes and mouth, I could have found no fault with his general appearance. This I had to admit against my

will, though I feared such faults, even if known, would matter little to a woman.

But she a wife! Somehow I had not thought of her as a wife. There is about a married woman an indefinable air of her exalted state which cannot be mistaken. In nine out of ten cases she as surely betrays matrimony as if she walked through the world placarded. I had not discovered that mark on my new acquaintance, and though I greatly feared the presence of that fair man, I was not without a secret hope that my suspicions were born of mere anxiety.

The next morning I perambulated the terrace in the hope of meeting her, but she did not come. I was not flattered, but I smoked many cigarettes, and saw her eyes in the sea. In the afternoon, however, I met her again in the Casino. She graciously accepted my invitation to take tea, and while I smoked, listening to the band, she dropped a few particulars as to herself and her antecedents.

Her name was Doria Mirsky, and she came from Petersburg to the Riviera for the sake of her mother's health. Yes, her mother was with her. They had a small villa up near the terminus of the Turbie railway. Yes, she would introduce me to her mother with pleasure. She would arrange a day, though her mother received few visitors. Her father was dead. And she had no other relatives? Oh, yes, a brother. No, he was not with them. He was three years her junior. They used to call him the baby.

She grew strangely animated as she spoke of him, now and again turning her eyes into mine with a curiously penetrative power. It was perhaps absurd, but it seemed to me that she was not quite self-possessed in my presence. There was forever a questioning glance in her eyes, a deferential intonation of the voice of which I was conscious of being quite unworthy. And some of my questions, put more or less jocularly, seemed to stiffen her with suspicion. For example, when I asked her, quite casually, if she had ever been to Moscow, her eyes suddenly assumed a deeper and more penetrating look, and with an almost imperceptible hesitation she answered:

"No."

"I have been there often," I said.

"Then you know Moscow well?"

"Quite well, I may say."

"It is long since you have been there?"

"Five or six years," I answered carelessly.

A smile played round her mouth, an

incomprehensible shade of meaning; but her eyes were questioning.

"You have not forgotten your Russian."

"You flatter me."

"No; you speak it with exceptional fluency—for a foreigner."

"I had a good teacher."

"Is that so?"

"A Russian lady. We thought we were in love with each other."

"And you were not?"

"She married a merchant of Nijni."

"That was very sad!"

"Oh, no. She taught me such good Russian!"

"Court Russian," the girl said, again using that suspicious intonation.

"I was attached to the British embassy," I explained.

"Ah!"

"That is why I wondered if we had ever met."

"No, I think not," she said almost coldly.

"That was my misfortune."

She began to put on her gloves. I noticed that she wore no wedding ring, though I had to admit that this was not proof positive of spinsterhood.

III.

OUR friendship ripened rapidly. On the afternoon of the following day I drove with her to the villa, and was presented to her mother, a tall, delicate woman who looked as if she had suffered and was still suffering. The elder lady received me with a quiet dignity which was exceedingly polite, if not particularly warm. To put it plainly, I thought that she was nervous in my presence, a fact which I could attribute only to the delicate state of her health.

We had tea in the Russian fashion, Doria declaring that by no stretch of the imagination could she regard me as a foreigner, and I being ready to admit that I felt myself a true cosmopolitan. Indeed, I stretched a point by confessing that if I were not an Englishman I should like to be a Russian. But just then I would have said almost anything to propitiate those two women.

In many ways the mother was singularly like the daughter. Both women were tall and fair of skin, though the snow-white hair of the elder one seemed to accentuate the pallor of her features. Even about the eyes there was a striking resemblance, though in those of the mother I saw at times, especially when I turned

suddenly to find her staring hard at me, a startled look of fear. But that may only have been my imagination, and just then I was prone to conjecture.

The daughter, however, was charming, and quite atoned for any omission, real or imaginary, on her mother's part. And truly that was all I cared for. Age is staid and not easily moved to admiration or contempt, and I hoped that the mother and I might yet become better friends. Not, mind you, that there was any act, open or implied, that I could construe adversely; it was a mere instinctive feeling that she was not prepossessed in my favor. Her conversation, such as it was, was couched in a perfectly correct manner, and yet I almost thought her correctness an effort of will.

Now, though we carried on the whole of our conversation in Russian, there were times, owing to want of practise, no doubt, when my ear failed me, and I apologized for asking them to repeat the word.

"So long since I have really spoken Russian. Quite out of practise. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But one would not think so," said *madame*. "I can scarcely realize that *monsieur* is not a compatriot."

"Ah, *madame*," I replied, "it is your graceful generosity that speaks!"

"It is possible," she answered gravely. "Yet to me it seems *monsieur* lacks nothing Russian but his name."

On another occasion the mother made use of a word which was strange to me, and when I repeated it and asked its meaning, she smiled ever so oddly.

"And *monsieur* has been in Moscow?" she said.

I turned to the daughter, but she too opened her eyes. Was it possible that they could question my honesty? Why should they doubt me? Why should I profess a feigned ignorance?

Presently the mother arose, in answer to a summons, and begged to be excused. I also arose, apologizing for the length of my visit. The elder woman bowed distantly, politely; but the daughter, more gracious, escorted me to the door.

"You are coming to the Casino to-night?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I doubt it. I weary of the place."

"The play does not interest you?"

"I lose too much money," she laughed.

"Then do not play. Come, but do not play."

"Perhaps—if my mother is not too tired."

"There is no one else?"

"Two of my friends left for Vienna last night."

Her eyes were unfathomable, dreamy, and yet strangely penetrating; dreamy when she looked away, penetrating when she glanced at me. Her friends!

"The gentleman I saw you with last night—he has gone?"

"You mean Ivan Marakoff?"

"The fair man with the big mustache."

"That is he, that is Ivan. An old friend of ours."

"I feared he was something more."

"Something more?" she asked.

"A husband, perhaps."

She laughed, but there was just the suspicion of a false ring in her voice. Ivan may not have been a husband, but I had little doubt that he hoped to be.

"Oh, no, he is just our good friend."

I took no pains to conceal my relief.

"The other friend, I presume, is the man with the beard?"

"Ah, you know him?"

This a little sharply. Her eyes were now burning keenly. The changes that swept across her face reminded me of nothing so much as the clouds that fleck a summer sea.

"Oh, no," I said. "He merely played at the same table with me, and I thought his personality striking in the extreme."

"A strange man is Nicolas Ilinsky—a man who has seen much sorrow."

"Many men have seen sorrows, and Nicolas Ilinsky looks as if he might see many more."

Her brows went together, and a suspicion of defiance swept from her eyes.

"What makes you say that?"

"Perhaps I should not have said it. Pardon me."

"Oh, but you meant something," she persisted. "Am I right?"

"When I was in Petersburg I saw many political."

"And you think Nicolas Ilinsky is a political?"

"In your country it is dangerous even to think politics."

She shook her head.

"That was not Ilinsky's sorrow. Oh, no, believe me; that was not his sorrow."

"So much the better for him, and for you, his friend. The struggle is hopeless. The Czar may give; you cannot take. Ilinsky would be suspected for a certainly if her were in Petersburg."

"Why?"

"Looks! He looks too energetic, too intellectual to be content. Of such men

as Ilinsky revolutionaries are made all the world over. Unfortunately in no country does revolution pay—in Russia least of all."

"Why unfortunately?"

She was smiling now, smiling with her lips; the beautiful eyes were questioning, searching.

"Because I hold that upon certain occasions revolution is the only weapon for free men."

"And if men are not free?"

"It is their own fault. They are not men if they remain slaves."

The smile had deepened. I was evidently amusing her.

"But you see no man believes himself to be a slave. Convince him of that, and something may happen. What? Siberia—death! Men find both equally distasteful. Nor, if you will pardon me, is it wise to say that the people are to be blamed for the present state of things. They are powerless, they cannot move."

"And yet the Czar has instructed millions of them in the use of the rifle and bayonet."

"And placed a spy on each side of every man."

"That is surely the fault of the men?"

"No, the system."

She grew flushed; her eyes dilated. I smiled to myself. She may not have been a revolutionary, but her sympathies were scarcely confined to the bureaucracy. She saw that smile, and her mouth stiffened instantly.

"And systems endure because officials must be paid."

"The Czar is good," she said; "he does not know."

"Then I should say he is not a good Czar."

"He wishes to make all his people happy. He is the Prince of Peace."

"At least there is no doubt of your loyalty," I said.

"I hope not, *monsieur*."

"And you will come to the Casino to-night?" She hesitated. "Do! After dinner may I come and call for you? Please allow me. There is no reason why you should stay in. Of course you don't know me very well—you really don't know me at all—but I can assure you that I'm all right. Nothing alarming, you know—not even a duke in disguise." She started. "No, really. Just a plain Englishman whom you would make very happy by enlisting his services."

"And you are sure that you are not a duke in disguise?"

She was smiling now, smiling right

into my eyes; and yet I was not certain I understood that smile.

"Quite sure," I answered gravely.

"Then as you are merely a plain Englishman—plain Englishmen are always so respectable—I will come!"

I must admit she puzzled me, though I was in no exacting mood. Her manner, mystery almost, was part of her charm, and of that charm there could be no doubt. Indeed, it had already begun to weave a spell of which I was perfectly conscious. Doria, I said to myself a dozen times as I dressed for dinner, and it was Doria, Doria all through the tedious meal. The fact of her being a Russian sent my mind swirling down all sorts of imaginative grooves, for the mere mention of the word Russia awakes romantic conjecture. Truth to tell, this did not trouble me greatly. I was thinking of the woman, not of her possible opinions, unless they pertained to me. She had the loveliest eyes in the world, and a mouth that was exquisitely tantalizing.

Punctually to the moment I presented myself at her villa, and was shown into the drawing-room by a shaggy-bearded servant, who informed me in a guttural tone that he would inform *mademoiselle* of my arrival. It was the room in which I had taken tea that day, a charmingly situated apartment which commanded a magnificent view of the bay. The night was fine, the moon clear, and the sea shimmered in the white light. The innumerable lamps, sparkling in the gloom beneath, seemed like so many fairy lights or fireflies.

I was still at the window, gazing out upon the scene, when the rustle of a silken skirt caused me to turn. Doria swept toward me, a radiant vision in white, a smile of welcome on her lips.

"I have kept you long? I apologize. My mother is not well. I have been saying good-night to her."

Her coming was reward enough for all patience.

"I thought your mother seemed unwell. I hope she is not really ill?"

"Do you think so?" she said, and the look of sudden alarm that swept her face told its own tale.

"No, but the years will not be denied." Yet I feared it was something more than years which had whitened that hair and deepened the lines upon that pallid face. "I suppose you do not comprehend the meaning of age? Why should you? It is still a vague monster behind the farthest cloud."

"You speak as if you and it were known to each other."

"I fear we are becoming too well acquainted."

She laughed lightly.

"You need not fear it yet!"

"I see no reason why I should. It doesn't matter much, any way." The door was opened by the bearded servant who had received me on my arrival; a strange looking fellow for a servant, more like a droshky driver or a Cossack of the Don.

"Demidoff!"

"Yes, *ma'm'selle*?"

"If my mother wakes and calls for me, tell her I shall be back early."

"Yes, *ma'm'selle*."

I was a proud man that night; I think there was not a prouder in the vast Casino. My companion was animation in its supremest form, and she looked exceedingly lovely. I had not the slightest doubt of being envied by the many, or the habitués of the rooms are keen to appraise female beauty. And what was more to the point, unless my vanity tricked me shamefully, she seemed to find my companionship not unattractive. Before the night was over I was wildly in love with her.

Returning to my hotel, I lit a cigar and thought out the situation. Here was I, nearly forty years of age, unattached, and practically alone in the world. A few relatives in England, for whom I had no particular affection, and whom I saw only upon the rarest occasions, constituted my sole family ties. Once on a time ambition had fired me, but in the end I had unwillingly to write myself down a failure. Whether it was my fault or the fault of fortune I must leave others to say; but I am half inclined to think that I had not sufficient interest in exalted quarters to succeed in diplomacy. And so I found my official life ending where it should have begun, and owning but a meager income I looked across the world with disappointed eyes.

When I begin seriously to think of it, I was extremely lucky to have an income at all; but I had mixed a good deal in what some writers call the "great world," and as a consequence I had learned to look high. Indeed, at one time, nothing less than ambassadorial rank would have satisfied my vaulting ambition. I played the great game with continents for my board, and armies, navies, kings, and people for my chessmen.

And now I was in love with a woman

whose eyes reminded me of the Mediterranean Sea, a woman of whom I knew nothing, and of whom I had seen so little! This was the unflattering result of years of diplomacy, of probing into things, of believing that beneath the fairest surface some foul spot was always hidden. Common sense warned me, my training urged me to move with circumspection, and yet I flung experience aside and banished wisdom with it. Experience, wisdom! What had they ever done for me? Wisdom! What after all is wisdom? Does it consist in trifling with what your heart tells you is needful to your happiness?

When all was said and done, my clutch on happiness had been exceedingly feeble, and now the years had taught me that it was my own fault. And was I going to perpetuate the folly? What vanity! Why should I plague myself in this manner? How did I know that she had looked on me, or would ever look on me, with serious eyes?

But the next morning I was more resolved than ever. She must know of my admiration, and dismiss or keep me as she pleased, but some sort of understanding must be come to. I did not expect love—I could not; but she must know of my great desire to win her.

I went round to the florist's, and sent her some violets and lilies of the valley, and also a short note conveying the information that I should be on the terrace before *déjeuner*. It was a bold, perhaps an impertinent move, and might possibly give offense; but an indefinite prolongation of suspense was scarcely to be endured. Nor was it, probably, an orthodox move in diplomacy; but diplomacy, like all other businesses, is judged by results, and not infrequently the unorthodox move is the one necessary to success. At any rate, she would understand, and, understanding, she would act; and upon her action I could base my mode of procedure.

As I perambulated the graveled path, smoking cigarette after cigarette, I admit that I experienced some unusual excitement. It seemed to me that her possible action loomed largely on my horizon, how largely I had no real conception. If she came, could I be human if I felt no glow of satisfaction? On the contrary, should she stay away, was I of necessity compelled to abandon hope? It was a nice problem, and I was strenuously endeavoring to solve it when her sudden appearance at the top of the steps solved it for me.

She was in the blue costume, the one she had worn on the morning of our first meeting, and as she tripped lightly down the steps I thought every movement of her figure gracious and delightful. On her breast were my flowers!

Yet our greeting was quite conventional. What a lovely morning, and how beautiful the sea looked! I could not tell her it was like her eyes, only not half so beautiful. A cloud flecked the black rock at the back of us, but above the sea the sun was shining. Many of the promenaders eyed us with attention. More than once I saw heads go together, and I knew that people were whispering. I seemed instinctively to feel that my companion also noticed it, but as she made no remark I ignored the evident interest our presence aroused.

We stood contemplating the bust of Berlioz, she expatiating on the beauty of his music, of which, to tell the truth, I knew next to nothing. But I liked to hear her speak. Her voice was exquisite, her bright facial play entrancing. For she spoke with her whole face, a radiation of sunbeams and ripples and smiles and frowns, dominated by the bright fire of sparkling eyes.

As we turned to go, an official standing a few yards off doffed his cap and bowed. I saluted curtly, for I was getting a little bit tired of all this nonsense. My companion looked at me.

"I did not know you were so well-known."

"Nor I either. These fellows are a nuisance."

"The fate of greatness," she said with a laugh.

"Greatness! Surely a case of mistaken identity?"

"If you say so."

"If I say so? I can assure you they did not treat me in this fashion when I was last here. Do you know, their politeness has been quite embarrassing, and I've come to the conclusion that they must mistake me for some one of importance."

"I wonder who it is?" she asked in a low, meaning tone.

"I wonder. Shall I go back and ask him?"

"No, no—don't spoil the illusion. Has any one else recognized you?"

"Recognized me?"

"I mean," and she laughed roguishly up into my face, "I mean have any of the other officials seemed to recognize you?"

"Many."

I told her what had happened. She seemed to think it amusing.

"That is quite singular," she said. "You see, it's no use striving to hide your identity. Confess, what monarch have I the honor of knowing?"

"One who is no longer king even of himself."

My eyes were serious as they sought hers.

"But I always understood that a monarch is never king of himself. Perhaps, perhaps you are not a king—just a prince?"

"Will you forgive me if I am only a prince?"

"Oh, no, you must be king or nothing."

Her eyes were dancing with merriment. At least they appeared so to me, and just then I was taking things on appearance.

"Make me a king," I said.

She shook her head, but her gaze was fixed on the sea.

"I cannot make you a king," she answered.

"You can make me as happy as one."

"Please," she protested, "please!"

"Forgive me. I—I beg a thousand times forgiveness!"

She tried to keep her face away, but I was not to be denied; and looking I saw that her brows were contracted in a frown. Indeed, her whole demeanor conveyed a suggestion which to me was absolutely incomprehensible.

"Of course," she said, "if you will forgive me for having no power to make you a king."

"You are sure you do not underrate your power?"

"Quite sure."

"All the same, I think you do."

"You ought to be a woman."

She was laughing again, laughing quite frankly up into my face.

"Why?"

"You will have the last word."

"Who has it now?"

"You."

She closed her lips sharply, but it was too late. She had spoken. We walked homewards smiling into each other's eyes.

IV.

THAT afternoon I drove over to Mentone to see an old friend who, being an invalid, usually wintered in the snug little town; but previous to my setting out I despatched a note to Doria, telling where I was going, and saying that

with her permission I would call after dinner and take her to the Casino.

My friend was not there, and I discovered that he was not even coming to the Riviera, but was supposed to have varied his peregrinations by journeying to Egypt. Therefore Mentone, usually so charming, proved decidedly unattractive, and I hastened my return to Monte Carlo. But even the Casino was dull, for I failed to discover her. I was sorely tempted to call at the villa, but with commendable restraint denied myself that pleasure. It meant merely waiting for a few hours, though under certain conditions even an hour may prove an intolerable affliction.

I tried my best to linger over dinner, but found the ordeal almost insupportable. Even the gallant attempts of the head waiter to lure me into conversation were futile. Oh, yes, I was pleased with everything, most pleased. As I had not yet tipped the man, I wondered at his extreme consideration. But they were all alike, from the proprietor, who himself ran to get my hat and coat, down to the *chasseur*. I had never met with such amazing politeness.

At the villa I was received by the bearded servant, Demidoff, who escorted me to the room I now knew so well. Yes, *ma'm'selle* was in; he would inform her of my arrival; would I be so good as to seat myself? I offered him a five-franc piece, saying:

"Something for you, Demidoff."

Drawing himself up with a sudden rigid severity, he looked a little surprised and—was it possible?—offended! But as if instantly realizing his position, he held out his hand.

Doria must have kept me waiting for a full ten minutes, but when she entered it was with such a pretty apology that I immediately forgot my grievance.

"I am so sorry," she said, "and I hope you will pardon me. My mother is very ill to-night, and I have just coaxed her off to sleep."

"I am sorry to hear that she is ill. I hope it is nothing serious?"

"I have had advice, but the doctors, they do not know. Medicine is no good for my mother. What you called age, that is it, perhaps; but it is terrible. I hope I shall not live to be old."

"Perhaps one day you may wish to change that hope."

She shook her head despondently.

"Perhaps. Even that is possible. But don't let us be melancholy!"

I saw that she was not dressed for the

Casino, and somewhat tentatively approached the subject.

"Ah, you see," she explained, "it is necessary that some one should stay with her. You will forgive me, Mr. Wraymond."

The smile that accompanied the supplication would have won forgiveness for ten thousand offenses. There was, however, a meaning note in her voice whenever she pronounced my name. I had always regarded it as quite an inoffensive cognomen. It was an undistinguished name, borne by quite an undistinguished individual, and yet on her lips it seemed to expand into a word of the utmost significance. I really never knew what an imposing name it was until I heard her pronounce it.

"I think I may promise to forgive you," I answered. "To my way of thinking this room is much preferable to the Casino."

"I hate the place," she said. "It is horrible!"

"Do you know, I'm glad you don't like it."

"Why? Some people find it a mad attraction."

"But you don't, and I am glad. Just glad, because I like to think of you as being a little different from other women. No, please don't tell me you're not. It's possible. I will take everything for granted. But, Doria, let me dream."

She glanced uneasily about the room, but otherwise did not resent the liberty of calling her by her Christian name.

"We all dream," she said, looking at me almost pitifully; "but our dreams, what are they?"

"Shall I tell you mine?"

She shook her head protestingly.

"No, no—please!"

"And yet if I must? What if my dream needs to be told? What if it is necessary that it should be put into unequivocal language? The realization of my dream, dear, will make me a happy man."

"But you should be a happy man. If not you, what man is happy, or can hope to be?"

"That is strange, because I am at a loss to see why I should be happy. I have made a failure of my life."

She smiled rather mysteriously, I thought.

"You a failure! Is that not a little absurd—Mr. Wraymond?"

"I wish it were. You know little of me, of course, and you behold me a partly submerged log rolling down the river of life. And yet once that log was tense, buoyant, alive with ambition, and sprouted green leaves in abundance. It seems absurd now, but I can assure you that when I was a young man I failed to see the absurdity of the situation. Honor was before me, glory, possibly; I dreamed of greatness as the sum total of human life. Not titular greatness—honestly, I don't think I yearn for such things—but I wanted the world to know my name, I wanted to touch the lever that sets the machinery of nations in motion. I thought it a laudable ambition, one worthy of a man."

"And now?"

"Some would call it a case of sour grapes. You know the old fable? But I am not like that fox. Because the grapes are beyond my reach I do not call them sour. And lately I have discovered that there are other fruits."

"Ah!"

She was looking at me now with eyes full of wonder and charm. Perhaps she had grown a shade paler; perhaps, also, there was a certain terror in her glance. I had a dull hint of fear in her eyes, which I scarcely knew to be fear. I only knew that they were rolling darkly like the storm waves of the sea, and that they bore my spirit with them. The lamp-light shimmered in her rich hair and seemed to redden her lips; emotion caused her breast to rise and fall rapidly. Beneath the loose silken gown I almost fancied I could see her heart beat.

Surely to-night she was lovelier than she had ever been! I felt that she was a mystery, but her beauty thrilled, pained, embarrassed, and yet inflamed me with a mad longing. This woman was a world in herself!

(To be continued.)

A QUATRAIN OF EXILE.

PALACE and fane, and treasure of immemorial art!

Suaver speech and softer sun, lavish legendry—

Then sudden flutter of stripe and star—a leap o' the heart—

And swift thought-flight to the darling hills the thither side of the sea!

Charles Fitzhugh Talman.

The Eldorado of the Portrait-Painter.

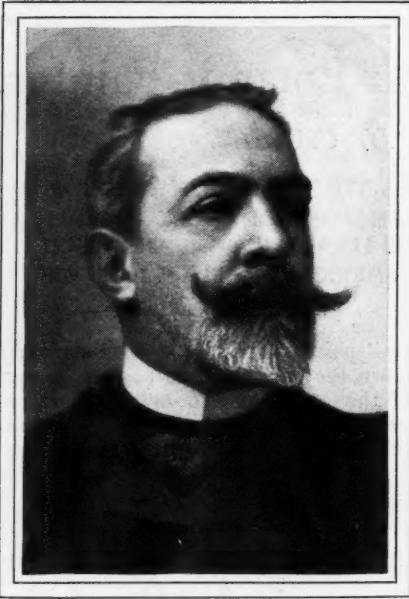
BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF EUROPEAN ARTISTS, AND OF AMERICAN ARTISTS DOMICILED IN EUROPE, THAT PERIODICALLY INVADES THE UNITED STATES TO EXCHANGE ITS WORK, SOME OF WHICH IS GOOD AND SOME BAD, FOR AMERICAN DOLLARS, ALL OF WHICH ARE GOOD.

CURIOUS inconsistency! With one hand we draw a tariff barrier across the pier to discourage the importation of pictures, while the other is extended in welcome to the visiting portrait-painter, as he steps smilingly down the gangplank to possess himself of the American Eldorado. The more valuable the paintings, the more formidable our hindrance to their landing;

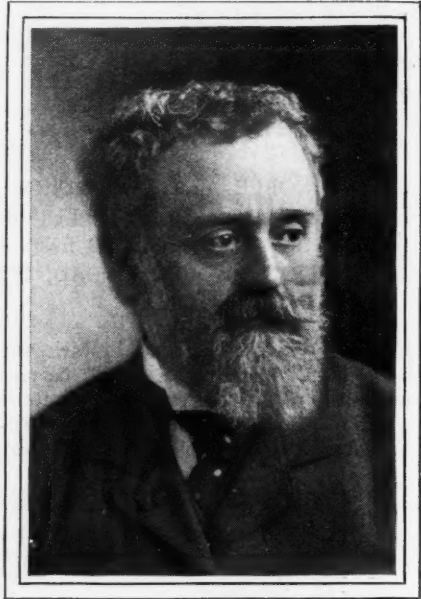


"MRS. DE LA MAR," A TYPICAL CHARTRAN PORTRAIT, ALL SMOOTHNESS AND ROSY-TINTED PRETTINESS, BUT AS EXPRESSIONLESS AS A WAXWORK FIGURE.



THEODORE CHARTRAN, A FRENCHMAN WHOSE PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN FASHIONABLES HAVE EARNED HIM A FORTUNE.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.



RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO, A PARISIAN SPANIARD WHO HAS A GREAT REPUTATION AS A PAINTER OF FEMININE BEAUTY.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.

but the welcome to the foreign portrait-painter, the good, the medium, and the bad, is indiscriminatingly profuse. Thus, while we place a premium upon what is frequently commonplace, we resist the genuine enrichment of the country; and as a consequence, works of art of enormous value, the property of American citizens, are stored away in English vaults or exhibited in English galleries, because the owners refuse to permit themselves to be taxed by their own countrymen.

Various qualifications seem necessary to make a man successful as a society portrait-painter. It may not be amiss that he shall be able to paint; it would appear to be to his credit, if he possess the blandishments and unscrupulousness of a professional "barker." I was visiting a Fifth Avenue gallery one afternoon, during an exhibition of society portraits, and the painter himself was there, pointing out the merits of his pictures and taking orders for commissions. Immaculately tailored, with a suspicion of dye upon the whiskers which shone lustrously black against

the waxiness of his well-formed features, he pattered glibly, now in French and now in English, to a stylish-looking girl and her somewhat perplexed papa. When the latter was finally brought to the point of agreement as to preliminaries, the painter bent his long figure over the young lady, and, looking into her face with fervent *empressement*, remarked:

"Ever since I first met you, I have longed to paint those beautiful eyes!"

As the words floated over the air, visitors turned from an inspection of the pictures to look at their maker, Apollo in a frock coat, at the girl thus privileged to engage his divinity, and at the father with his humbler necessary part of paying handsomely for so much condescension. It was indeed a most affecting situation!

SARGENT'S BRILLIANT WORK.

Among the accompanying illustrations is a portrait of Mrs. Joseph E. Widener by John S. Sargent, a reminder that although the artist comes of old American stock, it is purely as a visitor that

he has appeared from time to time in America. He is, in fact, a good deal of a cosmopolitan, his boyhood having

picture of two little girls, daughters of that clever black-and-white artist, Fred Barnard, lighting Japanese lanterns



"MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT," A PORTRAIT THAT SHOWS MADRAZO'S SKILL AS A PAINTER OF PRETTINESS.

been spent in Florence, his later student days in Paris, followed by sojourns in Spain and Italy, and finally by a settling down in London. It was in the early eighties that Sargent made his appearance at the Royal Academy with "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose"—a charming

amid a profusion of flowers. It was purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest; a sufficiently strange circumstance when it is remembered that the artist was a foreigner, and that his style was a brilliant negation of most things held precious by the Academy.



"EMMA EAMES"—JULIAN STORY'S FINE PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York—Copyright, 1904, by M. Knoodler & Co.



**JULIAN STORY, AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER
DOMICILED IN PARIS WHO PERIODICALLY
VISITS NEW YORK.**

From a photograph by Rau, Philadelphia.

But even the Chantrey trustees have occasionally nodded in the direction of righteousness, and the newcomer, given the chance that the purchase of a picture through this bequest always entails, proved himself in short time a wonder.

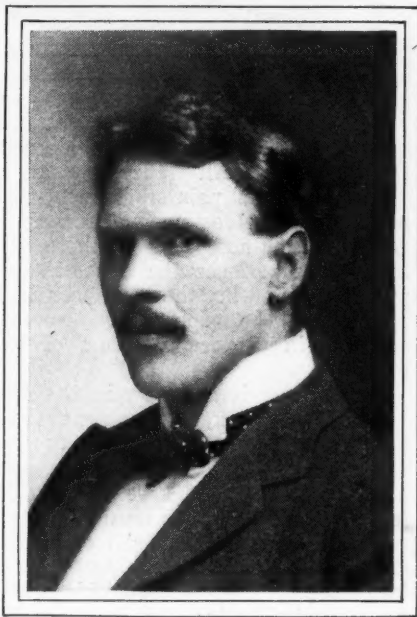
In a word, it is doubtful if any man living excels Sargent in facility, versatility, and brilliance of technique. Others may be profounder students of character, producing portraits of a deeper psychological significance—portraits, also, that are more truthful as likenesses, for in this respect examples by Sargent are often open to criticism; but they yield to him in his magician-like skill of actual painting. During the few months that he spent over here last year on the occasion of installing

his mural decoration in the Boston Library, he found time to execute forty portraits; a truly marvelous exhibition of facility, the more so that the pictures were very varied in character and fairly original in conception.

As his training was derived from Paris, and his style is essentially French, it may be wondered why he should have settled himself in Tite Street, London, not far from Whistler's Chelsea, and remained there. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the fact that he is a very straight-seeing man of simple habits, and in London, while an artist occupies a very enviable social position—a condition that does not exist in New York—the life is not so invaded by restless fads as in Paris. As it is, Sargent has grown to resemble in appearance a prosperous English country gentleman.

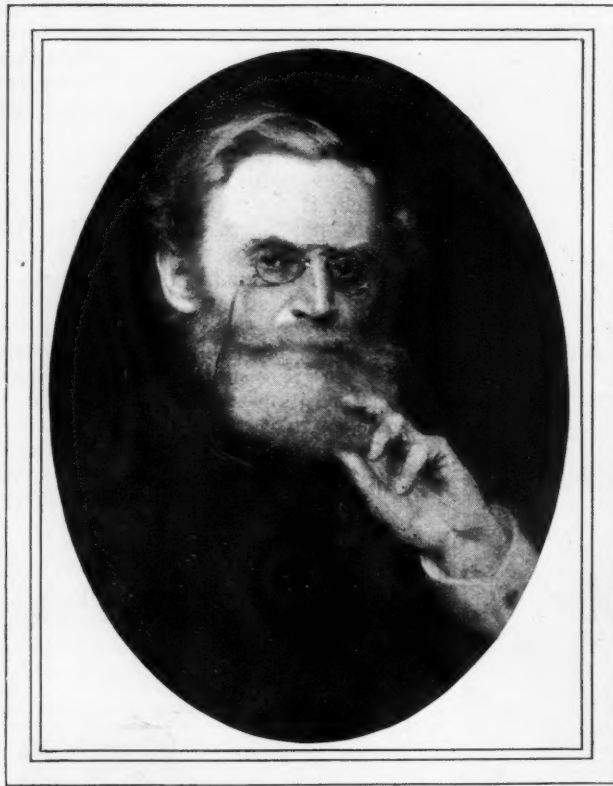
BOLDINI'S ECCENTRIC GENIUS.

Among the visitors to New York, his two greatest competitors are Boldini and Zorn; the one an Italian by birth, the other a Swede, but both, like him—



PRINCE PIERRE TROUBETZKOY, A RUSSIAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER FAVORABLY KNOWN IN AMERICA.

From a photograph by Mew, Washington.



"CARL SCHURZ," A CLEVER PORTRAIT BY ARTHUR DE FERRARIS.

self, Parisian in method and modern to the finger-tips. All three are what is called "painters' painters"; men, that is to say, whose command of technique is particularly acceptable to those who know by experience the difficulties of painting, and who, therefore, can best appreciate the degree of success achieved in the manipulation of the brush.

The former is a master in the rendering of the quick, fugitive gesture and expression; but he knows it, and is too conscious of it, too much the slave of his own facility, and keys all his subjects up to the highest tension of nervous intensity. His portrait of Whistler, extraordinarily clever, by its very insistence upon the diabolic side of the dead master's character is a parody, making no allowance for his higher qualities.

Moreover, when it comes to the paint-

ing of a lady, Boldini seems to view her not solely as an artist, occupied objectively, but also as a man, touched by her personal charms, and not too nicely. As a result, his portraits not infrequently shock one by their too obvious allurements. The artist would appear to have no respect for the womanhood of the originals, and exaggerates their *esprit* and fashionable gaiety until he suggests that they are fit sport for a man's intrigue.

ZORN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

There is exaggeration also in many of Zorn's portraits. It has its origin in the breadth and boldness of his style, and in the facility with which he wields his

brush, so that he becomes infatuated with his own accomplishment, and occasionally sacrifices to its exhibition the character of his sitter. This, by the way, is a failing to which every brilliant brush-prestidigitateur is liable, Sargent not excepted. There are not a few examples of both these artists that one would be very glad to possess as pictures, but would hardly care to display as portraits of those one cares for.

I can remember, for instance, the portrait by Zorn of a well-known leader of society, in which the woman's personality is entirely subordinated to the dashy representation of her costume under the play of an effective scheme of lighting. Again, in his portrait of ex-President Cleveland, he has sacrificed a good deal of the sitter's mental superiority to the pleasure of giving a forcible rendering of his physical bulk. In this respect the portrait of the same original

by the American artist, Wilton Lockwood, is more satisfactory. It is at once a more comprehensive study of personality and character, and, one may be disposed to feel, also more artistic in its subtler method of painting.

artist seeks above everything else to know precisely what he is doing, and then to do it in directest fashion and with absolute certainty—a style of bravura and robustness; very fascinating, dazzling, and delightful, but apt to



"MRS. JOSEPH E. WIDENER," A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF JOHN S. SARGENT'S STRONG AND BRILLIANT PORTRAIT WORK.

Yet, considered as a painting, Zorn's "Cleveland" is a remarkable work; a prodigy of assurance and forcibleness. For the Swedish genius stands among the foremost as an exponent of that modern style of painting in which the

be regarded, not as a means to an end, but as the end itself. Zorn has also been a close student of the action of various kinds of light, in which respect he rivals the French artist Besnard, and he is famous as an etcher. He is the most



ALPHONSE MUCHA, A BOHEMIAN PAINTER NOW
PAYING HIS SECOND VISIT TO NEW YORK.

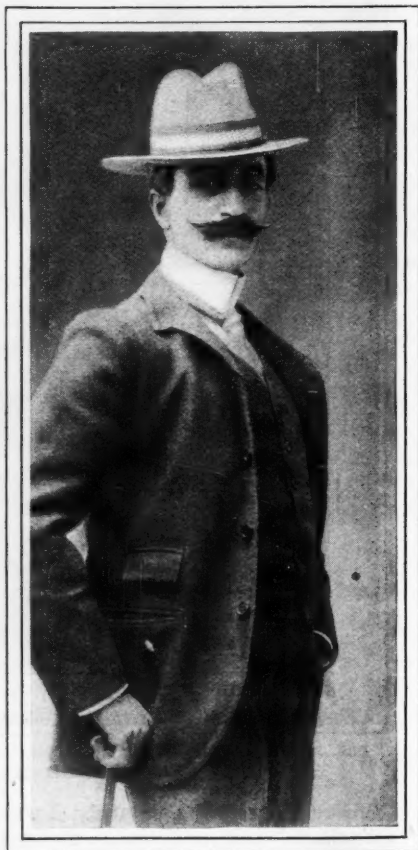
brilliant representative of the modern Swedish school, which reproduces the methods of Parisian teaching, is thoroughly mundane, and is possessed of the sufficiency of art for art's sake.

THE WORK OF ANTONIO DE LA GANDARA.

A few years ago an exhibition was held in New York of portraits by An-

tonio de la Gandara, a Spaniard who lives in Paris. Among the pictures was a portrait of Mrs. Burke Roche. The treatment of a full-sized standing figure in a narrow canvas, originally derived from Velasquez, was made popular by Whistler, and it is the latter's portraits which Gandara's recall. This need not imply that the Spaniard has been a copyist of the older artist, but only that he sought for similar things through somewhat similar means. And the thing sought by both is the very antithesis of what Zorn and Sargent seek.

By comparison, the latter painters are intent upon the obvious; while Gandara, like Whistler, aims at that subtler quality which pervades the thing seen,



ANTONIO DE LA GANDARA, A PARISIAN SPANIARD
WHOSE PORTRAITS RECALL THOSE OF
WHISTLER.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.



"MRS. BURKE ROCHE," A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT THAT EXEMPLIFIES THE PECULIAR STYLE OF LA GANDARA.

as fragrance clings around the flower. I think a study even of the reproduction of this portrait makes the difference clear. It exhibits a certain mystery; piques our imagination, and does not wholly satisfy it. It is very stimulating to have a man's thigh represent-

ed, as in the Cleveland portrait, with such actuality that one feels one could pinch it and find it solidly elastic. Sargent's portraits, with an abundance of variety, suggest a corresponding enjoyment of the appearance of things; but it is quite possible to grow weary



H. J. THADDEUS, AN IRISH ARTIST WHO HAS PAINTED MANY PORTRAITS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Reed, London.

of obviousness; to realize that what is most interesting in man and woman is neither their clothes nor what is visible on the surface. Then it is that the man who has imagination enough to feel that there is allurements in what is not appreciable to sight and touch, attracts us. Gandara is one of these.

In his love of the long sweep of line, such as Velasquez drew, he may have taken certain liberties with the neck of this lady; but, if so, it has been to increase our enjoyment, as it did his, in—shall I call it?—the vigorous languor of this tall, flower-like form, clipped so closely by its white satin costume. The portrait has a distinction, not merely of technical style, but of personality. Further, it has what the French call *diablerie*; not of the wanton kind, but that unexpectedness and flavor, appreciable yet evasive, which envelopes a beautiful woman.

A PAINTER OF PRETTINESS.

A comparison of this portrait with the "Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt" by Raimundo de Madrazo should make clear, even to one not accustomed to

look at pictures critically, that the former has more style and dignity. The latter, indeed, does not rise above the level of being merely pretty. Yet Madrazo is in his way a very clever painter. A brother-in-law of the famous Fortuny, he was one of the band of Spaniards in Paris who, under the influence of that genius, developed extraordinary skill in the painting of scenes of fascinating brilliance.

With Madrazo, however, the skill by degrees became confined to a clever representation of silks and satins and other rich fabrics. The gowns in his portraits are all that could be desired by the most fastidious of costumiers, but the faces of his sitters, their personalities, seem to be treated merely as accessories. The painting of these is tame and perfunctory; they are brought to a china-painted finish which renders them as lacking in the glow and vibration of real flesh as in any expression of character and feeling. Many of his portraits are fatally suggestive of the chic, pretty paintings on bonbonnières. Trivial enough, they yet exhibit a considerable degree of manual adroitness, and it is in



ANDERS ZORN, A SWEDISH ARTIST WHO IS ONE OF THE ABLEST OF OUR VISITING PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

this respect that they are superior to the portraits of Chartran.

A CREATOR OF WAXWORK FIGURES.

The latter is a mild reflection of his master Cabanel, and like him an ex-

only variety in this poetical seraglio lay in the inscriptions on the labels. His works are blamelessly drawn, moderately well painted, but leave one cool and untouched at heart.

Then he became a society portrait-painter, pleasing his distinguished cus-



"MRS. LYDIG," BY THADDEUS, A CHARACTERISTIC AND SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN WOMAN.

traordinarily successful and overrated painter. Muther says of Cabanel:

He laid himself out to provide England and America with women, more or less fully attired, who bore Biblical or sometimes literary names—Delilah, Psyche, Cleopatra, and so on. But the

tomers by giving them smooth, rosy flesh, large, glassy eyes, and daintily fine hands, over-idealizing his sitters until they lost all appearance of life.

With such poor aims a painter can scarcely fail to deteriorate. As a fact

Cabanel did, and Chartran, who had less manual adroitness than his master to start with, has sunk to a correspondingly lower standard of accomplishment, until his portraits are really surprising in their lack of artistic and painter-like

portraits are equally poor, the men looking like automatons and the women like dolls. Yet his vogue—in this country, not in France—is great.

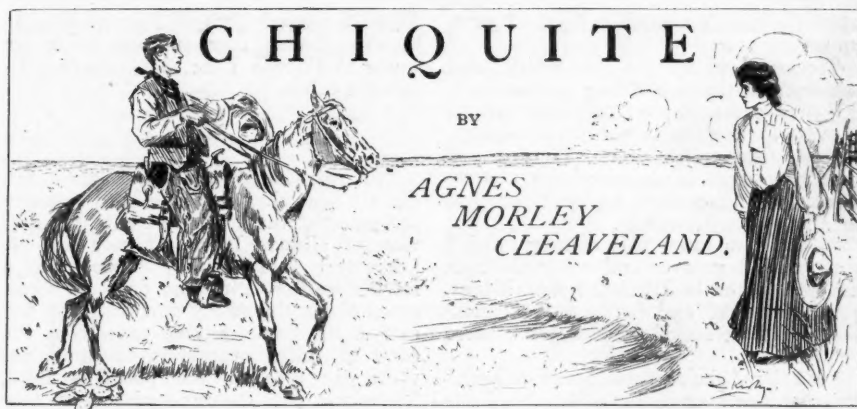
Space fails me to deal with the other painters, of varying artistic merit, who



"GROVER CLEVELAND," A TYPICAL PORTRAIT BY ZORN, SHOWING THE BREADTH AND BOLDNESS OF THE SWEDISH ARTIST'S STYLE.

quality. He had the important commission of representing the signing of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain. In the whole group I can only recall one bit of painting that was fairly satisfactory, the head of the French ambassador. The artist seemed to have taken some pains with this; the rest of the picture remained one of a group of waxwork figures. His single

have joined in the quest for American dollars. Among them are such well-known French masters as Carolus-Duran and Aman-Jean, Julian Story, who, like Sargent, is an American born and domiciled abroad; the Russian Troubetzkoy, the Irishman Thaddeus, and the Bohemian Mucha. Truly the United States still looms as an Eldorado to the foreign painter!



I.

TIERNEY, riding on the point, escaped the dust which drifted back over the herd in a dense cloud. The others had breathed alkaline powder since sunrise, when the wind sprang up suddenly in their faces. Possibly this accounted for the fact that Tierney was the only man in the outfit who was not in an ugly mood. Even he, however, was far from being the light-hearted youngster who had set out from Rincon in charge of the Rail N trail-herd.

The boss of a trail-herd has a job which at best is no sinecure; and when fate takes a hand to introduce complications at every turn, the situation becomes the most difficult of any, perhaps, to be found in the cattle business. Fate had been almost malicious in dealing with this, Tierney's first responsible enterprise, and the boy's metal had been tested in the crucible of repeated disaster. Today the climax had been reached. The Little Mesquite was as dry as a powderhorn at the point where they were scheduled to cross, and it was almost a certainty that many of the cattle could not get to Antelope Spring without water.

It was a mishap which Tierney could in no way have avoided, but the boy's heart was set on taking the herd through intact. It was his confidence in his ability to do so that had really decided Enson, the owner, to entrust the important mission to him. Enson believed in this twenty-year-old cowboy, and Tierney believed in himself; but from the first he had met difficulties upon which he had not reckoned.

To begin with, his youth was a serious obstacle. He found it hard to keep his

hold on the men under him, some of whom had bossed trail-herds while he was yet in swaddling clothes. Even his horse-wrangler was two years his senior. So far there had been no open insurrection, but Tierney knew that it was quivering under the surface, and that the right moment would bring it out in full blast. Enson was not popular with his men, and he had added to his unpopularity by selecting the youngest of them all to take his herd through to the eastern range. If he suffered in consequence, he would only be reaping as he had sown.

Riding at the head of the slow-moving herd, Tierney's eye took in the desolate panorama before him with deep misgiving. It was one of those cruel drouth years of the Southwest, when hot sun and dry wind, day in and day out, week in and week out, bake from the earth every vestige of life-giving moisture, and the cattle grow slowly weaker and leaner, and at last give up the struggle. It was mid July, and the summer rains had not begun. Everywhere the parched earth sent up a visible sheet of heat rays.

Tierney pulled his hat lower over his steady, deep-set eyes, and drew his boyish mouth into a severe line. His years on the open range had not deadened his natural sympathy for a suffering animal, and the plight of his herd weighed heavily upon him—more heavily, in fact, than did the discomfort of his men.

Then occurred one of those phenomena of New Mexico weather. A white fleck of cloud pushed above the rim of the mountains a few miles to the westward. In two hours thunder-heads had sprung up all around the sky-line. Massing together with angry fronts and sullen rumblings, they suddenly poured down

upon the gasping earth a flood of pent-up water.

Tierney held up the lead cattle, and beckoned to the men riding on the flank. As they came, muttering imprecations because their slickers were in the chuck-wagon, some miles ahead, Tierney saw that they were in no mood for concessions. For an instant he hesitated; but then he spoke decisively.

"Jake, you know this country, and I wish you'd lope over and see if the rain has put water in Hidden Lake. Miggs, you ride ahead and hold up the chuck-wagon till we see if we can water there or not."

"Hidden Lake's four miles from here," growled the man called Jake, "an' it's plum out of our way. It'll take till sundown to drive over there, and we'd have to stand guard over the cattle to-night, a job of which I, fer one, have had a plenty. It's only six miles to the Box Bar corral. These cows kin do without water another day!"

Tierney looked at the man with rising anger, but Miggs interrupted:

"This rain is bound to 'a' put water in the lake. You kin see it runnin' down that arroyo to the left from here. I heard a while back that some folks from Ohio had taken 'em up a ranch about a mile north of Hidden Lake, and had built a big corral right at the lake where they held their cattle most all last summer."

Tierney raised in his stirrups and strained his eyes across the bleak stretch of country beyond which, in the foothills of the mountains, Hidden Lake justified its right to its pretentious title when a thunder-storm filled its basin with muddy flood water.

"You're right," he said at last, "and we'll risk taking the herd over, unless," he added as an afterthought, "these people have some claim on the lake which would prevent our watering there."

"They can't have no claim," Miggs assured him. "They've took up that little spring up agin the mountain—just enough water to run the ranch. The corral ain't even on their land."

"All right, Miggs, you go stop the wagon; and you, Jake, point these cattle while I give the orders to the rest of the boys!"

Even the refreshing rain and the laying of the burning dust did not suffice to put the men in a good humor. The changed orders, the absence of their slickers, the uncertainty of the outcome of this digression, served them as pegs upon which to hang their ill-nature.

Tierney nerved himself for trouble. If by any chance there proved to be no water in Hidden Lake, he knew that he faced a crisis.

II.

THE rain had cleared and left a radiantly blue sky when the herd rounded the point of the knoll that gave the first view of Hidden Lake. Tierney felt his heart turn to lead. The "lake" was a muddy wallow. Not one drop of water stood above the sticky surface. The boy sat on his horse, gazing mutely at the cattle plodding around in the mud, pathetically seeking the precious fluid. There was just enough moisture to tantalize them, and no more.

Jake laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, the corral is here, anyhow. We won't have to stand guard—that's one thing sure!"

Tierney gave the order to pen with a dull pain in his breast. For the first time in his life his confidence in himself was shaken. He blamed himself for the added suffering of the cattle which must result from his ill-advised haste. Utterly discouraged, he left the men to drive the herd from the mud-hole, and rode ahead to lay down the bars which closed the entrance to the corral, a quarter of a mile up the slope.

A soft, green carpet of lamb's-quarter, that earliest of edible weeds, covered the rich soil of the long disused enclosure, and formed a pleasant contrast to the barren, brown hillside upon which it stood. But Tierney immediately pictured those thousand hungry cattle taking each one nibble, just one tantalizing nibble. It would be a miserable repetition of the scene which had just harrowed every humane instinct within him. He wished the corral were bare.

The men were bringing the herd along with howls and curses. There was menace in the noise. Tierney pulled his horse down to a walk, and went slowly back to meet them. Then his eye fell on Jake. The man had his rope down, and was casting "hoolians" at the heels of the poorest cow in the bunch. It was open defiance, for Tierney had given strict orders that no "heeling" would be permitted on the trip. In fact, no man was permitted to use his rope without orders to do so.

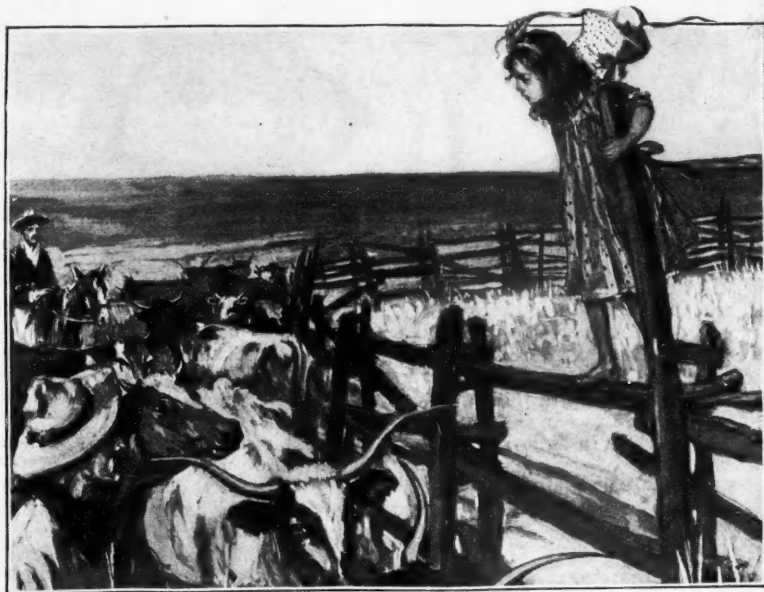
Jake's action meant but one thing—mutiny. Tierney dared not let it pass unnoticed, and yet to have trouble with the fellow at this time meant the loss of

more men than he could possibly spare, for Jake, like every mischief-maker, had his following.

Tierney felt baffled and nonplussed. As he watched Jake, with anger fast climbing beyond the safety gage, he did not notice that two or three of the men were shouting and gesticulating at him. Finally one of them started around the herd at a run, and at last he looked in the direction in which the man was point-

animals nearest her. An elfish little figure she was, with her mop of black hair surrounding a small, white face from which two black eyes blazed defiance. The little bare legs were fairly uncanny in their bird-like tenuity. A thin, childish voice rang out shrilly:

"You can't put your cattle in here! This is Yellowcat's pasture. You can't put your cattle in here, for it's all he's got to eat!"



"YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR CATTLE IN HERE! THIS IS YELLOWCAT'S PASTURE. YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR CATTLE IN HERE!"

ing. Then his heart stood still. At the corral bars stood a little figure in a blue calico slip, frantically tussling with one of the heavy poles which he had just taken down. Inside the corral stood a beast which, but for its long, forward-pointing ears, Tierney would not have recognized. Certainly he had never seen a butter-colored burro before.

The leaders of the herd were only a few yards away, but the little figure went on with its heavy task in feverish haste, unheeding the warning cries of the men, who galloped up in the attempt to get between her and the on-coming cattle.

The third bar slid laboriously into place, and the little figure, squirrel-like, scaled the fence as the foremost cattle crowded against it. She stood perilously balancing herself, and waving a tiny sun-bonnet in the very faces of the bellowing

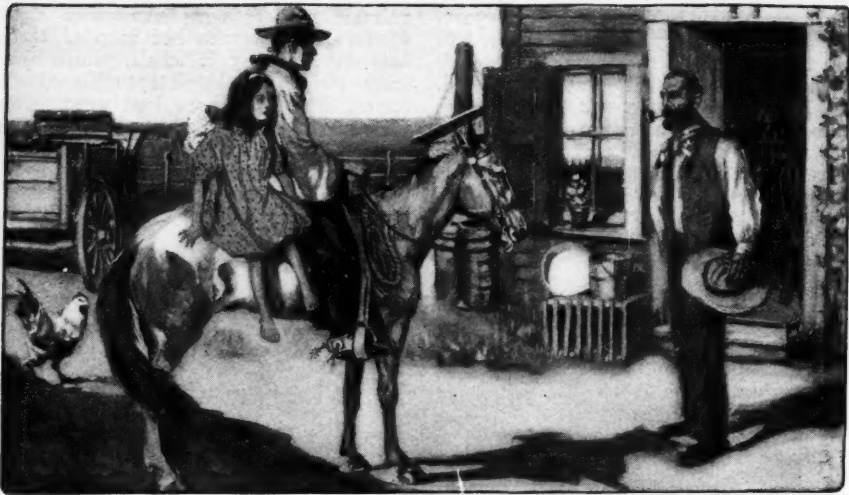
The men, all of whom had ridden up, sat staring in bewilderment at the little fury on the fence before them.

"This ain't a corral. It's a pasture!" the little voice continued in a defiant squeak. "Don't you see it's all growed up with lamb's-quarter? I found it yesterday, and I'm goin' to put Yellowcat in here every night till the grass starts outside, for it's all he's got to eat. They ain't no grass around here, and if he goes off he'll get stole; and he's the only friend I've got. I saw you comin', and made Yellowcat run like everything to get here first!"

A smile went around the crowd. Tierney spoke gravely.

"What shall we do with our cattle, little girl?"

"Night-herd 'em," she replied promptly. "Anyhow, you can't come in here. It's



"HE'S A NICE MAN, DAD, AND I'M GOIN' TO TELL MAMMY TO GIT HIM SOME SUPPER!"

all Yellowcat has to eat. He's my only friend, and it's all he's got to eat!"

She was repeating herself hysterically, and the pathos of her intensity touched Tierney. Her wizened little frame seemed almost eery. With the stature of a child of six, there was in the small face the look of one old in suffering. Rough men that they were—rough, surly men ready for rebellion—something in the child's agitation touched the heart that lies in some hidden corner of every man's breast.

Tierney put the question frankly and confidently:

"Well, boys?"

"We'll night-herd 'em like she says," spoke one, and an immediate assent went around most of the group.

"Thanks," said the small girl simply, and for the first time the little lips trembled.

"I'll be hanged if I will," Jake growled, but Tierney feigned not to hear.

"May I take you home?" he interposed hastily. "If you'll get on behind me I'll ride home with you."

He brought his horse close to the bars, and she slipped on behind him. As the tiny arms clung to him, a sudden and heretofore unknown tenderness welled up within the boy. Those childish fingers seemed to have twined themselves in his very heart-strings.

The child chattered volubly as they rode along. Tierney, his head turned slightly, listened gravely. She told him that she was the only child in her family; that her

parents had brought her out here to get well, because she had been very sick in Ohio; and she added triumphantly that she was quite well again. She also wished that she had some brothers and sisters; but lacking them, Yellowcat served very well as a substitute. Her father had bought him from a Mexican for three dollars and two packages of coffee.

As she poured forth her childish confidences into Tierney's sympathetic ear, they came to her cabin home. A gaunt man with grizzled hair and beard came out and stared questioningly at them. Tierney wondered if this were the child's grandfather, so much too old did he seem to be her parent. A relentless obstinacy, a sort of harsh unsociability in the old man's face did not relax as Tierney greeted him; but when the child ran forward, a soft light played over the hard features.

"Oh, dad, this man was goin' to pen his cattle in the big corral, and I run down on Yellowcat as fast as I could and shut the bars so he couldn't, and now he's goin' to night-herd 'em!" she cried. "He's a nice man, dad, and I'm goin' to tell mammy to git him some supper!"

When she disappeared into the cabin, Tierney briefly explained his presence to the old man, who listened with cold indifference.

"No, the corral ain't on my land, and I can't prevent your pennin' in it," he said shortly; "but I turned the old arroyo that used to lead into the lake, and run the water into a tank that is on

my land, and I *can* prevent your water-in."

The child had reappeared in the doorway, and was listening eagerly.

"Won't you water my herd for as much per head as you think right?" Tierney asked eagerly. "I have a good many old cows who won't live till we reach Antelope unless they get water. I will pay you well."

The old man's face spoke final refusal, and the boy's heart sank again. Before the answer came, however, the little girl had sprung to her father's side and seized his hand.

"Dad, you *must* water his herd," she cried with the same positive ring in the voice that had been there when she cried her defiance at a thousand head of frightened cattle. "I *want* his herd to be watered! He didn't put 'em in Yellow-cat's pasture. I *want* his herd to be watered!"

The old man looked down into the eager, upturned face of his daughter, and then up at Tierney. There was a softened expression in his eyes.

"I don't like to spare the water in such a dry season. I can hardly afford to do it, but Chiquite seems to want it, and"—he paused, and then added huskily: "I can't refuse her unless I have to. We came very near losin' her. I can't deny her anything her heart is set on, now that she's gettin' well."

Tierney looked into the seared face with understanding sympathy. In his heart he knew that he could not have denied her anything, either.

"If you'll take me on behind you again, I'll show you how to get to the water," she cried, her small face alight with enthusiasm. "I'll so much like to see the poor, thirsty cows get a drink!"

"So will I," said Tierney soberly, as he reached a hand down to her.

"If you will bring your men back with you, I will give them some gingerbread and milk."

A soft voice spoke from the cabin door, where a woman's kindly face smiled upon him. Impulsively he raised his hat, an act unc customary in that region.

As Tierney and the child returned to the outfit, they found the men seated in a row on the ground against the corral fence. Chiquite called out blithely:

"When you get your cattle watered, you're goin' to have some gingerbread and milk!"

"That sounds good to *me*!" cried a lusty voice, which was vigorously echoed by two or three others.

Chiquite's eyes fell on the surly face of Jake.

"Don't it sound good to you?" she demanded solemnly.

A sheepish look came into the man's face.

"You bet it does!" he answered precipitately.

Tierney squeezed the little hand at his belt. His heart had grown suddenly light.

When the men left the cabin that night, rested, refreshed, even the cook care-free and at peace with the world, it was an outfit cemented in bonds of loyalty to the young leader. Chiquite followed them out, and went straight up to Tierney as he was preparing to mount.

"You can put your horse in Yellow-cat's pasture," she said shyly.

A mist arose before the boy's eyes.

"Thank you, baby girl," he said unsteadily.

She interrupted him haughtily.

"I'm ten years old, I'd thank you to know!"

Tierney apologized.

"You're a trump, that's what you are," he answered, taking her tiny hand in his.

III.

A HORSEMAN rode across the heat-baked strip of prairie that lay between him and the mountain range to the westward. His eyes were fixed intently upon a knoll of the foothills. The firm lines of the mouth were relaxed to the suggestion of a smile. The eyes held a lurking, tender light. He was a well-set-up young fellow with an undefinable air of conscious strength. As he trotted along in the hot afternoon sun he seemed lost in pleasant reverie, from which he aroused himself and put spurs to his horse when the knoll rose abruptly before him.

"I just wonder!" he mused aloud, as he skirted it to the left.

Then a sudden wave of color swept over the handsome face, and the words died on his lips. His eyes were riveted on a slender blue figure that was laying up a set of bars in a big corral a quarter of a mile up the slope. Across the bars looked a butter-colored animal with long, forward-pointing ears.

The man rode forward slowly, and drew rein before the slender figure, which turned a pair of wonderful black eyes upon him in surprised inquiry.

"Is it—isn't it Chiquite?"

The man's voice sounded strange to his own ears. He was conscious of nothing

but the black eyes. The girl stared mutely at him for a second; then the pink in her tanned cheeks deepened.

"Oh, it's *you*!" she said disconcertedly. "It's really you!"

"You do well to remember after eight years," he said mechanically.

Chiquite laughed with strange sweetness.

"I would hardly forget, do you think? Have you forgotten?" Had he? Wisely he did not reply. "Have you another herd to pen?" she asked.

"I came to see if I could water one," he said, struggling back to safe ground. She looked at him squarely and frankly.

"I do not like to spare the water in such a dry season, but if your cattle are suffering——" She caught the question in his look, and added in lowered tone: "I'm managing the ranch now. There is only mother and me." He murmured something in sympathy, and she went on: "If your cattle are suffering I will water them."

He had dismounted, and together they

began walking toward the house, a long, blissful mile away, as he well remembered. It was a full moment before he trusted himself to speak. Then his words came out tumultuously, full of passionate conviction.

"No, my cattle are not suffering. I realize now that I had but one thought in coming here. I wanted to see Chiquite!"

"My name is really Jessica," she interposed in a voice almost as tremulous as his own. "Only dad called me Chiquite."

"You are Chiquite to me," he said positively, "and will always be. If I may bring my herd and give it to you—it really is *my* herd—along with a cowboy to run it for you——" He wheeled and took her two small, brown hands in his big ones, and looked down into the misty eyes upturned to his. "And may I put my horse in Yellowcat's pasture?" he murmured foolishly, when earth and heaven had once more assumed their proper relationship.

"Yes, always!" she said with something between a laugh and a sob.

DOWN BY THE SOUTHERN SEA.

WHERE the sweet, cool dawn-wind creeps
Over the brooding bays
From the distant outer deeps
Of crystal and chrysoprase,
Where the tireless tide-wave sways
To a crooning under-glee,
It's oh, to dwell through the golden days
Down by the southern sea!

Where the porpoise lolls and leaps,
And the darting sword-fish plays,
Where the purple palm-set steep
Upon wide savannas gaze,
Where blooms like the sunset blaze
That are ever a boon for the bee,
It's oh, to wander those wondrous ways
Down by the southern sea!

Where song through the silence seeps—
Melody's luring maze—
Where frost is a foe that sleeps,
And want never stings nor slays,
Afraid from the fret and the frays
Of the world, from its thraldom free,
It's oh, to stray in the halcyon haze
Down by the southern sea!

ENVOY.

This prayer thy lover prays,
Oh, love, to abide with thee
Where life drifts by, but the dream delays,
Down by the southern sea!

Clinton Scollard.

LITERARY CHAT

THE WORM TURNED.

A bookworm sat lamenting on a dusty
bookcase shelf,
And wept with indignation till he almost
drowned himself.
"For years," he wailed, "I've struggled,
and I've done my very best,
Devouring standard fiction till I think
I've earned a rest,
From Chaucer to De Quincey, and
through Scott from front to back,
From Shakespeare down to Browning,
and through all of William Black;
Though Richard Harding Davis' books
were soft and nice to gnaw,
I've worn off all my molars on the theory
of law!

"But now with modern fiction, indiges-
tion's pangs are mine.
I've chewed historic novels till I do not
care to dine.
I'm sick to death of dangling swords, lace
ruffles, buckled shoes,
I never want to hear of men who wore
their hair in cues.
For years I've struggled wormfully with
Latin verbs and Greek,
But now I work at dialect until my jaws
are weak—
With Kipling's Indian jargon and with
Mr. Dooley's brogue;
Ah me, for those delightful days when
English was in vogue!

"Time was when people bought their
books a dozen every year,
But sectional bookcases now are piled up
tier on tier.
I heard the other day, although I may
have been misled,
That Homer and Herodotus and Mother
Goose are dead,
But Cyrus Townsend Brady still is writ-
ing of the West,
While Dr. Mitchell, Conan Doyle, and
Mark Twain never rest.
I wish they'd pre-digest their books, like
breakfast food!" he sighed;
But indigestion seized him, and he
turned his toes and died!

AN INTERESTING TABLET—Com- memorating Henry Hallam's work, and, indirectly, Tennyson's "In Memorium."

In London there is a society which
places memorial tablets on buildings
made famous by the men who have dwelt
in them. Not long ago a house in Wim-
pole Street—a rather dingy and old-fash-
ioned thoroughfare largely tenanted by
doctors—was so honored because Henry
Hallam, the historian, lived there for
twenty years.

It is not often that a place thus dis-
tinguished is memorable in literature on
another account than the one set forth
upon the stone. This house, however, is
doubly famous. Many readers who have
only the haziest idea of Henry Hallam's
titles to renown know by heart the lines
in Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

Dark house by which once more I stand,
Here in the long, unlovely street.

They refer to the same house, dear and
sorrowful to Tennyson as the home of
Arthur Hallam, the historian's son and
the early friend of the poet, whose loss
inspired one of the most beautiful la-
ments in the English language.

HAWTHORNE AND CHURCHILL— The gloomy views of an English contemporary on their respective vogues.

Winston Churchill, regarded by the
railroad news-venders as "a good
seller," and by the enlightened reading
public of his land as a worthy and harm-
less author for those who take their lit-
erature dully, is something more porten-
tous than either of these to the London
Saturday Review. He is a sign of our
national literary decadence. He is the
mark to show us how far we have fallen
in half a century, how far we have de-
parted from the standards of letters set
us by our great men of the elder day.
The nation which reads Winston Church-
ill to the extent to which these United
States read him, so the *Saturday Review*
seems to declare, can no longer supply
readers for Hawthorne.

There seems to be a curious stumble in logic here. Mr. Churchill has large sales for his conscientious, laborious, uninspired novels—sales proportionately as large as those in England of the two great literary luminaries, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. But Hawthorne is read here as it is to be hoped that Jane Austen and Dickens are still read there. Fifty years ago the people who are to-day reading Marie Corelli and Winston Churchill were not reading at all. They have come thus far—in the United States—by certain well defined steps, passing through successive stages, as it were, of the public schools, the penny papers, Laura Jean Libbey, and Archibald Clavering Gunter. The next generation of them, we may reasonably hope, will read Hawthorne. So that, far from being a sign of national decay, Mr. Churchill's success is a promise of increasing national appreciation.

THE SOUL AND TRUFFLES—The problem of man's destiny discussed to an accompaniment of frivolity.

Those mysteries whose solution, of old, was sought in fasting and prayer on lonely mountain tops and in desert caves, the people in "The Veil of the Temple" seek to understand in a luxuriously appointed country-house. Man and his destiny are their themes; they wish to assure themselves that there is another world to conquer and to adorn; but they do not care to let their investigations involve any temporal discomfort. They will be assured of immortality, if possible, with an attentive servitor hovering in the background to supply their material wants almost before these have been formulated.

The beautiful country-house of *Rupert Glanville*, somewhere on the Irish Sea, is the scene of the investigation. It is removed from the hurly-burly of town, but not from the refinements and luxuries of the highest civilization. And the most solemn questions are discussed with the tinkle of ice in glasses for an accompaniment and the fragrance of sachets for an atmosphere.

It is a volume which would puzzle the average book-owner with the problem of where to put it. Should it go among the dusty philosophic shelves, or lower with the fiction? The *dramatis personae* and their discourse are imaginary; but there is no plot, and the writer undertakes to give the grounds of the faith or the incredulity of his characters. The

devout mind, and even the serious mind, will find the book unsatisfactory with its interjected flippancies. It is altogether too much in the tone of a woman who figures in it. This lady had not time to read the one convincing proof of the immortality of the soul "because she had to go to Ascot."

OUR MINOR POETS—Their good work is almost submerged in the deluge of worthless verse.

We have in this country various poets of promise and some of performance, young men and women like Miss Peabody, Frank Dempster Sherman, Ernest M'Gaffey, Clinton Scollard, and so on. Each month the magazines set their work transiently before a wide circle of readers, but otherwise they might almost as well sing in a cave. Even Miss Peabody's latest book fell flat, and the fall thereof escaped attention. The twilight of the bards, of which we have all been talking so long, seems to have reached a poignant stage when even the reviewers will none of contemporary verse.

What dealt the languishing art its last blow was the cheerful practise of certain publishing houses that live by charging the ambitious song-birds of the country byways for the chance to make a public appearance. In this way any poetaster can get into print if he is willing to pay for it, and the flood of bad verse submerges the good.

"The first question we ask about a new poet," said Mr. Stedman, "is, has he a voice?" Not at all, not at all. The first question now is, "Has he the price?"

MODERN LICENSE—Many of our novelists seem to care little for probability or possibility.

Probability has no place in a certain sort of modern fiction, whether probability of character or of action. No such man as the hero of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf" ever existed or could exist upon the earth, and most of the incidents that adorn this strenuous tale belong strictly to the cycle of genii. Its cheerful ignorance of sea life and sea scenery would once have started a shriek of dismay; but nowadays we no longer notice such strainings upon credulity, having long fared upon worse in the pleasing works of the wild-eyed school of fictional art. Even when we read, in one of its exponents, of dynamite and mod-

ern machine-guns forming part of the treasures of a coral reef in the Pacific, or of sixteenth-century buccaneers slaughtering one another with magazine rifles, no one seems to care.

It appears to be the American author who has reached the highest points in these weird flights; elsewhere, novelists—H. G. Wells being a notable exception—are content to deal with things that could happen, at least somewhere in the world. Some foreign observers have thought us defective in imagination. Viewing the fictional product of the last few years, that seems not less than a libel.

PEDAGOGIC THEORY—Illustrating how the present method is always the one decried.

Nowadays, when it is the cheap and easy glory of the woman who writes to hold the woman who works up to mirth, pity, or serious sociological contempt, feminine novels are full of such philosophic gems as this, taken from "The Woman Errant":

Imagine the folly of making the little lads sew on Friday afternoons with the girls! It seems as if some sort of microbe had incubated itself to turn the world topsyturvy, fight nature, and enfeeble sex itself. What is the sense of deliberately turning out ladylike boys and manly girls?

In the pleasant days before the new woman with her more or less intelligent occupations had become a peg upon which to hang this sort of philosophizing, Juliana Horatia Ewing, whom most of the women writing to-day might well study for style, construction, and limpid charm, held somewhat different views on this subject. One of her books, at least, is a classic—"Jackanapes," that lovely idyl with the call of the bugle echoing through it. And perhaps the most charming thing in "Jackanapes" is the reply of the clergyman to a woman bewildered and horrified at his suggestion that girls should be trained to be brave and boys pure. Nature, he told her, had taken care of the converse, and it was the part of education to add to each sex the virtues in which it was not inherently strong.

One feels that the English gentlewoman who wrote half a century ago was a better pedagogic philosopher than "the commuter's wife" of to-day, with her dread lest an hour's training with the fingers, on Friday afternoons, will overcome nature and make "sissies" of the boys. What does she think of the fem-

inization of sailors—those neat wielders of the needle, emasculated even to the extent of being able to embroider anchors and stars?

D'ANNUNZIO THE MORBID—A visitor finds the Italian novelist's personality almost as repellent as his books.

Nothing gives one a more comfortable assurance of the correctness of one's literary criticisms than to have them confirmed by a reference to the personality of the authors criticized. D'Annunzio's works have never appealed to American taste, which, though it may not be profoundly intellectual or artistic, is wholesome. To learn that the man himself is as little attractive to the average person as his novels and plays seems, somehow, a reinforcement of the average critical judgment. Mr. de Fornaro finds him a theatric poseur from beginning to end. He says of D'Annunzio's appearance:

His type is essentially the Greek of the period of decadence. The line from the forehead to the tip of the nose is nearly a straight line, but the nose is quite full at the end. The forehead is round, very bald, very high, intellectual; the eyes blue, large, cold, with heavy eyelids; the eyes of a keen observer, the eyes of memory. The mouth is sensual, but rather small and finely cut, with a short, aggressive little blond mustache; and the weak chin is covered with a small blond beard.

The movements of the Italian author, according to Mr. de Fornaro, are affected and marionettish. His voice is mellifluous and his diction flowery and pompous. Altogether nothing could be more unlike the athletic or the academic author who are the types of popular commendation in England and America.

SUPPRESSED WORKS—Has an author no right to decree the fate of his writings after death?

Nothing is more often demonstrated than that a writer forfeits every claim to consideration by dying. His love letters, his family jars, his physical infirmities, are all blatantly set forth in as many volumes as possible by his heirs and executors. Intimate anecdotes are published *ad nauseam*. The subsidiary tribe of authors—makers of "literary pilgrimages" and the like—visit his old homes and become their tedious showmen. Companions of old travels publish recollections, and lives and correspondences are multiplied in the land.

That relatives and publishers will greedily, ghoulishly, pick dead bones is an unpleasant fact to which the public is used. But when it comes to republishing works which the author has suppressed in his lifetime, more serious injury threatens his memory. Surely, though his love affairs and his quarrels, his casual journeys and his casual jokes, may all be the property of his assigns, a writer should retain the privilege of deciding upon which of his actual works his chance of lasting distinction is to rest. He is not likely to err on the side of too great modesty. When in his maturity he elects to suppress certain youthful ebullitions of his genius, he should be allowed to do so without the fear that death will see them again upon the world.

This, it may surprise the observer of literary events to learn, is not written apropos of a new-old Stevenson volume, but is suggested by the announced publication of "The Suppressed Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

SHORT STORIES—And how to write them, by a gentleman who evidently possesses a recipe.

Leslie W. Quirk is dissatisfied with the quality of most of the short stories now produced, and nobly undertakes to instruct all tyros in the art of writing better ones. His book, "How to Write a Short Story," might be taken more reverently if the name on the title-page were Guy de Maupassant, or Rudyard Kipling, or even Grace MacGowan Cooke or Edward Boltwood, for all these are names more closely identified with successful short-story-writing than his. Nevertheless, much of his advice is quite as good as if he were a reigning favorite in the world of fiction.

Some of his suggestions, on the other hand, seem a little weird. For instance, he advises that the prospective short-story-writer should go early to bed the night before he begins his work, and should rise early to take a woodland walk. Mr. Quirk is sure that the dewy morning, the shining grasses, the clear sky, will inspire the author. "Imagine," he says in effect, "that you stray from the main road, fall down a ravine, and lie there with a sprained foot. You hear the drip, drip of water; finally your thirst drives you to drag yourself toward the rock from which the sound comes. You crawl thither, reach up a hollowed hand for the refreshing moisture, and—hor-

rors! it is blood that drips from the rock."

Work that out, says Mr. Leslie Quirk, and you'll have a story. You certainly would, though what kind of a story it would be does not seem so certain.

A DECEPTIVE TITLE—The injustice which John Irving Pearce, Jr., perpetrates against himself.

Seeing it on a library shelf or a bookstore counter, one might hastily edge away from it as one unregenerately does from the advertisedly instructive. "Last Days of Lincoln" is not a title to pique historical curiosity, or to inflame literary taste to the buying point. One might easily pass it by as a work kindred to some of the multitudinous biographies of the "intimate" sort. But John Irving Pearce, Jr., has done himself a grave injustice in the title of his book.

For within the pages of "Last Days of Lincoln" there are bits of verse—"Last Days" itself is a rhymed production—which may well cause Ella Wheeler Wilcox to fear dethronement from the regal chair in the kingdom of passionate poesy. Take, for example, these lines:

The minutes into swift hours speed,
And all the swift hours passion feed;
Blest with thy love, my wants are few;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

Your lips, like coral wreaths divine,
Grow liquid to the touch of mine,
And with their longing mine imbue;
My Karra, I'm in love with you.

The image of the liquefying coral wreaths is something really new in simile. But as a whole, the stanzas quoted are perhaps not so remarkable as those coyly entitled: "To You." In these the lady's charms are enumerated with a completeness that suggests a close study of Homer's catalogue of ships, and finally a striking climax is reached:

Your arms that in their sinuous lines embrace
Youth, art, and symmetry, commingled there
With tints that baffle artist's futile skill—
Quick pulsing, yet so cool and debonair;
Your bosom nestling tempestuous delights
Untasted, that with turmoil fill the mind;
Your *tout ensemble*, faultless and unique;
All these in rare profusion do I find.

A poet who has found a faultless and unique *tout ensemble* "in rare profusion" is a discoverer as well as an artist.

At times Mr. Pearce alarms with suggestions of a Mormon tendency, as in the poem entitled "Isabel and Blanche."

His devotion to each of the two ladies seems equal and frank. He says:

My dearest hopes, my saddest sighs,
Are measured by your fathomless eyes;
To live is prayer, to die were sweet,
Kneeling or lying at your feet.
O Isabel, O Blanche divine!
Seek for no other love than mine;
In you two virgin hearts I see
Destined by holy heaven for me.

The polygamous suggestion is perhaps due merely to poetic license, for it is *Edith* who really holds him, as he tells her elsewhere, in the purplest of verse:

And, sweet, thy hair, that falls in kiss-mock locks
In mad luxuriance on cheeks and temples
Stained with love's enticing radiance;
And lips that part in ever changing lines
O'er fresh surprises of thy dreamy teeth;
Oh, if all this were made and meant for me,
All other craved caresses I'd renounce
For ay; and would eternally forswear
Their blandishments and temptings eagerly
For one sweet hour, infinitesimally short—
And yet to me illimitably long—
In rapt, forgetful blissfulness with thee.

This is indeed a wild burst of feeling, but a lady with "kiss-mock locks" and "dreamy teeth" is a being worthy of it.

"Last Days of Lincoln," indeed! Shall the nightingale call itself the Plymouth Rock hen? Shall champagne go about disguised as "yarb tea"? Shall Sappho of Greece sink her erotic reputation in the worthy one of Mrs. Rorer, of cookbook fame?

NOVELS TO FIT SCENERY—Egerton Castle obligingly reveals his method of composition.

Egerton Castle, generously revealing the sources of his inspiration to the world, says that he finds it in scenery. A landscape, a house, immediately suggests action to him; here was a battle fought, there a coach held up, and so on. Action leads, with him, to characterization—and hence "The Secret Orchard," "The Bath Comedy," and the rest—or partly hence. For he goes on to say that his wife's method of work is directly opposed to this; she sees characters first, and in human motives lies her inspiration. Their collaboration should naturally produce the perfect novel, as Mr. Castle is too modest to point out.

Of course all the world is familiar with the theory that artistic creations force, as it were, some sort of a correspondence to them in the world of actualities; that the lean and melancholy young lady followed Burne-Jones and Rossetti, and was not their inspiration;

that the Gibson girl was evolved in the flesh after she had been a paper entity for some time, and so on. Mr. Castle declares that something of the sort is true of scenery.

"Haunted," he says, "by the forthcoming romance, 'Rose of the World,' in which we are engaged just now, the greater part of which unfolds itself in an ancient west-country manor-house, I roamed the more remote corners of Dorset in search of the actual house; knowing it must be there, but not having yet found it. And to my intense joy—as luck would have it, at the psychological hour of a warm sunset that glinted back from its windows and hung signals from afar—at last I came upon it!"

Truly a novelist should deal gently with his imagination. Fancy the horror of Mary Wilkins if confronted with a real New England corresponding to that of her tales! Imagine Mrs. Atherton fleeing from a Frankenstein of a hero made by herself, or J. J. Bell forced to listen to the Scottish dialect which he ladles out in his tales!

MR. ALDEN'S HOMILY—Which we erroneously attributed to William Dean Howells.

A paragraph in the September number of this magazine mentioned Gertrude Atherton's complaint that American writers are unduly hampered by the publishers' prejudices against anything unconventional. In reply, we quoted an opinion which by a curious error we ascribed to Mr. Howells—or Dr. Howells, as he should surely be called now that Oxford has made him a "doctor of letters." As a matter of fact, it was not William Dean Howells, but Henry Mills Alden who came to the defense of the men who rule our trade in books, and retorted that complaints like Mrs. Atherton's "are not made by writers who are doing great work in contemporary literature, but by those who, unsatisfied with the ample liberty of the realm of letters, desire an unusual license which, in the degree that it approaches insolence, is surely alien to genius."

We cannot imagine that either the veteran novelist or the veteran editor could take serious offense at the confusion, or could resent the attribution of so eminently orthodox an opinion. Nevertheless, we tender our apologies to both gentlemen, and also to the Messrs. Harper, in whose magazine Mr. Alden's homily originally appeared.

STORIETTES

The Path of the Bullet.

I.

WHEN his sergeant ordered a last volley, the veteran soldier cuddled his lean, grim face against the stock of his rifle, and fired into the brown, eddying blur of smoke above the elder-bushes where the enemy lay after their last rush. He saw nothing save the blur of smoke; he merely aimed low, and pressed the trigger in obedience to orders, as a thousand other shots had been fired in that nameless skirmish.

The bullet sped, urged by the giant force of the powder which the genius of a studious, gentle-hearted chemist had compounded after years of patient research and experiment. The inventor had gained wealth and a decoration from his government—a gleaming cross, kept proudly by his wife.

The veteran nonchalantly loaded again. He was wishing the fools ahead there would retreat and end the skirmish, for he was hungry and thirsty, and it was said that fresh provisions had reached the front that day. His face, now clearing from excitement, fell into its natural careless expression; and its wrinkles were stirred by a smile as he thought of the fresh provisions.

II.

IN the midst of the smoke above the elder-bushes a young man stood erect, not having heard the order to lie down. Bewildered, heated, and panting hard, he stared blindly about him, holding his rifle tightly and awkwardly. Suddenly he noticed that his weapon was undischarged, for in the excitement of the rush he had forgotten to fire. He smiled nervously. No wonder the boys called him Johnny Raw! He had yet to fire his first shot in his first battle—for to the recruit this anonymous little skirmish was battle grim and world-bestirring.

He raised his rifle; and at that moment the speeding bullet struck him.

The correspondents got the news of the skirmish. It was a very unimportant affair; and only one troubled to send in

a report to his newspaper. He did so because the one man killed belonged to a company enlisted in the county in which his journal was published.

And so the path of the bullet was traced further and further, swiftly as thought, along the telegraph wires that were humming like harp-strings in the summer wind under the summer sky.

III.

"HEY, what's this? Too bad, too bad," said the busy telegraph editor. "Young Henley is killed. This will cut up the old folks badly. I know them well; I believe there is a girl, too. Copy! Copy boy, where the deuce are you? This is good for the first page; double column head—first of our fellows to go under. Copy!"

"Extra! Extra! All about the war! Local company in the fight—many killed and wounded! Extra! Extra!"

The newsboys reaped a harvest; and the streets of the country town were thronged that evening by men and women who talked together eagerly under the high-vaulted sky in which the remote stars shone passionless and serene.

The crowd silently parted, and men removed their hats to make way for three people slowly moving toward a springless wagon by the curb. A poorly dressed, stoop-shouldered man and a weeping girl were supporting a gray-haired woman. The man held a newspaper in his hand.

"Henley's folks," whispered a man, answering a question. "Yes, his father, mother, and sister. They heard the rumour, and drove in to buy a paper."

IV.

BEHIND locked doors, outside of which her mother wept, a young woman knelt with head bowed upon a chair, and a crumpled newspaper in her hand.

And meanwhile the lean, grim veteran sat beside a camp-fire and smiled contentedly as he ate.

"I thought sure I'd miss the grub," he was saying, "when we stumbled into that little fuss down there!"

And the great generals plotted and planned, and the little generals ran here

and there; and the noted chemist felt a mild pride in the fact that his powder had proven successful; and the army corps marched and counter-marched; and the telegraph wires buzzed with momentous tidings; and the newsboys cried, "War! War! News of the war!"

But in the path of the bullet the great war was over for five humble human souls—for the recruit, his parents, his sister, and his sweetheart.

Charles Michael Williams.

Sheffield's Hobby.

At half past four the glare from an August sun reflected from the unpolished surface of a flat, white stone blistered the eyes. John Quincy Sheffield, his shirt tucked under comfortably at the throat, leaned contentedly over the fence fronting the orchard. A dying trail of smoke curled upward from the stalwart arm sprawled on the topmost rail—a trail whose very laziness suggested the soothing influence of the low drone of birds and insects on a warm summer day. Under their shaggy brows his eyes were closed. John Quincy was asleep.

Through the trees, from Sheffield's position, a cottage veranda loomed raggedly. From this direction, a few minutes after the beginning of his oblivion, a cart rattled noisily toward the orchard's edge. Its driver lashed his horse savagely past the place where Sheffield, roused suddenly into consciousness, stood trying to stuff the corn-cob into his coat pocket. His quick eyes had noted and recognized a little spaniel with a white star at his throat, whining piteously from a crate in the rear of the wagon.

"Hi, Granger! Stop, man!" he belowered, vaulting the fence at one bound and chasing the retreating vehicle.

But either his dust-choked cries failed to reach the driver, or, if they were heard above the jolting of the wagon and the howls of the dog, the man gave them no heed. Sheffield turned back at last and strode straight for the house, passing a giant pen dotted with kennels, without word or look to the crowding pack at the netting. The evident object of his coming—Mrs. Eliza Sheffield—sewing calmly in the shadow of woodbine, glanced at his drawn face intuitively.

"Eliza, you've sold King!" said Sheffield. "You said you would, and you've done it!"

Eliza caught another glimpse of his face, and her lips tightened.

"Yes, John Quincy, I've sold him, and

it's a good thing for you I did! If you'd kept him shut up with the rest of your tomfoolery, 't would have been different. I couldn't stand it no longer! Ever since he snapped at the Humphrey girl folks have been afraid to come here—and it ain't as if I didn't get a good price for him. Granger paid well—"

"I wouldn't have let him go for a hundred!" Sheffield interrupted.

"Of course you wouldn't! Half of your money is tied up in those dogs this minute. It's all very well for you to say you can sell them any time. You used to, sometimes, but you always bought more with the money. And now you hate even to think of selling them! I tell you—"

Eliza paused. She had discovered that she was speaking to the crickets and the birds and the soft summer landscape. John Quincy had vanished. In utter dejection he had gone into the sitting-room and on into the immaculate kitchen. Eliza heard the kitchen door slam violently in his wake.

She sewed on grimly after that. Somehow she felt that the crisis had come. Sheffield must choose between his pet hobby and her. The outcome did not matter much, she told herself wearily.

"One of us has got to go," she thought. "I can't stand this, and I won't!" A tear forced itself from her eyes and fell with an unheeded splash on her work. "He's getting so he don't care about me any more—and it's all those dogs! Maybe, if I go away somewhere—"

The red and gold flood of sunset light in the west found her pinning a sheet covered in a short, jerky hand to the shelf near the clock.

John, I've thought it all over, and you're either going to give up the dogs or me. I'm going to Aunt Shirley's to stay there 'till you make up your mind. When you've sold every dog you've got, you can come after me.

She read it over carefully. Afterwards, she came down stairs with a small satchel, and went out, closing the screen carefully.

The sunset filtered through upon the kitchen table, where Sheffield's set jaw was driving a great hand in broad, irregular streaks across a huge sheet of brown paper.

Eliza, you broke my heart when you sold King. I guess you didn't know how I'd feel about it. I mean to buy him back if it takes all I've got. I guess there ain't any use quarreling any longer. I'll take the dogs and clear out; Tom'll stay and do your chores.

A figure glided out upon the veranda just as Sheffield stole cautiously into the

gloomy sitting-room and pinned the paper to the clock, unaware that another note hung less than five feet distant. Where the lane branched into the highway, he jostled a lonely form with a worn leather satchel, journeying in the same direction.

"John Quincy, where are you going?" demanded the figure.

Sheffield mumbled something about the village.

"You haven't any hat on, and you'll take your death cold in this dew! Go right up to the house and get a hat!" went on Eliza's assertive voice.

Sheffield started instinctively to obey, but his wits came back in time.

"Eliza," he exclaimed, confronting her, "where are you going with that satchel? And look at your feet! You mustn't be without your rubbers another minute!"

A light streamed from the kitchen, and they heard the hired man's deep voice singing. As they climbed the steps, a little spaniel leaped joyously at Sheffield. The gnawed-off end of a rope hung from his collar. It was King come home!

"Good dog!" said Sheffield, patting him affectionately.

The light from the kitchen lamp fell full upon two papers hanging side by side in the sitting-room, and Sheffield found Eliza standing near them. He peered over her shoulder, and as he read a faint chuckle escaped him.

"Eliza," he blurted out at last, "I'm willing to compromise. I'll sell all the dogs except King. He's a good dog, and he never touched no one unless he was provoked."

Eliza tore down the sheets and crumpled them in her hand.

"They'll do to start the fire with!" she said grimly.

Jules Verne Des Voignes.

The Bite's Atonement.

THE Bite ran crouching across the freight yards, scrambling under the cars on all fours. Then, ascending to the top of a box-car with the agility of a cat, he lay panting beside the foot-board.

The city rose from the yards as from an amphitheater. They were bathed in dusk, though a red gash still showed in the West where the hostile sun withdrew after a day that had filled the hospitals. The heat was intensified by reflection from the labyrinth of rails and the metal of the rolling stock. A switch engine coughed unseen far down the yards where

harsh, jarring sounds accompanied the shunting and coupling of cars. Lanterns danced and flickered there, in jerky undulations.

The Bite was saturated with perspiration. He pressed his chest against the slope of the car roof, where it fell away from the foot-board, to still the pounding of his heart. His temples throbbed, his mouth was dry as ashes, and he breathed with wheezy sobs. Yet, in the midst of his torture, he listened with a sense so sharpened by predatory habit and present danger that the physical consciousness of it added to his pain.

As yet he dared not move. Voices floated to him, muffled and indistinct, and he strained his ears to catch what was being said, or, failing that, to gather from their tones some clew to the identity of the speakers. A burst of laughter relieved him. The police would not laugh.

The revolver, thrust into the tight-hipped trousers that he wore in common with his type, pressed against his ribs as he lay on it. He drew it out and placed it under the foot-board, within easy reach. There were still three cartridges in it. The other two had done their work—done it well, he hoped, with a grim tightening of his thin lips.

Casey had been looking for it since the housesmiths' picnic, when The Bite proved himself the better man, even as Beezy Henessey had declared him. He deserved it, too. Couldn't Casey have taken a beating without getting his brother-in-law, Alderman Graw, to drop The Bite from the city hall pay-roll? Sure, he'd steadied down, and Old Man Henessey, the sewer inspector, must have given his consent in another year; Beezy would have jollied him into it. But not satisfied with spoiling The Bite's job, Casey must lie about him standing in with a strong-arm push, and get him pinched by a front-office man. Then, on top of it all, what does Casey do but frame it up with the Drawbridge Gang to do him, just as they did Dutchy Schultz, last election. They'd have made it, too, all right if he, The Bite, hadn't jumped over Deegan's bar and got hold of the gun that lay beside the bottles, as it now lay close to his hand, under the foot-board.

He dug his nails into his palms and writhed. Remorse he had none. He would have done it all over again. What had happened was, from his view-point, inevitable. But though he knew he had shot in self-defense, he did not dream of giving himself up. He was caught in a

coil of malign circumstance that could only be broken by flight. As he understood it, the law meant simply the vengeance of Casey's brother-in-law, Alderman Graw, executed through the pliant instrumentality of police and courts.

Nor did it strike him that there was anything unfair in this, which was merely a larger application of practical politics. You had to stand by your own, dealing reward and punishment only as they affected the welfare of the gang. The Bite had taken his resolution when he leaped the fence behind Deegan's place. He would resist to the last. Now that Beezy Henessey was lost to him, what was the use of living?

They would search the freight-yards, of course; but they seemed to have lost the scent, and the growing darkness favored the fugitive. He might venture now on a change of position.

He raised his head. The switch engine still puffed, and the uneasy reflection of lanterns glimmered in spots, their bearers hidden by intervening cars. The tracks shook with the vibration of trains passing on the main lines. To the north, a massive bridge overhung the yard where it narrowed. Under the arc lights that snapped and flickered above it two policemen were posted, their faces blue-black under the shadow of their summer helmets.

He was about to descend between the cars when the sound of approaching feet arrested him, even as his hand closed upon the top rung of the iron ladder to swing off. He noiselessly cocked the revolver.

The car door rolled open, there was a scramble and the crack of a match within. The Bite lowered his weapon and peered downward just as a dark form emerged from the interior, closely followed by a second. There was that in each shambling figure which needed no more than the outline to declare the tramp.

They stood leaning with their backs against the sill.

"He's goin' to croak," asserted one of them. "Me for Beertown!"

"You've lost your nerve. It's nuttin' but de heat. I seen kids like dat before."

"I tell you he's goin' to croak!" reiterated the first voice. "Listen to him breathe!"

There was a short silence.

"You're a chump," the other struck in presently. "Didn't we find him lost near the yards, and lock him in the car for safe-keepin'? What have we done? Nut-

tin'—only took care of him. An' won't his folks make good when we write 'em how we rescued little Willie from hoboos up de line? It ought to be good for fifty apiece, de way he's ragged out. An' you want to weaken!"

A thin, querulous cry sounded from the depths of the car. The second tramp stuck his head into the door and growled a ferocious threat.

"I won't stand for it," protested the first. "It's plain kidnappin'!"

"Aw, what's de use? We only takes him up de line a hundred miles or so. Dis train pulls out at eleven. It's a cinch!"

"Stay wit' it, then, if you want to. I ain't holdin' down no side-door Pullman wit' a dead kid!"

The speaker dived under the rods and disappeared. His companion swore, looked into the car, and hesitated. A sight of the officers on the bridge decided him, and he followed the other.

Again the cry sounded faintly from the interior. The Bite hung motionless, his hand still clutching the rung of the ladder. The sound haunted him. Possibly something in the helplessness of the child dimly suggested an analogy with his own situation. An Ishmaelite henceforth by the proscription of events, he felt a yearning for companionship.

The Bite descended the ladder and swung himself lightly into the car. It was pitch dark there, and the air was as the air of an oven. He heard a panting, fluttering respiration, and struck a match, masking the flame with his hands.

Bred in the tenements, he had seen enough of heat prostration to recognize the symptoms which precede the final collapse. A moment later, he leaped down, bearing a little boy across his left arm. The child had been subjected to the infernal heat of the closed car perhaps for hours. Terrified into silence at first by the threats of his captors, and then, after a little, incapable of effective outcry, only this chance stood between him and death.

The Bite laid him upon the road ballast and stood at bay. Between the two dangled a hangman's noose. He put his hand to his throat, stretched his neck, and gulped. Let the kid die! It was every one for himself. Did any one help him, The Bite, when his back was at the wall?

A great gush of flame from a tall chimney beyond the yards threw a blood-red reflection upon the upturned face of the gasping child. The man drew his hand across his eyes. In that moment, from

the depths of his being, the soul of his ancestors enjoined upon him that atonement which was the law of their forgotten sept. Casey, the Drawbridge Gang, and The Bite had played the game as puppets of the unseen. The score must be cleared without further debt in the sum of the child's life.

He lifted the boy across his shoulder, drew himself over the fence with his free arm, and presently stood under the lights of the street outside the yards. From the bridge two officers ran toward him.

"Look 'out or you'll hurt the kid!" he growled as they closed upon him. "I ain't goin' to make no fight!"

Two hours later the cell occupied by the prisoner was unlocked.

"You're bailed," said the policeman.

"By who?" incredulously queried The Bite.

"Alderman Graw. That was his kid you brought out of the yards. He was near wild. And Casey was only winged. You're all right!"

Francis Z. Stone.

A Lifetime of Desire.

No one ever accused Mrs. Stone of being unduly sympathetic. Ten years' experience with a brutal husband, and ten subsequent years of buffeting with the world, had deprived her of that sentimental quality, if, indeed, she had ever possessed it. She was admirably fitted to be what she was—head of the associated charities of a large city. Impostors who came fawning down the corridor dreaded this sharp-eyed, thin-lipped woman. What an expert cross-examiner the years of insight and unbelief had made her! How difficult it was to hide the telltale bottle or cover up the telltale odor when she descended on their abodes!

She had driven away half the mendicants in town. The worthy ones whom she had made comfortable at home—they, even, were not grateful; they missed the noise and excitement of the street. But Mrs. Stone was obdurate. If the police would not enforce the begging ordinance, she would. If the really needy ones would stay at home, she would see that they were provided for; if they infested the streets, not a penny should they have from her, and she would see that they were arrested into the bargain. So the blind lavender-man took to wood-carving, and they all grumbled and were very unhappy.

One morning, a woman in a bedraggled

black gown and a veil with a hole which came just over the tip of her nose, made her way into Mrs. Stone's office. Mrs. Stone knew the type—husband, a laboring man, just dead; from three to six young children—not one of earning age.

"Be seated," said Mrs. Stone brusquely but not unkindly, and her limp guest perched uncomfortably on the edge of the only chair, which was so located that every ray of cold, gray light searched out the lines in the visitor's face. "What can I do for you?"

"I want work," said the woman.

"What kind?"

"Any kind of work by the day."

"Can you clean?"

"Yes."

"Wash well?"

"Pretty well."

"Cook?"

"Some—plain things."

"H'm—cleaning would be best for you."

Mrs. Stone noted these details in a book, together with age, name, address, nativity, and then came down to more interesting details.

"How long have you lived here?"

"A week."

Mrs. Stone raised her eyebrows.

"Where did you come from?"

The woman mentioned a near-by town.

"Why did you leave there?"

"My husband died."

"How long ago?"

"About three weeks."

"How many children have you?"

"Five."

"Agès, please."

"The oldest is ten."

"Husband leave you anything?"

The woman hesitated.

"Yes, a little," she finally said.

"How much?"

"Well, the society buried him and paid the doctor, and I had a little left."

"How much?" came the remorseless question.

"About three hundred dollars."

"You have that?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you do with it?"

"I bought something."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Stone's pencil was suspended in air. "What?"

"A sealskin sack."

"A what?" Mrs. Stone almost shouted.

The woman cast down her eyes. "A sealskin sack," she repeated almost inaudibly.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Stone said

aloud. "A charwoman with a new three-hundred-dollar sealskin!" she added to herself.

"When do you propose to wear it?" she went on to inquire. "To your work in the morning?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the woman, taking the question seriously. "I wouldn't wear it every day. On Sundays I'll wear it sometimes, if it's not too sunny and doesn't rain. They say rain doesn't hurt 'em, but I wouldn't take the chances—and sun fades 'em."

"What good is it to you, then?"

"Oh, I take it out of its bag and stroke it morning and night, and between whiles when I have time. There isn't much danger of it being stolen—no one would suspect such a thing in a place like ours; and I'd thrash a child within an inch of its life who dared tell of it. Fire's the worst. I do dread fire. I wish I could insure it!"

Mrs. Stone was facing one of the problems of her career.

"I don't understand at all," she said, "why you should have spent your entire capital so wastefully and so uselessly. You have nothing to wear with the thing, and you come to a charitable association to get work for you."

"I'll tell you," said the woman eagerly, her face lighting up. "I had wanted a sealskin all my life. I was a factory girl, and on my way home at night I used to stop before the fur-shops and look in—all those lovely capes and things—I wanted them all. I'd have learned to sew fur, and have worked in a fur shop if I'd have dared, but I was afraid I'd steal something. Then I married John, and there was nothing but hard work and babies. Sometimes I couldn't get out to look in a fur window for a week at a time. Then John died." The woman's face was alight. "Three hundred dollars wouldn't buy much for six, but it would buy a sealskin. I had wanted it all my life! I never had so much money at one time before—I couldn't help it—I just had to buy it. I was never so happy in my life as the night I wore it home, and I'm just as happy with it now. I'd do it again. I'll work my fingers to the bone for my children—but I suppose you won't help me to get work now!"

The woman had risen from the chair's edge. Mrs. Stone was meditatively tapping the desk with her pencil.

"Wait a minute," she said. Mrs. Stone was thinking. She was remembering that two of her lady directors, lately widowed, were seeking forgetfulness in

Europe, the meager allowance granted by the stingy departed having been multiplied by a generous court while the estates were being settled. Mrs. Stone might not be sympathetic, but she was logical and fair-minded.

"There's a janitorship vacant in a school which I might be able to get for you," she said. "It's sixty dollars a month, and you could live well on that. Are you strong enough to do the work, and will you do it well? Of course, if you don't do it well, you'll simply be discharged, but I should dislike to recommend an incompetent person."

"Put me on trial," said the woman eagerly. "Indeed, I'll do it well, and Jamie is old enough to help me some."

"Very well," said Mrs. Stone. "Come at nine o'clock on Monday, and I'll see what can be done."

For several seconds after her visitor had left, Mrs. Stone sat silent before her desk. Then she whirled about in her revolving chair to listen to the next tale of woe.

A month later one of her assistants said to her:

"I'm afraid that woman for whom we secured the janitress' place was an impostor, after all."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"Well, anyhow, I don't think she's as poor as Ellen West, who wanted it."

"She has five children to support," returned Mrs. Stone. "Ellen has only two, and she drinks."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but I saw her in the park yesterday, and what do you think she had on?"

"A sealskin sack, perhaps," said Mrs. Stone, not looking up from the figures she was adding.

"So you knew!" gasped the other.

"Yes, I knew."

The assistant was bursting with curiosity. She waited a moment.

"Perhaps she has seen better days," she ventured.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Stone; "though it was a sort of inheritance."

"Oh!" said the assistant. "But it is very good and new. I thought perhaps it was electric, but it wasn't. I should think she might sell it and get something for the children."

"She might," said Mrs. Stone, "but I don't think she will. Two, eight, nineteen, twenty-four—we've taken in two hundred and forty dollars in dues this month—that's not bad!"

Mabel Craft Deering.

FAMOUS OLD-TIME RACES.

BY ROBERT WICKLIFFE WOOLLEY.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" OF THE AMERICAN TURF, WHEN RACES WERE IN FOUR-MILE HEATS, WHEN WHOLE STATES BACKED THEIR CHAMPION THOROUGHBREDS, AND SPORTSMANSHIP HAD NOT YIELDED TO THE SWAY OF THE MONEY-MAKING SPIRIT.

WHILE optimistic observers are busily assuring us that this is the golden era of the American turf, it is interesting to turn back a few pages in the annals of horseracing, and learn a little of the period which was as roses to this-tles when compared with the present. The good old days to which I refer began before the Revolution, and practically ended with the exit of four-mile contests late in the seventies. In recalling a certain stage of it to me, a venerable Kentuckian once said:

"Every man's word was his bond, sir, and the races were long enough to allow a gentleman to pay his compliments to the ladies and sip a julep between start and finish, sir!"

How different from the strenuous sprints and the strenuous conduct of spectators nowadays! The one idea seems to be to get through with the races quickly, and to allow as much time as possible for transacting business with the bookmakers in the betting-ring. Contests which test endurance as well as speed no longer have a vogue, because they consume too much time, and are not popular with the man who wagers in the hope of profit, rather than from the true sportsman's love of taking a chance. Breeders still talk lovingly of Lexington, Norfolk, Tom Bowling, Bonnets o' Blue, and Longfellow, but in modern times they have been forced to blend blood lines with an eye single to speed. The few who refused to do so have fallen by the wayside, and are richer in experience than in anything else.

Boastful trainers and owners will tell you that the best horses of to-day could be made to surpass the performances of Fashion, Black Maria, Lexington, Le-compte and even of Ten Broeck; but he who has read turf history and has grown up reveling in stories of the romantic period of American racing must have

more than mere opinion to make him believe it.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

New York, Virginia, and South Carolina were the nurseries of horse-racing in this country. The York Course, near Charleston, was the first track of which there is any record. It was constructed in 1735, and many an interesting story has been told of money, cotton, and sugar won and lost on contests decided there. The Newmarket Course, which succeeded the York in 1754, seems to have had a very prosperous career, meets having been held over it even during the Revolution. It ceased to exist in 1792, and the South Carolina Jockey Club, the first regular racing organization in America, was formed, and the famous Washington Course founded. This club was officered by the foremost men of the State, and the wealth and fashion of the South witnessed many famous races at its headquarters. It disbanded at the beginning of the Civil War, and no racing of any consequence has since been seen in the Palmetto State.

Another course that figured in the very early days of the American turf was the Newmarket, at Petersburg, Virginia.

New York had two tracks contemporaneous with the foregoing. Both were on Long Island—the Newmarket Course in Suffolk County and the Jamaica Course in Queens. There were then no form books or turf guides, so there is no well authenticated record of the races held there. In 1804 the Newmarket track was reconstructed and improved by an association composed of Long Island farmers. About this time the Harlem Course and a track at Powle's Hook, or Paulus Hook, in what is now Jersey City, came into existence, and racing associations were also formed at Poughkeepsie and Albany.

In name only do the turf organizations of the present resemble those of a century ago, or even of fifty years ago. The latter were maintained solely for sport, with small expectation of dividends; horses were raced with the single purpose of proving their superiority, and the demoralizing influence of the poolroom and the foreign form book—both made possible later by the telegraph—was of course unheard of. The prize in a big race was frequently plate, and to sell this was considered dishonorable. Moreover, distances from course to course were so great, and traveling and the transportation of horses so tedious and expensive, that only the very wealthy could afford to maintain a stable. Racing was in that day what it is fast becoming again—strictly a rich man's game.

A MATCH BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

A contest that has been told of in verse and prose was the match race between American Eclipse and Henry, in May, 1823. Eclipse had performed brilliantly, beating every horse of any caliber from the North and East, and was considered invincible. His owner, John C. Stevens, was a rich man and did not hesitate to back him with money, land, or government bonds. Colonel William R. Johnson, known in those days as the Napoleon of the turf, offered in the autumn of 1822 to send a horse from his Virginia stud, in the following spring, to run against American Eclipse for twenty thousand dollars a side, four-mile heats, best two in three. The challenge was quickly accepted, and the Union Course in Queens County, L. I., which was founded in the previous year, was named as the battleground.

The horse selected by Colonel Johnson was John Richards, a son of the famous Sir Archy; but he became hopelessly lame, and Henry, the next best of Sir Archy's get, was substituted. There was the keenest rivalry between the horsemen of the North and the South, and during the winter of 1822-'23 the merits of the contestants were eagerly discussed by old and young of every Atlantic State.

On the day of the race, stands and grounds were black with spectators. After winning the first heat by a half length in seven minutes and thirty-seven seconds, Henry was beaten easily in the second and third. His Southern followers, many of whom journeyed from as far away as the Carolinas and Georgia to witness the battle of turf kings, were said to have lost more than a hundred thousand

dollars on the result. Colonel Johnson was the first to congratulate Mr. Stevens on the success of American Eclipse, and promptly challenged him to a second race, between the same horses, to be run six months later over the Washington Course, Charleston, for any sum from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a side. The challenge was not accepted, and American Eclipse and Henry never crossed each other's path again.

A TRIUMPH FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

On February 25, 1826, at the Washington Course, Bertrand, another son of Sir Archy, owned by Colonel J. R. Spann, of South Carolina, won a race which is regarded by turf historians as one of the most remarkable ever run. The other starters were Mr. Davenport's Aratus and Captain J. J. Harrison's Creeping Kate, and the distance was three miles, best two heats in three. Bertrand was an even money favorite, but after Aratus beat him home in the first heat and Creeping Kate did the same in the second, a few of his followers began to fear he would lose, and the field became a slight favorite at odds of four to three on. To-day such a disappointment would start a cry of fraud, the owner would be called into the stand, jockeys changed, and the betting sheets of the bookmakers examined. Moreover, nearly every man who originally wagered his money on the favorite would have begun to hedge after the first heat. But the great majority of Bertrand's backers remained loyal, and they had the satisfaction of seeing him nearly distance his two opponents in the third heat.

This put all three horses on an equal footing. Creeping Kate was drawn, and in the deciding heat Aratus and Bertrand ran from flag-fall to finish almost as one horse, the latter winning in a drive, under whip and spur, by half a length. Astonishing as a twelve-mile race in an afternoon may seem to the modern turfman, it was commonplace in ante-bellum days, when five heats of four miles each were occasionally found necessary in order to reach a decision.

Virginia and South Carolina became greatly wrought up over the race between Bonnets o' Blue and Clara Fisher, four-mile heats for five thousand dollars a side, run over the Washington Course, February 21, 1832. The result was disappointing to all concerned, as after each mare had won a heat, Clara Fisher broke down in the third, and finished far back, a hopeless cripple. Bonnets o' Blue repre-

sented Virginia; Clara Fisher, South Carolina. Among the judges were the mayors of Baltimore and Charleston.

KENTUCKY VERSUS LOUISIANA.

Venerable Kentuckians who no longer take an active interest in turf affairs will entertain you by the hour with stories of the races between Gray Eagle and Wagner, in the fall of 1839. Few of them actually witnessed this battle of giants, but they remember the fierce sectional rivalry that centered about it, and they heard its story told by many eye-witnesses in whose memory its incidents were fresh. Major B. G. Thomas, the veteran owner of the Dixiana stud, near Lexington, and breeder of Himyar, Ban Fox, Herzog, King Fox, Domino, Correction, and other noted thoroughbreds, is one of not more than a dozen persons now living who saw both races, and to hear him tell of them is one of the rarest privileges a young Kentuckian can have.

The battle-ground was the old Oakland Course, at Louisville, and the first contest took place on September 30. It was a four-mile heat sweepstakes, of twenty thousand dollars each, one thousand dollars forfeit, to which the gate receipts were added, and there were ten entries, four of which went to the post. John S. Garrison's Wagner, five years old, representing Louisiana, and Oliver & Dickey's Gray Eagle, four years old, representing Kentucky, admittedly had the prize at their mercy, so the other starters, Queen Mary and Hawk Eye, were not seriously considered. Wagner's impost was one hundred and ten pounds—ten pounds more than that of Gray Eagle—and in the betting the Louisiana horse was a strong favorite over the field. He won in straight heats, hard pressed all the way, and in the second ran four miles in seven minutes and forty-four seconds, a new record for the distance. Louisiana's delegation was overjoyed, and when the news reached New Orleans many impromptu celebrations were held. The Kentuckians were much downcast, and demanded another race.

Next day the Louisville papers stated that the owner of the Kentucky horse had challenged the Louisianian to a match for ten thousand dollars a side, and that the latter had declined. This was denied, but the incident caused the Oakland track management to arrange a special sweepstakes race for October 5. Hundreds went from the Blue Grass region to Louisville to witness it, and the crowd that gathered that day was the largest

ever seen on a similar occasion in the South. Gray Eagle elated the Kentuckians by winning the first heat, with very little urging, in seven minutes, fifty-one seconds; Wagner took the second, after a battle royal, in seven minutes, forty-three seconds.

The betting before the third and deciding heat was furious and reckless. Wealthy planters and breeders wagered thousands, and I was told by an eye-witness that the Louisianians risked more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of cotton. The splendid animals got away to a beautiful start, and Cato, a renowned jockey of that day, sent Wagner to the front, opening a gap of two lengths on Gray Eagle. Welsh had been instructed to ride a waiting race on the latter, so he trailed along, running easily during the first mile, and allowing his opponent to get five lengths ahead.

On beginning the last half of the second mile, Gray Eagle set sail, and closed the gap so quickly that a shout of joy went up from the crowd. Suddenly he faltered, almost fell, and stopped. The great horse was done for, and a death-like silence stole over the vast assemblage. Wagner passed the stand apparently unnoticed. Many rushed upon the track to find out what had happened, but the majority knew only too well, and thousands were crying:

"Gray Eagle has let down!"

The chivalry and the beauty of Kentucky were in the stand, and many hundreds of women wept piteously. The timers lost all interest in the running of Wagner during the next two miles, and he was allowed to finish without a watch being clicked.

THE GREAT BOSTON-FASHION MATCH.

Pages are devoted by the newspapers nowadays to descriptions of the crowds attracted by a Suburban Handicap or a Futurity, but unless history errs they have never chronicled such a gathering of the clans of sporting America as was seen at the Boston-Fashion race, run at the old Union Course on Long Island, May 10, 1842. It was a match for twenty thousand dollars a side, four-mile heats, and Fashion won in seven minutes, thirty-two and a half seconds, and seven minutes, forty-five seconds, the fastest time then on record. The winner carried one hundred and eleven pounds to Boston's one hundred and twenty-six—which, as Boston was nine years old and Fashion five, would be regarded to-day as an excessive penalty.

The race was a contest for supremacy between North and South. Boston came from Virginia, with the prestige of having defeated every horse of note he had ever met, to battle with Fashion, the beautiful and victorious daughter of

still alive say that nothing like it has since been seen.

A FORTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLAR RACE.

The richest race of olden days on the American turf was the Peyton Stakes,



AN OLD-TIME SUMMER MEETING AT SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

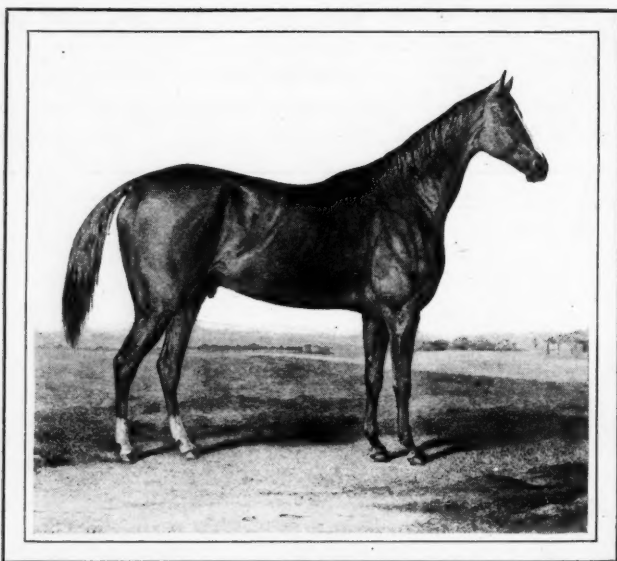
Bonnets o' Blue, then owned in New York. It was the first event of the kind since the contest between Henry and American Eclipse nearly twenty years before, and its outcome was widely discussed in England and America.

Members of the United States Supreme Court and a special delegation from the Senate and the House of Representatives, with many army and navy officers and foreign diplomats, journeyed from Washington to witness the contest. The beauty and fashion of the East gathered on the famous course, and at the hour of starting the crowd was said to have numbered nearly seventy thousand. The entire field inside of the track was black with humanity; the stands were filled to overflowing; roofs of near-by buildings were covered, and convenient trees were laden with spectators. Thousands paid ten dollars each for admission to special enclosures in front of the stand. Before the race started, however, the crowd broke down all barriers, parts of the stands gave way, tree limbs broke, and roofs were crushed in, hundreds of persons being more or less seriously injured. The few spectators of the match who are

run at Nashville, October 10, 1843. It was for four-year-olds, four-mile heats, and had thirty subscribers at five thousand dollars each, one thousand dollars forfeit. There were only four starters, so the value of the purse was forty-six thousand dollars, an amount that has only been exceeded a few times since. As a matter of fact, the race probably netted more actual cash to the winner than any ever held in the United States. For the prize money of the Futurity and other big stakes of the present day sometimes includes bills for forfeits amounting to more than ten thousand dollars. Peytona won the Peyton Stakes after a memorable contest of four heats. In 1845 she was sent to New York to measure strides with Fashion in what may be called the third great match between the North and the South. This time the South won, and Peytona became the undisputed queen of the turf.

LEXINGTON'S RACES WITH LECOMPTÉ.

A series of races that will live as long in turf history as any ever run in America are those between Lexington and Lecompte, which took place in 1854 and



BOSTON, THE VIRGINIA THOROUGHBRED DEFEATED BY FASHION IN A MATCH MEMORABLE IN AMERICAN TURF HISTORY.

1855 over the Metairie Course at New Orleans. Both horses were sons of the great Boston. They were of the same age, and each had performed so brilliantly that there was almost a national demand for a race between them. Indeed, feeling in the South ran high, and the first contest was strictly an inter-State affair. It was run on April 1, 1854, and was called the Great State Post Stakes, for all ages, open to any State that might have a horse fast enough to match against the kings.

A condition was that each subscribing State should name three responsible citizens to sign the articles of agreement, select her entry, and represent her at the contest. For Kentucky they were James B. Clay—a son of Henry Clay—Willa Viley, and James K. Duke, and her entry was the famous Lexington, then a three-year-old. Lecompte represented Mississippi, whose commissioners were P. B. Starke, John C. Ince, and John Linton. Two other horses were also entered—Highlander, for Alabama, and Arrow, another son of Boston, for Louisiana. Such imposing preliminaries were unusual even in those days of sport for sport's sake. The prosaic and strictly businesslike racing man of the present would have none of them. The whole affair was conducted on a plane so high that jobbery or foul play was not even hinted at by the most pessimistic.

Lexington won the Great State Post Stakes in straight heats, having had a hard fight most of the way with Lecompte. The race was really between these two, as Highlander and Arrow were never prominent. Kentuckians were, of course, jubilant over the result, and were ready to back their idol against any horse on either side of the Atlantic. Citizens of the Gulf States, however, were not at all satisfied; so the owners of Lecompte and Lexington entered them seven days later in a Jockey Club purse for two thousand

dollars. Imagine a horse of the present day starting in two four-mile heat races within a week.

This time the betting was as lively and reckless as on the race between Gray Eagle and Wagner at Louisville, years before. The planters again risked their cotton, and again they won the Kentuckians' cash, for Lecompte turned the tables on his renowned kinsman, beating him in straight heats in seven minutes, twenty-six seconds, and seven minutes, thirty-eight seconds and three quarters. Lexington made a gallant fight, but Lecompte was his superior at every stage of the contest. Richard Ten Broeck, owner of the former, claimed that his horse was pulled up by mistake at the end of the third mile in the first heat, the time of which was the fastest on record up to that date; and while gracefully accepting defeat, he offered to bet twenty-five thousand to twenty thousand dollars that Lexington could beat seven minutes and twenty-six seconds a year later in a four-mile trial over the Metairie Course, or in October, 1854, over the Union Course on Long Island. Southerners accepted the challenge, each side deposited five thousand dollars forfeit with the proprietors of the Astor House, in New York, and the trial was made at New Orleans on April 2, 1855. Not only was the record beaten, but the four miles were run in seven minutes, nineteen seconds and three

quarters. Turfmen marveled at such whirlwind speed, and for nearly twenty years afterwards students of thoroughbred development declared that Lexington's time would never be equaled.

Of course, we know that Fellowcraft ran four miles in a quarter of a second less time in 1874; that Ten Broeck did it in seven minutes, fifteen seconds and three quarters in 1876, and that the present record for the distance is seven

and Lexington had a walk-over. The former was taken to England, where he started once, but failed to win, and died in 1857. Lexington lost his eyesight shortly after the race, and was sold to R. A. Alexander, of the famous Woodburn Farm, Spring Station, Kentucky, for fifteen thousand dollars. Friends twitted Mr. Alexander for paying such an amount for a blind horse, and he replied by offering to bet a good



FASHION, THE FAMOUS DAUGHTER OF BONNETS O' BLUE, WINNER OF THE MATCH WITH BOSTON, FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE, RUN AT UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, MAY 10, 1842.

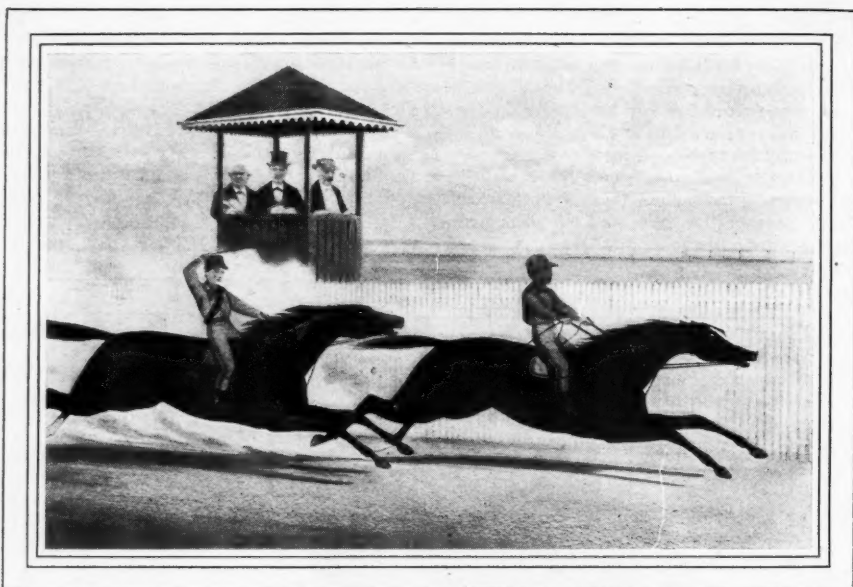
minutes, eleven seconds, made by Lucretia Borgia at Oakland, California, in 1897. The latter's performance is not regarded as being nearly so remarkable as that of Ten Broeck, however, as she had only eighty-five pounds up. When The Bachelor ran four miles in seven minutes, sixteen seconds and a half, also at Oakland, in February, 1899, and carrying one hundred and thirteen pounds, it was really a more meritorious achievement.

Lexington's time performance again aroused the owner of Lecompte, and as a consequence the great rivals met in a third race at New Orleans, April 14, 1855. This proved a very one-sided affair, as Lecompte, after being badly beaten in the first heat, was withdrawn,

round sum that he would sell one of Lexington's colts for more money than the horse cost him. The wager was accepted, and a few years later he won it by disposing of Norfolk to Theodore Winters, of California, for one dollar more than fifteen thousand.

OTHER FAMOUS NAMES OF TURF HISTORY.

The Longfellow and Harry Bassett races at Saratoga and Long Branch, in 1872, attracted a great deal of attention. Hundreds of men still actively engaged in racing witnessed them, and one doesn't have to go far to hear how Longfellow was backed for thousands in the final contest, and how he finished on three legs. Although he was defeated, it was one of the grandest exhibitions of grit



THE GREAT RACE BETWEEN LONGFELLOW AND HARRY BASSETT, AT LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY, JULY 2, 1872—THIS WAS WON BY LONGFELLOW, BUT AT SARATOGA, ON JULY 16, HARRY BASSETT TURNED THE TABLES ON HIS RIVAL.

and stamina ever seen. The engraving on page 289 shows how primitive, in comparison with the lavish luxury of to-day, were the surroundings of the Saratoga track at the period of the Longfellow-Bassett contest.

Many people think that Tom Bowling, a contemporary of these two horses, was as fine a type of the thoroughbred as America ever produced. It is an interesting fact that his pedigree was very short. Indeed, many authorities declared that he was not really thoroughbred; but Colonel Sanders D. Bunce pronounced his first five crosses all right, and registered him in the stud-book. Tom Bowling's performances were numerous and brilliant. The late Benjamin G. Bruce assured me that he once timed him a third quarter-mile, around a turn, in nineteen seconds and a half—a burst of speed that no horse ever showed before or since.

THE LAST OF THE OLD-TIME RACES.

Probably the last of the great four-mile-heat races was that between Ten Broeck and Molly McCarthy, at Louisville, in May, 1878, on which a quarter of a million of dollars is said to have been wagered. Ten Broeck was the fastest horse, at all distances, that had appeared

up to that time, holding the mile, two-mile, and four-mile records, not to mention several for fractional distances. Kentuckians, with their usual enthusiasm, voted him invincible. "Lucky" Baldwin's great mare Molly McCarthy was his one serious rival—at least she was thought to be—and as she hailed from California, the match between them was a battle of East and West. Kentucky's candidate won in the first heat, distancing Molly McCarthy, who broke down. To this day one may hear Blue Grass negroes chanting:

I bet my money on Ten Broeck
'Case I knowed he'd win de race;
He made Miss Molly bite de dust,
An' she ain't showed her face.

Races at shorter distances came into favor soon after the Civil War, but four-mile heats and four-mile dashes did not go out of style until late in the seventies. Occasionally one hears of a race of this distance nowadays. It is regarded as a freak event, however, and valuable horses are not entered for it.

There is no doubt that the thoroughbred has practically reached the limit of its development so far as speed and symmetry of form are concerned; but there is reason to fear that stamina and courage have been sacrificed to sprinting ability.

THE STAGE

A BALANCE TO THE BAD.

The new season has begun, with the same old story to tell of it—more poor offerings than good ones. In New York, the very first gun—"Military Mad," a Leo Ditrichstein farce—missed fire, while the second venture, "The Isle of

Spice," a so-called "musical mixture," proved an unmixed horror. Possessing neither wit, coherence, nor even the shadow of originality, padded with driveling dialogue and unspeakable horse-play, to lift the curtain on such a concoction in a Broadway house was an affront to met-



DOROTHY DONNELLY, WHO CREATED CANDIDA IN ARNOLD DALY'S PRODUCTION OF THE NOW FAMOUS BERNARD SHAW COMEDY.

From her latest photograph by Savory, New York.

ropolitan theater-goers. But it was not the ear alone that was tortured. Garish colors and meaningless properties persistently offended the eye, and the trail over all was money-supplied by some de-

character should be admitted to first-class New York theaters is fresh testimony to the scarcity of plays at a period when there exists an over-supply of play-houses. There is still further evidence in



MAUD DURBIN, WIFE OF OTIS SKINNER AND APPEARING WITH HIM IN "THE HARVESTER."

From a photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

luded "angel," and wasted in a brainless striving after striking effects.

In the same category with "The Isle of Spice" belongs "The Royal Chef," another musical comedy, which reached, if possible, a deeper limit of inanity. That "attractions" of this imbecile

the opening of a theater like the Broadway with the roof-garden show from atop of the New Amsterdam—"A Little of Everything." To be sure, this "vaudeville entertainment" lasted the summer out at the Aerial Theater, but Klaw and Erlanger would not send such a thin en-



LULU GLASER, IN THE LAST ACT OF "A MADCAP PRINCESS."
From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

tainment on the road had they anything more substantial in which to place their two new acquisitions—Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey.

Just here lies another evil of the star system. Different managers make a bid for the services of certain "artists," eager to secure them before some rival showman closes a contract. If suitable material is at hand in which to display their talents, well and good; if not, their salary goes on just the same, so something must be hatched up in which to place them. Hence the flood of froth and fool-

ishness with which the contemporary stage is deluged.

The Offenbach review, forming the third act of "A Little of Everything," carries a suggestion to managers in this emergency. It is made up of the most tuneful number from each of the famous Offenbach operettas, including Pete Dailey as *General Boom* in "La Grande Duchesse" and Miss Templeton as *Rose* in "La Jolie Parfumeuse." The only trouble with such an innovation—lifted from the Moulin Rouge, in Paris—is that its twenty minutes of real merit make



DOROTHY TENNANT, WHO IS JANE WITHERSPOON, THE COLLEGE WIDOW, IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY OF THAT NAME.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

the two odd hours of the rest of the program all the more dreary by contrast.

Farce was the third essay of the new season's first week, with James K. Hackett its sponsor, and Arthur Byron for star. Poor Byron! A son of Oliver Doud Byron, of "Across the Continent" memory, a nephew of Ada Rehan, and long an important member in John Drew's company, he has fallen on evil days since he essayed to go it alone. For the past two years he has been "military mad," and came successive croppers with "Petticoats and Bayonets" and with Clyde Fitch's "Major André" sandwiched between leading business for Mary Mannering. Now, in "Jack's Little Surprise," he impersonated the distracted husband, innocent of any wrong, but saddled with the misdemeanors of others.

But on what trifling things do judgments of plays hang! The night of the opening performance at the Princess happened to be warm, and after the first act the critics went out to cool off. They found the air so agreeable that they lingered until some time after the curtain had risen on the second act, and so missed the explanation of why an Egyptian girl, locked up in a trunk in Cairo, is not starved to death by the time she reaches New York.

It must be admitted that even to one who sat glued to his seat all the evening there was much to puzzle over in the play, which nevertheless moved rapidly, and held closely to one of the fundamental rules of comedy writing—letting the audience into the secret while the players are in the dark.

The fatal fault in "Jack's Little Surprise" is its lack of simplicity. Take the comedy hits of last season—"The Other Girl," "The Secret of Polichinelle," "The Dictator," and "The County Chairman," the two latter of which reopened the houses they had closed in the early summer. All four are based on incidents that could be summed up in a very brief synop-

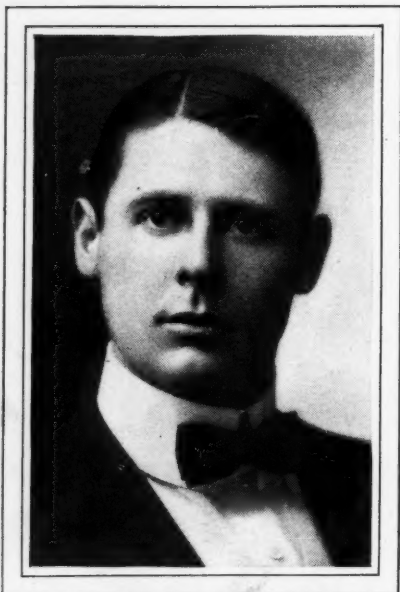


GABRIELLE REJANE, THE FRENCH ACTRESS, TO MAKE HER SECOND STARRING TOUR OF AMERICA THIS SEASON.

From her latest photograph by Savory, New York.

sis, perhaps of not more than five hundred words. But try to tell the theme of "Jack's Little Surprise," of "Military Mad," or of any of last year's comedy failures in as brief a compass, and you would have trouble at once. The public goes to the theater to be entertained, not puzzled. If it wished the latter amusement, it would pick out an evening with Herrmann or Kellar. This is the reason so many of the dramatized novels fall by the wayside; the effort to follow the story results in a tangle which keeps the audience guessing.

To return to the first week of the New York season, its most pronounced hit was



ROBERT LORAIN, TO STAR IN BERNARD SHAW'S
"MAN AND SUPERMAN," AND NOW APPEARING
IN "TAPS."

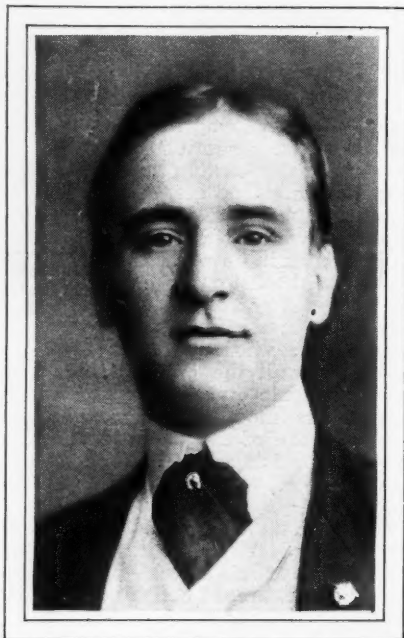
From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

reserved for the most unpretentious offering of the four, "Girls Will Be Girls," at the Fourteenth Street Theater. Frankly labeled "Just nonsense—that's all," with American village life for background, this musical comedy has a refreshing breeziness in grateful contrast to the meaningless tinsel and glitter of the mapless countries which have served so long as the librettist's mainstay. Al Leech is starred in the piece, and the management declares that in order to do so he gave up an income of twelve hundred dollars a week on the vaudeville stage for one sixth of that salary in his present post. The accuracy of these figures may be doubted, but a glance at the playbills of both the continuous houses and those devoted to the so-called legitimate would seem to bear out the statement that in many cases players leave variety for the stage proper because they have been successes, and quit the drama for the "halls" because they have met with disaster. Mr. Leech brought with him from vaudeville the Three Rosebuds, who are featured along with him in "Girls Will Be Girls," which is the work of the makers of "Foxy Grandpa"—R. Melville Baker, son of the George M. Baker who wrote the

dialogues some of us used to speak at school exhibitions, and Joseph Hart, who acted the *Grandpa* aforesaid.

An agreeable feature of "Girls Will Be Girls" is the absence of that servile imitation of former successes which is fast disgusting the public with the new musical shows. The Rogers Brothers' latest trip—to Paris, this time—is an example in point. From "Ben Hur" comes the panoramic effect of moving scenery against the revolving wheels of a stationary automobile; from "The Wizard of Oz," the introduction of animals into the action; from "Woodland," a song with chorus girls dressed as parakeets, while last year's "Under the Sycamore Tree" becomes "By the Old Oak Tree." But after seven years of writing for the same men, one can scarcely expect startling originality from John J. McNally, the Rogers Brothers' librettist.

Weber & Fields made the same mistake. Each year their burlesque was from the same hand, and in due course the series came to pall upon their audiences. "The dresses cost a lot of money," was the comment overheard on "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," and this just about sizes up the standard of



JOHN P. BRAWN, APPEARING AS SKEEZICKS, A
BILLY BAXTER LAD, IN "OUR NEW MINISTER."

From a photograph by Kirkland, Denver.

the entertainment, which, nevertheless, drew big houses.

CANDIDA'S CREATOR.

Dorothy Donnelly's fad is house-build-

Donnelly; "though I admit my way of building houses is only a branch of the air-castle building union.

"I study for hours on plans for a little place of my own in the country, and pur-



GEORGIA CAINE, WHO PLAYS A LEADING RÔLE IN GEORGE ADE'S NEWEST OPERA, "THE SHO-GUN."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

ing. Not that her leisure moments are actively occupied with brick and mortar, or enlivened by the ring of hammer on nail; on the contrary, they are passed in serious contemplation of fascinating plans and diagrams—in books.

"Really more substantial, after all, than the average air-castle," said Miss

chase every book of designs I can lay my hands on. The publishers know my weakness, and I get circulars and books, 'A Hundred Plans for a Thousand-Dollar House,' and so on, daily. If only somebody would get out 'A thousand Plans for a Hundred-Dollar House,' I'd be tempted to buy the whole edition."

"Why don't you get up such a book yourself, Miss Donnelly?"

"I'd like to, and might try it if I weren't so busy doing other things," she admitted frankly.

time have so many people rushed eagerly home from a performance to roll up their sleeves and set to work in a fine frenzy to praise or persecute. Bernard Shaw's heroine has been ruthlessly pulled apart,



NINA BLAKE, APPEARING IN "THE ROYAL CHEF."

From a photograph by Coover, Chicago.

Besides being busy in her own profession, the magazine-reader can easily imagine Miss Donnelly working very hard to keep up with the criticisms, the charges, and the counter-charges that "Candida" has aroused. Not for a long

she has been called all sorts and conditions of names, she has been lauded to the skies for possessing all the womanly charms and attributes which the other side scathingly denies her.

Miss Donnelly, naturally delighted at



FRANCES RING, SISTER OF BLANCHE RING, NOW PLAYING LUCY RIGBY IN "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



EFFIE SHANNON, STARRING JOINTLY WITH HERBERT KELCEY IN THE GERMAN MILITARY COMEDY, "TAPS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

her success in the rôle, looks on in something of amazement at the high tide of interest taken in the play, but diplomatically keeps away from the breakers.

Henry V. Donnelly's stock company at the Murray Hill Theater was the training-school for his sister Dorothy; there she played all sorts of rôles, little and big, ranging from Shakespearian tragedy to the oddest of character parts. It was training of the most valuable kind, and Miss Donnelly always refers to her school-days there in terms of the warmest gratitude. In writing of the work of that troupe, one critic said:

"All honor to the popular-price stock

companies when they turn out so admirable an artist as Miss Dorothy Donnelly."

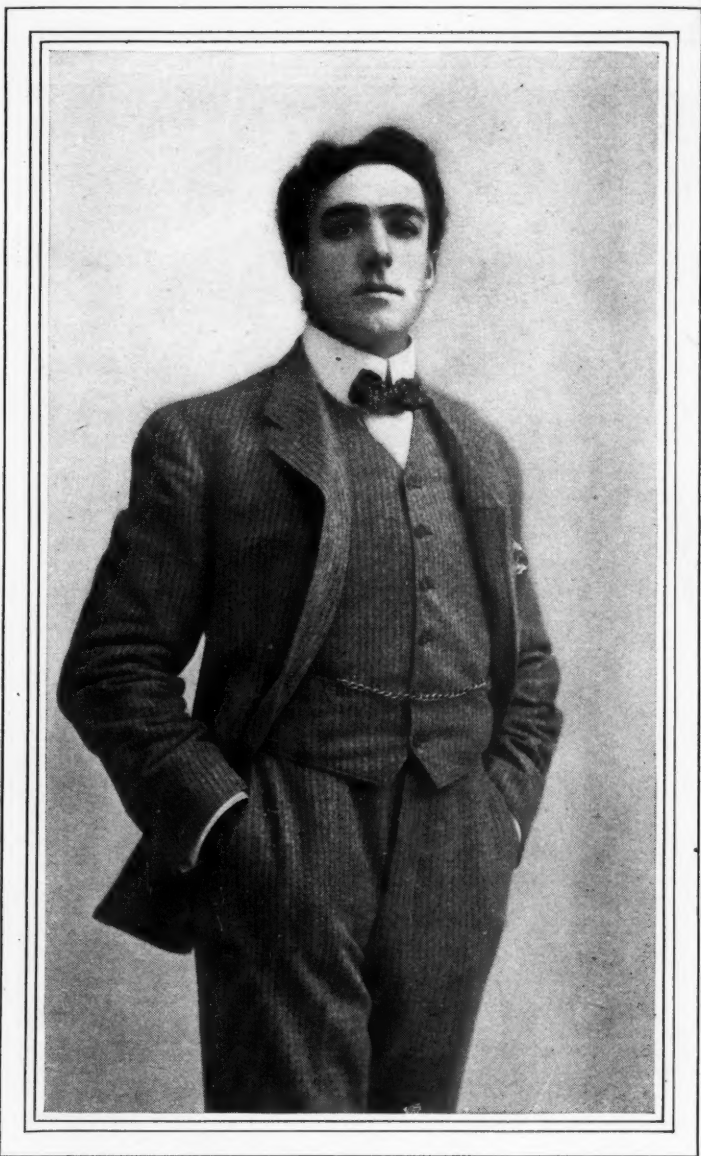
Mme. Alvarez in Robert Edeson's production of "Soldiers of Fortune" was created by Miss Donnelly, and preceded her venture in "Candida" with Arnold Daly. So successful has young Daly's enterprise proved that the little company recently made the "big jump," going out to San Francisco to give the Shaw play for two weeks only.

THE PICK OF THE "CABBAGE PATCH."

Mrs. Wiggs did not take New York by storm, as some expected she might, after

hearing reports of the comedy that drifted in from all quarters, and learning that the management had reserved the

must see, whether he cares for things of the sort or not. And much of it every one will enjoy. It has the sort of fun



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, STARRING IN PINERO'S NEWEST PLAY, "LETTY."

From his latest photograph by Savony, New York.

entire season for its stay at the Savoy. It may run throughout the winter, in spite of its cool reception by the critics. It is a play that every one will think he

which makes you laugh, not because you think you must laugh to get the worth of your money, but because you can't help yourself. And you will come away

and tell some one else about the furtive eyes and absurd get-up of *Miss Hazy*, and he or she will in turn tell another friend, and thus the play's clientage

"The Christian"; the elder sister, *Susan Throssell*, with Maude Adams, when the latter played "Quality Street" in 1901, and it would be no rash prophet who



MIRIAM NESBITT, WHO WAS LUCY RIGBY LAST SEASON IN "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

will be built up by the praise of individual hearers.

Helen Lowell, creator of the pessimistic *Miss Hazy*, undeniably dominates the excellent company provided by the Liebbers. She was the second *Polly Love* in

would foresee her name blazing in electric letters over some Broadway entrance within a couple of years, so keenly do audiences take to her work in "Mrs. Wiggs." She has a capital partner, too, in Will Hodge, as *Mr. Stubbins*, who

secures her for a life-partner through a matrimonial bureau, only to find that the pies he thought she baked were the work of another. Mr. Hodge made his first hit in 1900 as the village painter in Herne's "Sag Harbor," and his latest New York appearance was with another rural play, "Sky Farm."

Madge Carr Cooke, the *Mrs. Wiggs*, is the mother of Eleanor Robson, who has just made a London hit in "Merely Mary Ann." Mrs. Cooke was first brought to the notice of metropolitan playgoers as the widow in "The Climbers."

Oddly enough, of the two boys' parts, one is played by a man, the other by a boy. *Chris Hazy*, the peg-legged youth with a limb bent back inside his trousers, falls to Taylor Granville, who is over thirty, while *Billy Wiggs* is done by Argyle Campbell, who is just sixteen. He is the son of Lucia Moore, of the Memphis stock, and on his father's side claims the crest of the Scottish ducal house of Argyle. He was the boy in "Audrey," and was suggested by Miss Robson to create *Billy*.

Lovey Mary, *Billy's* sweetheart, is sympathetically rendered by Mabel Taliaferro, who was last season with Millie James—now married and off the boards—in "The Little Princess."

As a play proper, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" does not cut enough ice to stock a baby refrigerator, but it has enough fun and real human nature in it to win out in spite of that handicap.

AS TO MRS. OTIS SKINNER.

Maud Durbin, wife of Otis Skinner, comes from Denver, and began her stage career as an amateur. She became so infatuated with the art that she obtained an engagement with Mme. Modjeska, and was playing minor rôles in her company when she met Mr. Skinner, at that time (the season of 1893-'94) co-star with the Polish actress.

The next autumn Mr. Skinner developed into a star on his own account, starting out in Clyde Fitch's romantic play, "His Grace de Grammont," with Miss Durbin in his support. She also took part in his two next plays, "The King's Jester" and "Villon, the Vagabond." The two plighted their troth in a New Orleans garden, and were married in the spring of 1895.

Unlike many couples in the profession, they did not go separate ways for the sake of increased income, but Mrs. Skinner took the lead in her husband's company, and made a hit as the subject of the

young French dauphin's adoration in "Lazarre." This autumn she creates the part of *Aline* in "The Harvester," the adaptation of Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau."

M. Richepin enjoys a great reputation as a dramatist in his own country, but this is the first time his work has been done in America, although Mr. Skinner gave a few representations of the piece in the West last spring. It was Richepin who had the quarrel with Belasco over the ground work of Mrs. Carter's play, "Du Barry."

"The Harvester" is a poetic play, a type which American theater-goers are not as a rule over ready to accept. But "Cyrano de Bergerac" succeeded, and by the time these lines are read, the fate of "The Harvester" will doubtless have been decided.

FAVERSHAM, AND SOME OTHERS IN "LETTY."

Apropos of married couples appearing in the same company, there is a double set of them in Pinero's newest play, "Letty," with which William Faversham opened his fourth season as a star—Mr. Faversham and his wife Julie Opp being one couple, Fritz Williams and Katherine Florence the other.

"Letty," the work of the foremost of living English dramatists, is neither so unpleasant as its immediate predecessor, "Iris," nor so humorous as "The Gay Lord Quex," while it lacks the strength of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nevertheless, it unequivocally maintains its author's reputation, and seems to have won the favor of the public. While frankly of the problem order, the play conveys a moral lesson of such real power that the old lady who began to put on her bonnet in horror at one stage of the performance must have felt, a little later, that no sermon in church could have tended more in the direction of clean living than the renunciation act of *Letty* and *Letchmere*.

This, however, is by the way. Nobody is going to the theater to learn to be good. Is the play worth seeing, and how do the actors acquit themselves?—that is all the public wants to know about new offerings. In this case, the first question may be answered in the affirmative. As to the second, a difference of opinion seems to exist among the first-night reviewers. One of them claims that Carlotta Nillson, in the name part, is the only really worthy player in the cast, while another holds that "unfortunately she somehow missed the mark," and as-

signs all the credit to Mr. Faversham, whom the other sapient critic finds sadly wanting.

Miss Nillson made a hit last fall in the part of *Mrs. Elvsted* with Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." She is of Swedish birth, but most of her life has been spent in this country. Great things were predicted of her after *Mrs. Elvsted*, but a tendency to imitate Mrs. Fiske must be checked if she expects to realize these expectations.

Mr. Faversham's vehicle last season was "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," of which he did not make a go, although later it turned out a winner in London, with Lewis Waller. It was with a Waller success, "A Royal Rival," that Faversham began his starring career, after graduating as leading man of the now defunct Empire stock company.

Faversham is an Englishman, and came to this country in the later eighties, appearing for two seasons in small parts with the old Lyceum stock company on Fourth Avenue. His hit in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," at Wallack's, resulted in his engagement for the Empire troupe, where he first filled second rôles to Henry Miller—*Ned Annesley*, the youth, in "Sowing the Wind" and *Lord Skene*, the villain, in "The Masqueraders." The first Empire play in which he created the leading part—"Under the Red Robe"—had the longest run of any piece brought out by that company.

Julie Opp was a writer for magazines before she went on the stage. She is a New Yorker, but her first appearance was made at the St. James' Theater, London, where she played for several seasons before coming back to her native city and appearing at the Lyceum as the *Princess* in Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly." It is certainly a big jump downward from this character to the Cockney shop-girl of "Letty," which Miss Opp doubtless accepted for the sake of being in the same company with her husband.

But the entire cast is made up of sterling stuff. A very small rôle is done with splendid art by Olive Oliver, who was *Calypso* last season in "Ulysses." To Sidney Herbert, a leading player on Augustin Daly's roster, falls a character that is little more than shadowy.

FIRST AID TO COMIC OPERA.

Charles B. Dillingham has come to the rescue of comic opera with a device so simple that it seems marvelous no one

had thought to adopt it before. Time and time again has a clever company and tuneful music been hurried to fiasco by a dull or foolish libretto. Last spring Mr. Dillingham, who made a small fortune out of Maxine Elliott's success with "Her Own Way," and did well with Fritz Scheff in "Babette," conceived an idea. Possibly the fact that he was associated with Julia Marlowe suggested it to him, for it was nothing less than the scheme of setting "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to music.

Miss Glaser fairly revels in *Mary Tudor*, so perhaps it is cruel to remind the public that it was as another English maiden of about the same period that she made her first and least successful essay as a star. This was "Sweet Anne Page," in the autumn of 1900, just after she ended her engagement as Francis Wilson's leading woman. Her last part in Wilson's company was *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was as ill-adapted to music as "Knighthood" has proved susceptible to a lyric setting.

When Lulu Glaser was a very young girl in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, it was her ambition to become a member of Francis Wilson's company. She was so persistent that finally, in the hope of having the idea crushed out of her head by proving its absolute hopelessness, her father let her go to New York to try her luck. Armed with a letter of introduction from her music master, the sixteen-year-old girl walked into Mr. Wilson's office one morning and announced her desire, declaring that she was quite willing to start in the chorus and work her way up. The very boldness of the request caught the attention of Mr. Canby, Francis Wilson's manager, and he arranged for her to sing to Signor De Novellis, the leader of the Wilson orchestra, who now fills the same post with "A Madeap Princess."

The result of the test was so favorable that Miss Glaser was put on as understudy to Marie Jansen in "The Lion Tamer." That was the beginning of a career with Mr. Wilson that continued for ten years, so that Lulu Glaser enjoys the unique experience of having had only a single engagement before she became a star, and of having filled the post of prima donna before she had been a whole season in the company.

Mr. Dillingham's idea of using plays for librettos has been employed also in the case of Fritz Scheff, whose "Two Roses," by Stanislaus Stange and Ludwig Engländer, is an adaptation of

Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." His "Vicar of Wakefield" is also to be set to music.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

Brimming over with youth and humor, "The College Widow" has made a hit which has no recent precedent. George Ade evidently wrote it in the full enthusiasm of his success, and Henry W. Savage has provided a cast of the snuggest possible fit. The plot is simple, almost non-existent, in fact, but so clever is the character-drawing, and so deftly are the entrances and exits handled, that there is never any perceptible slackening of interest.

It looks now as if the actors would find it as difficult to dissociate themselves from their parts in "The Widow" as did the players in "Trilby," brought out at this same Garden Theater just ten years ago. The title rôle falls to Dorothy Tennant, another of the multitudinous California girls who have come so rapidly to the front. She has been on the stage only four years, her first chance having been given her by Mary Mannering, to whom she brought a letter of introduction. Miss Mannering selected her to appear at an Actors' Fund Benefit on Broadway, with herself and Mrs. Whiffen in "White Roses."

This secured her an engagement for the Chicago lead in "Lovers' Lane," after which Miss Tennant did Maxine Elliott's part in a road troupe with "When We Were Twenty-One." Last season she was understudy to Sandol Milliken in "Ranson's Folly," and also played *Mary, Queen of Scots* with Bertha Galland in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

The principal male part, *Billy Bolton*, the half back, enticed by *Jane* for the team from the rival college, is done by Frederick Truesdell, formerly of Augustin Daly's company, who has not been seen in New York in four years.

Capital work comes from Gertrude Quinlan, as the unsmiling, dunning daughter of the boarding-house keeper, with her movable chignon and rasping "r's." Miss Quinlan was brought up in the Castle Square troupe, and created *Chiquita*, wife No. 1, in "The Sultan of Sulu." This is her first appearance in a show minus music.

Another rôle that stands out is that of *Bub*, the hayseed freshman, who soon develops into *Sport*, the college enthusiast. Frederick Burton, who plays it, was *Stephen Tully*, in "Sky Farm." Morgan

Coman, the student who keeps things moving, enacted the young soldier who received so many letters in "The Cavalier," and has since been with Hackett.

THE STORY OF REJANE.

It was Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" which lifted Gabrielle Réjane to world-wide fame eleven years ago. Not long afterwards she played the part in New York, where it had been done just previously by Kathryn Kidder.

Réjane—or Réju, to give her her real name, breathed the atmosphere of the playhouse from her birth. She has acted in all the theaters of Paris, and is the wife of the manager of one of them—M. Porel, of the Vaudeville. At fourteen she entered the Conservatoire, and studied hard with the first prize in view. Winning this two years in succession would have secured her an engagement at the Comédie Française. She won it the first year, but secured only second honors the next, the judges assigning as their reason her shortness of stature and her odd little face. But Sarcey, the famous French critic, who had seen her work at the school, praised it so highly that a position at the Vaudeville was offered her.

Her first real hit was made in 1888 with "M. de Morat." A recent Paris success of hers is "La Montasier," but it is scarcely likely that she will be seen in that here, as her managers think it not adapted to American taste. Her performances will, of course, be given in French, just as Bernhardt's are, and her leading man will be M. Demesnil, who created the hero in the Paris performance of "Resurrection."

The only person who ever spoke English in one of Mme. Réjane's representations is her small daughter Germaine. This was in 1899, when the company was giving "Nora" at the Knickerbocker, in New York. The child had an English governess, and it is said to be the mother's ambition that one day she shall play here in the tongue of the land.

IN "TAPS."

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon had not been seen on Broadway for some two seasons until this fall. Meantime they have been doing good business on the road with "Sherlock Holmes." Now they have gone into the line of original production again with "Taps," a translation from the German; and in spite of the somber nature of the piece, they have made a profound im-

pression. Indeed, so tense is the interest excited by several of the scenes that the play scarcely needs such adventitious aid as may be gained from the announcement that official circles in the Fatherland frowned on it severely, as infringing on the proper dignity of the Kaiser's army.

Effie Shannon, by birth a New England girl, was one of the cast in the play that laid the foundation stone of Charles Frohman's fortunes. This was "Shenandoah," which he had seen in Boston, and for which he had secured the New York rights. He brought it out at the old Star Theater, where the initial performance was given under his management on September 9, 1889. Miss Shannon's part was *Jennie Buckthorn*. Fellow players who have since become stars were Henry Miller, Wilton Lackaye, Viola Allen, and Nannette Comstock, just starting out at the head of "The Crisis."

When the company was shifted to Proctor's, on Twenty-Third Street, two months later, Miss Shannon left to join the organization which lifted her into prominence, and where she met Mr. Kelcey. This was the old Lyceum stock, her first part there being *Bess Van Buren* in "The Charity Ball." The play ran out the season. Next winter, at the same house, Miss Shannon played another part she enjoyed greatly, that of *Kate Merriweather* in "The Idler."

After four years of what might be called "gushy" rôles, she became ambitious for work with more sinew and fiber to it. The late Charles Coghlan and his sister Rose were about to play together at the Fifth Avenue, and with them Miss Shannon appeared in "Lady Barter" and "A Woman of No Importance." After that she was seen with Mrs. Langtry at Wallack's in "Gossip," and toward the end of 1895 she joined Olga Nethersole's support, doing *Nichette* in "Camille" and *Dolores* in "Carmen." The next star with whom she threw in her lot was William H. Crane. She succeeded Annie O'Neill as *Nell Billings* in "His Wife's Father," and created *Marjorie* in "A Fool of Fortune."

It was during this engagement that the starring bee began buzzing in her bonnet and Herbert Kelcey's simultaneously; but as so often happens, the initial venture did not prove a winner. This was a play by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, "A Coat of Many Colors," brought out at Wallack's in the autumn of 1897.

During the ensuing winter Mr. Kelcey ran across Clyde Fitch, who had not yet been lifted to the dramatic heights by his triple hit with "The Climbers," "Lovers' Lane," and "Captain Jinks." Mr. Fitch spoke of having a play, which he had elaborated from a one-act sketch, "The Harvest," done the previous year by that weird organization, the Theater of Arts and Letters. On hearing it read, Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon decided at once in its favor, and on St. Valentine's Day, 1898, they brought out their biggest success, "The Moth and the Flame."

This carried them triumphantly through two or three seasons, and then—their hearts, perhaps, being warmed by their good fortune—they accepted another play from Mrs. Ryley, who again brought disaster with "My Lady Dainty." But worse was to come. A little later they appeared in Theodore Burt Sayre's dramatization of "Manon Lescaut," and escaped from this only to fall into the clutches of Martha Morton's "Her Lord and Master."

In "Taps," Miss Shannon is the only woman in the cast. Mr. Kelcey acts the part of her father, and that of the lover falls to Robert Loraine.

Mr. Loraine is an Englishman, who first came over here in 1901 as the hero in the ill-fated "To Have and To Hold." His father, a tragedian, did not wish his boy to enter the profession; but when only fifteen, at school in Cheshire, Robert ran away to Liverpool and secured a position in some sort of a sailors' playhouse, at less than four dollars a week. On this sum he contrived to live, and to learn six new parts a week, each piece being done twice nightly, a custom that obtains in all the lower-class music-halls of England. He has been on the stage practically ever since.

Some of his London engagements included leading work at the Garrick and St. James'. In New York, he was with Grace George for two seasons in *David Garrick*. When Aubrey Boucicault brought out his version of "Old Heidelberg," Loraine acted the part of the unhappy *Prince's* best friend at the university. Last summer he was in vaudeville as the English officer in the Chinese playlet, "A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin."

In "Man and Superman" he is to create a character part, which does not call for special make-up, but will give him something altogether new and striking to do.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

XXI (Continued).

ROGER postponed the inquiry after the lieutenant which was on his lips. It was evident to him—and to all—that something serious had happened; that the girl before them was not the girl who had ridden away but yesterday with so brave a heart. But, freed from that fear of the worst which the *vicomte* had entertained, they knew not what to think. Some signs of shock, some evidences of such an experience as she had passed through, were natural; but the reaction should have cast her into their arms, not withheld her; should have flung her weeping on her sister's shoulder, not frozen her in this strange apathy.

The abbess, indeed, who had recovered from the paroxysm of gratitude into which Bonne's return had cast her, eyed her sister with some shadow of terror. Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, suggested to her mind an explanation of her sister's condition, adequate and more than adequate. A secret alarm kept her silent, therefore; while the young countess, painfully aware that she had escaped all that Bonne had suffered, was overwhelmed with new remorse. For the others, they did not know what to think; and, stealthily reading one another's eyes, felt doubts that they dared not acknowledge.

"Perhaps it were better," the duke muttered, "if we left *mademoiselle* in the care of her sister?"

But low as he spoke, Bonne heard. She raised her head wearily.

"This does not lie with her," she said.

The abbess breathed more freely. The color came back to her cheeks. She sat upright, relieved from the secret fear that had oppressed her.

"With whom, then, child?" she asked in her natural voice. "And why this mystery? But we have forgotten"—her voice faltered—"we have forgotten," she repeated almost defiantly, "M. des Ageaux. Is he safe?"

*Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the March issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

"It is of him I am going to speak," Bonne replied heavily.

"He has not—he has not fallen?"

"He is alive."

"Thank heaven for that!" Roger cried with heartiness, his eyes sparkling. "Has he gone on with Charles and the Bat?"

"No."

"Then where is he?"

She did not answer at once, and Roger looked at her, startled; the others looked at her. All waited for the reply.

"He is in M. de Vlaye's hands," she said slowly; and a gentle spasm, the beginning of weeping which did not follow for a moment, convulsed her features. "He saved me," she continued in trembling tones, "from the peasants, only to fall into M. de Vlaye's hands!"

"Well, that was better!" Roger answered.

Her lips quivered, but she did not reply. Perhaps she was afraid of losing that control over herself which it had cost her much to compass. But the *vicomte's* patience, never great, was now at an end.

"Come, come, girl!" he said petulantly. "Tell us what has happened, and no nonsense! Come, an end, I say! Tell us what has happened from the beginning, and let us have no mysteries!"

She began. In a low voice, and with the same tokens of repressed feeling, she detailed what had happened from the moment of the invasion of her hut by the peasants to the release of Des Ageaux, and the struggle in the river-bed.

"He owes us a life there!" the *vicomte* exclaimed. "Brave girl! Brave girl!" while Roger's eyes beamed with pride.

She paid, however, no heed to her father's interjection, but continued the story of the succeeding events—the assault on the mill, and the arrival of Vlaye and his men.

"Who in truth and fact saved your lives then," Roger said. "I forgive him much for that! It is the best thing I have heard of him."

"He saved my life," Bonne replied with a faint but perceptible shudder. She kept her eyes down as if she dared not meet their looks.

"And Des Ageaux, too," the *vicomte* objected. "You told us that——"

"He is alive, yes," she murmured; and the trembling began to overpower her. "Still alive!"

"Then——"

"But to-morrow 'at sunrise"—her voice shook with the pent-up misery, the long-repressed pain of her three hours' ride from Vlaye—"to-morrow at sunrise he—he must die!"

"What?" cried a voice that so far had been silent. And the duke, rising from his place by the door stood upright, supporting his weakened form against the wall of the hut. "What?" he repeated in a voice which in spite of his weakness rang clear and loud with anger. "He will not dare!"

"M. de Vlaye?" the *vicomte* muttered in a discomfited tone. "I am sure—I am sure he will not—dream of such a thing. Certainly not!"

"M. de Vlaye says that if—if"—Bonne paused as if she could not force her pallid lips to utter the words—"he says that at sunrise to-morrow he will hang him as M. des Ageaux last week hung one of his men."

"For murder—clear proved murder!" Roger cried in an agitated voice. "Before witnesses!"

"Then by my salvation I will hang him!" Joyeuse retorted in a voice shaking with rage, overcome by one of those frantic, blasphemous passions to which all of his race were subject. "I will hang him high as Haman and like a dog as he is!" He snatched a glove from a peg on the wall beside him, and flung it down with violence. "Give him that, the miserable upstart!" he shrieked. "And tell him that as surely as he keeps his word, I, Henry of Joyeuse, who for every spear he boasts can set down ten, and ten to that, will hang him though God and all his saints stand between! Give it him! Give it him! On foot or on horse, in mail or shirt, alone or by fours, I am his, and will drag his filthy life from him! Go!" he continued, turning, his eyes suffused with rage, on Roger. "Or bid them bring me my horse and arms! I will to him now and pluck his beard! I——"

"My lord, my lord," Roger remonstrated, "you are not fit."

Joyeuse sank exhausted to his stool. "For him and such as he, more than fit,"

he muttered. "More than fit—coward as he is!" But his tone and his evident weakness gave him the lie. He looked feebly at his hand, opening and closing it under his eyes. "Well, let him wait," he said. "Let him wait awhile—but if he does this, I will kill him as surely as I sit here!"

"Aye, to be sure!" the *vicomte* chimed in. "But unless I mistake, my lord, we are on a false scent. There was something of a condition, unless I am in error. This silly girl, who is more moved than is needful, said *if, if*—that M. de Vlaye would hang him, *unless*—what was it, child, you meant?"

She did not answer. Roger it was whose wits saved her the necessity. His eyes were sharpened by affection; he knew what had gone before. He guessed that which held her tongue.

"We must give up the countess," he exclaimed in generous scorn. "That is his condition!"

She bowed her head. She felt that to state that condition to the helpless, terrified girl at whose expense alone it could be performed, was a dishonor to her; that to state it as if she craved its performance, expected its performance, looked for its performance, was a thing still baser, a thing dishonoring to her family, not worthy a Villeneuve; a thing that must smirch them all and rob them of the only thing left to them, their good name.

Yet if she did not speak, if she did not make it known! If she did not do this for him who loved her and whom she loved! If he perished because she was too proud to crave his life, because she feared lest her cloak be stained ever so little! She could not face that.

She was between the hammer and the anvil. The question what she should do had bowed her to the ground. She had seen as she rode that she must choose between honor and life; her lover's life, her own honor.

"Give up the countess?" the *vicomte* muttered, staring at his son in dull perplexity. "Give up the countess? Why?"

"Unless she is surrendered," Roger explained in a low voice, "he will carry out his threat. He goes back to his old plan of strengthening himself, sir. It is very clear. He thinks that with the countess in his power he can make use of her resources, which are large, and by their means defy us."

"He is a villain!" the *vicomte* cried.

"Villain or no villain, I will cut his throat!" Joyeuse exclaimed, his rage flaming up anew. "If he touch but a hair

of Des Ageaux' head, who was wounded, striving to save my brother's life at Coutras, as all the world knows, I will never leave him or forsake him till I have his life!"

"I fear that will not avail Des Ageaux now," Roger muttered despondently.

"No, it may not," the *vicomte* agreed. "But we cannot help that." He was able to contemplate the lieutenant's fate without too much vexation or any overweening temptation to abandon the countess. "We cannot help it, and that is all that remains to be said. If he will do this, he must do it; and when his time comes, his blood be upon his own head!"

But the girl who shared with Bonne the tragedy of the moment had something to say. The countess stood up. Timid as she was, she had the full pride of her race. Shame had been her portion since the discovery of the thing Bonne had done to save her. The smart of the abbess' fingers still burned her cheek and seared her pride. Here, heaven-sent, as it seemed to her, was the opportunity of redressing the wrong which she had done to Bonne and of setting herself right with the woman who had outraged her.

The price which she must pay, the costliness of the sacrifice, did not weigh with her at this moment, as it would weigh with her when her blood was cool. To save Bonne's lover stood for something; to assert herself in the eyes of those who had seen her insulted and scorned, stood for much.

"No," she said with a certain dignity. "There is something more to be said, *monsieur le vicomte*. If it be a question of M. des Ageaux' life, I will go to M. de Vlaye."

"You will go?" the *vicomte* cried, astounded. "You, *mademoiselle*?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, and with a little hardening of her childish features. "I will go. Not willingly, God forbid! But rather than that M. des Ageaux should die, I will go."

They cried out upon her, those most loudly who were least interested in her decision. But the one for whose protest she listened—Roger—was silent; she marked that; for Roger's timid attentions had not passed unnoticed, nor, it may be, quite unappreciated. And the abbess; she was silent. She whose heart this latest proof of her lover's infidelity served but to harden, she whose soul revolted from the possibility that the deed she had done to separate Vlaye from the countess might cast the girl into his arms, was silent in sheer rage. Into far dif-

ferent arms had she thought to cast the countess! Now, if this were to be the end of the scheme, the devil had indeed mocked her!

Nor did Bonne speak; though her heart was full, for her feelings dragged her two ways, and she would not, nay, she could not speak. That much she owed to her lover. Yet the idea of sacrificing a woman to save a man shocked her deeply, shocked alike her womanliness and her courage; and not by a word, not by so much as the raising of a finger, would she press the girl, whose very rank and power left her friendless among them, made her for the time their sport. But neither, it has been said—and though her heart was racked with pity and shame—would she dissuade her. In any other circumstances which she could conceive, she had cast her arms about the child and withheld her by force. But her lover! Her lover was at stake! How could she sacrifice him? How prefer another to him?

And after all—she, too, felt the force of the argument—after all, the countess would be only where she would have been, but for her. But for her the young girl would be already in Vlaye's power; or, worse, in the peasants' hands. If she went now she did but assume her own perils, take her own part, stand on her own feet.

"I shall go the rather," the countess continued coldly, using that very argument, "since I should be already in his power had I gone myself to the peasants' camp!"

"You shall not go; you cannot go!" the *vicomte* repeated with stupid iteration.

"*Monsieur le vicomte*," she answered, "I am the Countess of Rochechouart;" and the little figure, the infantile face, assumed a sudden dignity.

"It is unbecoming!"

"It becomes me less to let a gallant gentleman die."

"But he will—you will be absolutely in Vlaye's power."

"God willing," she replied, her spirit still sustaining her. Was not the abbess, whom she was beginning to hate, looking at her?

Aye, looking at her with such eyes, with such thoughts, as must have overwhelmed her could she have read them aright. Bitter, to tell the truth, were Odette's reflections at this moment—bitter! She had stained her hands, and the end was this! She had stooped to a vile plot, to an act that might have cost her sister her life, and with this for reward! The

triumph was her rival's. Before her eyes and by her act this silly chit was being forced with heroics on her lips into his arms! And she, Odette, stood powerless to check the issue of her deed, impotent to interfere, unable even to vent the words of hatred that trembled on her lips.

For the duke was listening, and she had still enough prudence, enough self-control, to remember that she must not expose her feeling in his presence. On him depended what remained, the possibility of vengeance, the chances of ambition. She knew that she could not speak without destroying the image of herself which she had wrought so patiently to form. Taunting words imputing immodesty, that must have brought the blood to the countess' cheeks and might have stung her to the renunciation of her project, rose to the abbess' lips, but she dared not utter them. She swallowed her passion, and showed only a cold mask of surprise.

"Well, perhaps it is best," the duke said after awhile. "What if she pass into his power? It is better a woman marry than a man die. We can make the one a widow, whereas to bring the other to life would puzzle the best swordsmen in France!"

"But there is no burden laid on the countess to do this," the *vicomte* persisted; "and I for one will be no party to it. What, have it said that I surrendered the Countess of Rochechouart who sought my protection?"

"Sir," the girl replied, trembling slightly, "no one surrenders the countess save the countess. But that the less may be said to your injury, my own people shall attend me thither, and—"

"They will avail you nothing!" the *vicomte* replied with a frankness that verged on brutality. "You do not understand, *mademoiselle*. You are scarcely more than a child, and do not know to what you are going. You have been wont to be safe in your own resources; and now, were a fortnight given you to gather your power, you could perhaps make M. de Vlaye tremble. But you go from here, in three hours you will be there, and that moment as much in his power, despite your thirty or forty spears, as my daughter was this morning!"

"I count on nothing else," she said.

Her face burned; and Bonne who suffered with her, Bonne who was dragged this way and that, and would and would not, in whom love struggled with pity, and shame with joy—into her face, too, crept a faint color. How cowardly, oh,

how cowardly seemed her conduct! How base in her to buy her happiness at the price of this child's misery! To ransom her lover at another's cost! It was a bargain that in another's case she had repudiated with scorn, with pride, almost with loathing. But she loved; she loved, and who that loved could hesitate? One here and there, perhaps, some woman of a rare and noble nature cast in a higher mold than herself; but not Bonne de Vileneuve.

Yet the word she would not utter trembled on her tongue. And once, twice, the thought of Roger shook her. He, too, loved, yet bore in silence to see his mistress delivered, tied and bound, to his rival!

How, she asked herself, how could he do it, how could he suffer it? How could he stand by and see this innocent depart to such a fate, to such a lot?

How, indeed? She could understand the acquiescence of the others; of her sister, whom M. de Vlaye's inconstancy must surely have alienated; of Joyeuse, who was under an obligation to Des Ageaux; of the *vicomte*, who, affecting to take the countess' part, thought in truth only of himself. But Roger? In his place she felt that she must have spoken, whatever came of it; that she must have acted, whatever the issue.

Yet Roger, noble, generous Roger—for even while she blamed him with one half of her mind, she blessed him with the other—stood silent. He was silent even when the countess, with a quivering lip and a fleeting glance in his direction—perhaps she too had looked for something else at his hands—went out, her surrender a settled thing; and it became necessary to give orders, to communicate with the Bat, and to make such preparations as the withdrawal of her men from the small force made necessary. The duke's spears were expected that day or the next; but it needed no very sharp eye to discern that Vlaye's capture of the lieutenant had taken much of the spirit out of the attack. The countess' men must now be counted on the Captain of Vlaye's side; while the peasants, weakened by the slaughter Vlaye had inflicted on them at the mill, and by the distrust which their treachery must cause, no longer stood for much in the reckoning.

It was possible that the lieutenant's release might reanimate the forces of the law, that a second attempt to use the peasants might fare better than the first, that Joyeuse's aid might in time place Des Ageaux in a position to cope with his

opponent; but these were possibilities only, and the *vicomte*, for one, put no faith in them.

He was utterly disgusted with the turn which things were taking; nor was his disgust at any time greater than when he stood an hour later and viewed the countess and her escort marching out of the camp. If his life since Coutras had been obscure and ignoble, at least it had been safe. While his neighbors had suffered at the Captain of Vlaye's hands, he had been favored. He had sunk something of his pride, and counted in return on an alliance for his daughter solid if not splendid.

Now by the act of this meddling lieutenant—for he ignored Vlaye's treatment both of his daughter and the countess—all was changed. He had naught to expect now but Vlaye's enmity. Villeneuve would no longer be safe for him. He must go or he must humble himself to the ground. He had taken—he had been forced by his children to take—the wrong side in the struggle; the time was fast approaching when he must pay for it.

XXII.

THAT Bonne failed, in the interview just described, to read the dark scroll of her sister's thoughts, was not so strange; for apart from the tie of blood, the two women had nothing in common. But that she failed also to interpret Roger's inaction, that, blaming herself for an acquiescence which her love made inevitable, she did not spare him, whom love should have moved in the opposite direction—this was more remarkable; since a closer bond never united brother and sister. But misery is a grand engrosser. She had her lover in her thoughts, the poor girl whom she sacrificed on her mind; and she left the duke's quarters without that last look at her brother which might have enlightened her.

Had she questioned him, he had discovered his mind. She did not, and she had barely passed from sight before he was outside, and had a fresh horse saddled. One thing only it was prevented his leaving the camp in advance of the countess, whose people were not ready. His foot, indeed, was raised to the stirrup when he bethought him of this thing. He left the horse in charge of a trooper, hurried back to the duke's quarters, found him alone, and put his question.

"You made a man fight the other night against his will," he said, his head high. "Tell me, my lord, how I can do the same."

The duke stared, then laughed.

"Is it that you want?" he answered. "Tell me first whom it is you would fight, my lad?"

"M. de Vlaye."

"Ah!"

"You said, a while ago, you would presently make her a widow," Roger continued, his eyes sparkling. "Better a widow before she is wed, I say!"

The duke smiled whimsically.

"Sits the wind in that quarter?" he answered. "You have no mind to see her wed at all, my lad? That is it, is it? I had some notion of it!"

"Tell me how I can make him fight," Roger replied sullenly, sticking to his question and refusing even to blush.

"Tell me how I can get the moon!" Joyeuse answered, but not unkindly. "Why should he risk his life to rid himself of you, who are no drawback to him? Tell me that! Or why should he surrender the advantage of his strong place, and his five hundred spears, to enter the lists with a man who is naught to him?"

"Because if he does not I will kill him where I find him!" Roger replied with passion. And the mode of the day, which was not nice on the punctilios of the duel and forgave the most irregular assault if it were successful, which cast small blame on Guise for the slaying of St. Pol, or on Montsoreau for the murder of Bussy, went far towards justifying the threat. "I will kill him!" he repeated. "Fair or foul, light or dark—"

"He shall not wed her!" the duke cried in a mocking tone and with an extravagant gesture. But in truth the raillery was on the surface only. The lad's spirit touched the corresponding note in his own nature.

"Brave words, brave words, young man," he said, "but you are not Vitaux, who counted his life for nothing, and whose sword was a terror to all."

"But if I count my life for nothing?"

"Aye, if! If!"

"And why should I not?" Roger retorted, his soul rising to his lips. "Tell me, my lord, why should I count it for more? What am I, the son of a poor gentleman, misshapen, rough, untutored, that I should hold my life dear? That I should spare it, and save it, as a thing so valuable? What have I in prospect of all the things other men look forward to? Glory? See me! Fine I should be"—with a bitter laugh covering tears—"in a triumph, or marching up the aisle to a 'Te Deum'! Court favor? Aye, I might be the dwarf in a mask, or the fool

in motley! Naught besides! Naught, my lord! And for love?" He laughed still more bitterly. "I tell you my own father winces when he sees me! My own sister and my own brother—well, they are blind, perhaps. They, they only, and old Solomon, and the woman who nursed me and dropped me—see in me a man like other men. Leave them out, and as I live, until this man came——"

"Des Ageaux?"

"Des Ageaux—until he came and spoke gently to me and said, 'do this, and do that, and you shall be as Gourdon or as Guesclin!'—even he could not promise me love—as I live, till then no man pitied me or gave me hope! And shall I let him die to save my stunted life?"

"But it is not the saving him that is in question," the duke replied gently, and with respect in his tone. He was really and honestly moved by this unveiling of poor Roger's thoughts. "She saves him."

"And I save her," Roger replied with fervor. "I will save her, though I die a hundred deaths! For she, too——"

He paused. The duke looked at him, a spice of humor mingling with his sympathy.

"She too sees in you a man like other men?" he said.

"She pitied me," Roger answered. "No more—but she pitied me, my lord! What more could she do, being what she is? And I being what I am?"

His chin sank on his breast; but the duke nodded kindly.

"May be," he said. "Less likely things have happened. But what will you do?"

"Go with her and see him, take him aside, and if he will fight me, well! And if he will not, I will strike him down where he stands!"

"But that will not save Des Ageaux."

"No?"

"No! On the contrary, it will be he," Joyeuse retorted somewhat grimly, "who will pay for it. Do you not see that?"

"Then I will wait," Roger replied, "until he is released."

"And then—what of the countess?" the duke asked; still opposing, though the man and the plan were alike after his own heart. "M. de Vlaye dead, who will protect her? His men——"

"They would not dare!" Roger cried, trembling. "They would not dare!"

"Well, perhaps not," the duke answered, after a moment's thought. "Probably his lieutenant would protect her, for his own sake. And Des Ageaux

free would be worth two hundred men to us. Not that, if I were well, he would be in question; but I am only half a man, and we need him!"

"You shall have him," Roger answered, his eyes glittering. "Have no doubt of it! But advise me, my lord. Were it better I escorted her to the gate and sought entrance later, after he had released Des Ageaux? Or that I kept myself close until the time came?"

"The time? For what?"

The speaker was the abbess. Unseen by the two men, she had that moment glided across the threshold. The unwonted pallor of her features and the brightness of her eyes were such as to strike both; but differently. To the duke these results of a night passed in vivid emotions, and of a morning that had crowned her schemes with mockery, only brought her into nearer keeping with the dress she wore, and enhanced her charms. To her brother, on the other hand, who now hated Vlaye with a tenfold hatred, they were grounds for suspicion—he knew not why. But not even he came nearer to guessing the truth; or suspected that behind that mask there were passions at work which, had the duke discovered them, must have cast him into a stupor deeper than any into which his own mad freaks had ever cast a wondering world.

As it was, the duke's eyes saw only the perfection of womankind; the lily of the garden drooping, pale, under the woes of her frailer sisters. Of the jealousy with which she contemplated the surrender of her rival to her lover's power, much less of the step which that surrender was pressing upon her, he caught no glimpse.

"The time for what?" the duke repeated, with looks courteous to the point of reverence. "Ah—pardon, *mademoiselle*, but we cannot take you into our counsel. Men must sometimes do things it is not for saints to know or women to witness."

"Saints!" The involuntary irony of her tone must have penetrated ears less dulled by prejudice. "Saints! I am no saint, my lord," she said modestly.

"Still," he answered, "it were better you did not know, *mademoiselle*. It is but a plan by which we think it possible that we may yet get the better of M. de Vlaye, and save the child before—before in fact——"

"Aye?" the abbess said, a flicker of pain in her eyes. "Before—I understand."

"Before it be too late."

"Yes. And how?"

The duke shook his head with a smile meant to propitiate. "How?" he repeated. "But that—pardon me—that is the point upon which we would fain be silent."

"Yet you must not be silent," she replied. "You must tell me." And pale, almost stern, she looked from one to the other, dominating them. "You must tell me," she repeated. "Or perhaps"—fixing Roger with a glance keen as steel—"I know already. You would save her by killing him. It is of that you are thinking. It is for that your horse is waiting saddled by the gate. You would ride after her, gain access to him, and——"

"She has not started?" Roger exclaimed.

"She started ten minutes ago," the abbess answered coldly. "Nay, stay!" For Roger was making for the door. "Stay, boy! Do you hear?"

"I cannot stay."

"If you do not stay you will repent it—all your life!" the abbess made answer in a voice that shook even his resolution. "And she all hers! Ha, that stays you?" she cried with a gleam of passion she could not restrain. "I thought it would. Now, if you will listen, I have something to say that will put another complexion on this."

They gazed expectant, but she did not at once continue. She reflected; while each of her listeners regarded her after his knowledge of her; Roger sullenly and with suspicion, doubting what she would be at, the duke in admiration, expecting that with which gentle wisdom might inspire her.

Secretly she was heart-sick; and the sigh she could not restrain declared it.

"There is no need of violence," she said wearily. "No"—addressing Roger, who had raised his hand in remonstrance—"hear me out before you interrupt me. How will the loss of a minute harm you? Or of five, or ten? I repeat, there is no need of violence. Heaven knows there has been enough! We must go another way to work to release her. It is my turn to work now."

"I would rather trust myself," Roger muttered; but so low that the words, frank to brutality, did not reach Joyeuse's ears.

"Yet you must trust me," she answered. "Do so, trust me, and follow my directions, and I will take on myself to say that before nightfall she will be free."

"What are we to do?" the duke asked.

"You? Nothing. I, all. I must take

her place, as she has taken that of M. des Ageaux."

For an instant they were silent in sheer astonishment.

"But M. de Vlaye may have something to say to that!" Roger ejaculated, before the duke could find words.

The lad spoke on impulse. He knew a little and suspected more of the lengths to which Vlaye's courtship of his sister had gone.

If she had not put force on herself, she had flung him a retort that would have opened the duke's eyes once and forever.

"I shall not consult M. de Vlaye," she replied coldly, instead. "I have visited him on various occasions, and we are on terms. My appearance in Vlaye, seeing that the Abbey of Vlaye is but a half league from the town, will cause no surprise. Once in the town, if I can enter the castle and gain speech of the countess, she may escape in my habit."

"I hate this shifting and changing!" Roger grumbled.

"But if it will save her?"

"Aye, but will it?" Roger returned, shrugging his shoulders. He suspected that her aim was to save M. de Vlaye rather than the countess. "Will it? Can you in the first place get speech of her?"

"I think I can," the abbess answered quietly. "Many of the men know me. And I will take with me Father Benet, who is at M. de Vlaye's beck and call. He will serve me within limits, if a friend be needed. I shall wear my robes, and though she is shorter and smaller than I, I see no reason why she should not pass out in them."

"But what of you?" the duke asked, staring much.

"I shall remain in her place."

"Remain in her place?" Joyeuse exclaimed, in the voice he would have used had Our Lady appeared before him. "You will dare that for her?"

A faint color stole into the abbess' cheeks.

"It is my expiation," she murmured modestly. "I struck her—God forgive me!"

"But——"

"And I run no risk. M. de Vlaye knows me, and this"—with a gesture which drew attention to her conventual garb—"will protect me."

The duke gazed at his saint in a kind of rapture, seeing already the wings on her shoulders, the aureole about her head.

"*Mademoiselle*, you will do that?" he cried. "Then you are a saint. You are an angel!"

In his enthusiasm he knelt—not without difficulty, for he was still weak—and kissed her hand. To him the thing seemed an act of pure heroism, pure self-denial, pure good-doing.

But Roger, who knew more of his sister's nature and past history, and whose knowledge left less room for fancy's gilding, stood lost in gloomy thought. What did she mean? Was she going as friend or enemy? Influence with Vlaye she had, or lately had had; but, the countess released, in what a position would she, his sister, stand? Could he, could her father, could her friends let her do this thing?

Yet the chance—to a lover—was too good to reject; the position, moreover, too desperate for niceties. The thought that she was going, not for the sake of the countess, but for that of M. de Vlaye, the suspicion that she was not unwilling to take the countess' place and the countess' risks, occurred to him; but he thrust, he strove to thrust, the suspicion and the thought from him. Her motive, and her meaning, even though that motive and meaning were to save Vlaye, were small things, beside the countess' safety.

"At any rate I will go with you," he muttered at length, with more of suspicion than of gratitude in his tone. "When will you be ready?"

"I think it likely that he will have bidden Father Benet to be with him at sunset," she answered. "If we are at the priest's, therefore, an hour earlier, it should do."

"And for safe conduct?"

"I will answer for that," she replied hardily, "so far as M. de Vlaye's men are concerned."

Her answer chafed Roger anew. Her reliance on her influence with Vlaye and Vlaye's people—he hated it; and for an instant he hesitated. But in the end he swallowed his vexation—had he not made up his mind to shut his eyes?—and the three separated after a few more words relating to the arrangements to be made.

The duke, standing with a full heart in the doorway, watched her to her quarters. He marked the grace of her movements, and in his mind doomed the Captain of Vlaye to unspeakable deaths if he harmed her. She, as she passed away, thought—but we need not enter into her thoughts. She was doing this, lest a worst thing happen; doing it in a passion of jealousy, in a frenzy of disgust. But she would see M. de Vlaye! She would see the man she loved. Through the dark stuff of her thoughts that prospect ran like a golden thread.

Roger, on the other hand, should have been content as he rode beside her, and in silence passed down the river valley to the chapel beside the ford, and thence to the open country about Villeneuve. For if things were still dark, there was a prospect of light. A few hours earlier he had despaired; he had seen no means of saving the woman he adored, save at the expense of his own life. Now he had hope and a chance, now he might look, if fortune favored him, to be her escort into safety before the sun rose again.

Surely he should have been content; yet he was not. Not even when, after a journey of four hours, the two, having passed Villeneuve, gained without misadventure the summit of that hill on the rough, wooded side of which the countess had met with her first misfortune. From that point, they and the two armed servants who followed them could look down upon the wide green valley which framed the town of Vlaye, and which, somewhat lower, opened into the plain of the Dronne. They could discern the bridge over the river, and almost count the red roofs of the small town that crept up from the water to the coronet of gray walls and towers which surveyed all and lorded it over leagues of country seen and unseen—the hawk's nest, the *plebis flagellum*. They might, in sight of that, count the preliminaries over, and all but the supreme risk run.

For quite easily they might have fallen in with Vlaye's people on the road and been taken; or with M. de Vlaye himself, and with that there had been an end of the plan. But they had escaped these dangers, and yet Roger was not content. Still he rode with a gloomy brow, and with pinched lips. The longer he thought of his sister's plan, the more he suspected and the less he liked it. There was in it a little which he did not understand, and more which he understood too well. His sister and M. de Vlaye! He hated the collocaction; he hated to think that she must be left, willingly and by her own act, in the adventurer's power; and this at a moment when disappointment would aggravate a temper already tried by the attack on him, and by the part which the *vicomte* had played in it. On what, in such circumstances, did she depend for her safety, for her honor, for all that she put wantonly at stake? On his respect? His friendship? Or his love?

"I will take her place," she had said. Could it be that she was willing, that she desired, to take it altogether? Was she, after the scornful and contumelious

slight which M. de Vlaye had put upon her, willing still to seek him, willing still to be in his power?

It seemed so. Certainly it could not be denied that she was seeking him, and that he, her brother, was escorting her. In that light people would look upon his action.

The thought stung him, and he halted midway on the woodland track that descended the farther side of the hill. His face wore a curious mixture of shame and appeal—with ill-humor underlying both.

"See here, Odette," he said hoarsely, "I do not see the end of this."

Though she raised her eyebrows contemptuously, a faint tinge of color crept into her face.

"I thought," she replied, "that the end was to save this little fool who is too weak to save herself!"

"But you?"

"Oh, for me!" contemptuously. "Take no heed of me. I am of other stuff, and can manage my own affairs."

"You think so," he retorted. "But M. de Vlaye, he, too, is of other stuff."

"Do you fancy I am afraid of M. de Vlaye?" she answered; and her eyes flashed scorn on him. "You may be! You should be!"—with a glance which marked his deformity and stabbed the sense of it deep into his heart. "How should you be otherwise, seeing that in no circumstances could you be a match for him? But I? I say again that I am of other stuff."

"All the same," he muttered darkly, "I would not go on——"

"Would not go on?" she retorted in mockery. "Not with your sweet countess in danger? Not with the dear light of your eyes in Vlaye's arms? Not go on? Oh, brave brother! Oh, brave lover! Not go on, and your countess, your pretty countess——"

"Be silent!" he cried, stung to rage.

"Ah! We go back, then?"

But he could not face that, he could not say yes to that. Defeated, he turned in dumb anger and resumed the road.

Necessarily the danger of arrest increased as they approached the town. The last mile, which brought them to the bridge over the river, was traversed under the eyes of the castle. It would not have surprised Roger had they been met and arrested long before they came to the town gate. But it was plain that M. de Vlaye held that danger was still remote, and troubled his followers with few precautions. The place lay drowsing in the

late heat of the summer afternoon. It was still as the dead, and though their approach was doubtless seen and noted, no one issued forth or challenged them. Even the men who lounged under the low-browed archway—which still bore the escutcheon of the ancient lords—contented themselves with a long stare at the visitors and a sully salute.

The bridge passed, a narrow street, paved and steep, and overhung by houses of brickwork and wood, opened before them. It led upwards in the direction of the castle; but after pursuing it some fifty paces, the abbess turned out of it into a narrow lane that brought them in a bow-shot—for the town was very small—to the wall again. This was their present destination; for crowded into an angle of the wall under the shadow of one of the old brick watch-towers stood the chapel and cell that owned the lax rule of M. de Vlaye's chaplain, Father Benet.

XXIII.

ROGER had little faith in the priest's power, and less in his willingness to aid them. But at worst he was not to be kept long in suspense. Father Benet, at the moment of their arrival, was walking in his pot-herb garden. As they dismounted, they espied him peeping at them between the tall sunflowers and budding hollyhocks; his ruddy face something dismayed and fallen, and his mien that of a portly man caught in the act of wrong doing. Finding himself detected, he came forward with an awkward and hasty show of joviality.

"Welcome, sister," he said. "There is naught the matter at the abbey, I trust, that I see you thus late in the day?"

"No, the matter is here," the abbess replied, with a look in her eyes that told him she knew all. "And we are here to see about it. Let us in, father. The time is short, for at any moment your master"—she indicated the castle by a gesture—"may hear of our arrival and send for us."

"I am sure," the priest answered glibly, "that anything that I can do for you, sister——"

She cut him short.

"No words, no words, but let us in!" she said sharply. And when, with pursed lips and a shrug of resignation, he had complied, and they stood in the cool, stone-floored room—communicating by an open door with the chapel—in which he received his visitors, she came with the same abruptness to the point. "At what

hour are you going up to the castle?" she asked.

He tried to avoid her eyes.

"To the castle?" he repeated.

"Aye," she said, watching him keenly.

"To the castle. Are there more castles than one? Or, first, when were you there last, father?"

His look wandered, full of calculation. "Last?" he said. "When was I at the castle last?"

"The truth! The truth!" she cried impatiently.

He chid her, but with a propitiatory smile akin to those which the augurs exchanged.

"Sister! Sister!" he said. "*Nil nisi verum clericus!* I was there no more than an hour back."

"And got your orders? And got your orders, I suppose?" she repeated with rude insistence. "Out with it, father. I see you are no more easy than I am!"

He flung out his hands in sudden abandonment.

"God knows I am not!" he said. "God knows I am not! And that is the truth, and I am not hiding it. God knows I am not! But what am I to do? He is a violent man—you know him!—and I am a man of peace. I must do his will or go. And I am better than nothing! I may"—there was a whine in his voice—"I may do some good still. You know that, sister. But if I go, there is no one."

"And if you go, you are no one," she answered keenly. "For your suffragan has you in no good favor, I am told; so that if you go you will meet but with a sackcloth welcome. So it is said, father. I know not if it be said truly."

"Untruly! Untruly!" he protested earnestly. "He has never found fault with me, sister, on good occasion. But I have enemies, all men have enemies—"

"You are like to make more," Roger struck in, with a dark look.

The priest wrung his hands.

"I know! I know!" he said. "He carries it too highly. Too highly! They say that he has caught the king's lieutenant now, and has him in keeping there—"

"It is true."

"Well, I have warned him, he cannot say I have not!"

"And what said he to your warning?" the abbess rejoined.

"He threatened me with the stirrup leathers."

"And you are now to marry him?"

"You know it!" he gasped, turning a shade paler.

"I know it, but not the time," she answered. And as he hesitated, silent and appalled, she continued: "Come, the truth, father; and then I will tell you what I am going to do."

"At sunset," he muttered, "I am to be there."

"Good, then you will go up an hour earlier," she made answer. "And I shall go with you."

He protested feebly. He knew something of that which had gone before, something of her history, something of her passion for M. de Vlaye; and he was sure that she was not bent on good.

"I dare not!" he said. "I dare not, sister!"

"Dare not what?" the abbess retorted, bending her handsome brows in wrath. "Dare not go one hour earlier?"

"But you—you want to go?"

"If I go with you, what is that to you?"

"But—"

"But what, father, but what?"

"You want something of me?" he faltered, not to be deceived. "Something dangerous, I know it!"

"I want your company to the door of the room where she lies," the abbess replied. "That is all. You have leave to visit her? Do not tell me that you have not! Think you I do not know you, father? Think you I do not know how well you are with him, how late you sit with him, how deep you drink with him, when he lacks better company? And that this—though you are frightened now, and would fain be clear of it, knowing who she is—is what you have vowed to do for him a hundred times and a hundred times to that, if it would help him!"

"Never! Never!" he protested, paler than before.

"Father," she retorted, stooping forward and speaking low, "be warned! Get you a foot in the other camp while you may! You are over-well fed for the dry crust and the sack bed of the bishop's prison! You drink too much red wine to take kindly to the moat puddle! and that not for months, but for years and years! Have you not heard of men who lay forgotten, aye, forgotten even by their goaler at last—until they starved in the bishop's prison! The bishop's prison, father!" she continued cruelly. "Who comes out thence, but the rats, and they fat? Who comes out thence—"

"Don't! Don't!" the priest cried, his complexion mottled, his flabby cheeks

trembling with fear of that which her words called up. "You will not do it?"

"I?" she answered dryly. "No, not I, perhaps. But is a Countess of Rochecouart one to be abducted so lightly, or so easily? Has she so few friends? So poor a kindred? A cousin there is, I think—my lord Bishop of Comminges—who has one of these very prisons. And if I mistake not she has another cousin, who is in Flanders now, but will know well how to avenge her when he returns!"

"What is it you want me to do?" he faltered, conquered and unhappy.

"Go with me to her door, that I may gain admission. Then, whether you go to him or not, your silence for one half hour!"

"You will not do her any harm?" he muttered.

"Fool, it is to do her good I am here!"

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

He heaved a deep sigh.

"I will do it," he said. He wiped his brow with the sleeve of his cassock. "I will do it."

"You are wise," she replied. "And wise in time, father, for it is time we went. The sun is within an hour of setting." Then, turning to Roger, who had never ceased to watch the priest as a cat watches a mouse, she said: "The horses may wait in the lane, or where you please. They are hidden from the castle where they stand, and perhaps they are best there. In any case"—with a meaning glance—"I return to this spot. Expect me in half an hour. After that, the rest is for you to contrive. I wash my hands of it."

The words in which he would have assented stuck in the lad's throat. He could not speak. She turned again to the priest.

"One moment and I am ready," she said. "Have you a mirror?"

"A mirror?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"But of course you have not," she replied.

She looked about her an instant, then with a quick step she passed through the doorway into the chapel, where her eye had been caught by a polished sheet of brass, recording in monkish Latin the virtues of that member of the old family who had founded this *capella extra muros*, as ancient deeds styled it. She placed herself before the tablet, and, paying as little heed to her brother or the priest—though they were within sight—as to the sacred emblems about her, or the scene in

which she stood, she cast back her hood, and drew from her robes a small ivory case.

From this she took a morsel of sponge, and a tiny comb, also of ivory; and with water taken from the stoup beside the door she refreshed her face, and carefully recurred the short ringlets upon her forehead. With a pencil drawn from the same case, she retouched her eyelashes and the corners of her eyes; and with deft fingers she straightened and smoothed the small ruff about her neck. Finally, with no less care, she drew the hood of her habit close round her face, and after turning herself about a while before the mirror went back to the others. They had not taken their eyes off her.

"Come!" she said.

She led the way out without a second word, passed by the waiting horses and the servants, and, attended by the reluctant father, walked at a gentle pace along the lane towards the main street.

Until the two reached a triangular open space, graced by an Italian fountain, and used, though it sloped steeply, as a market site, the street they traversed was not exposed to view from the castle. But above the market-place the road turned abruptly to the left, and emerging from the houses ascended between twin mounds, of which the nearer bore the castle, and the other, used on occasion as a tilt-yard, was bare. The road ascended the gorge between the two, then wound about, this time to the right, and gained the summit of the unoccupied breast; whence, leaping its own course by a draw-bridge, it entered the gray stronghold which on every other side looked down from the brow of a precipice—here on the clustering roofs of the town, and there, and there again, on the wide green vale and silvery meanders of the Dronne.

Looking to the south, where the valley opened into a plain, the eye might almost discern Coutras, that famous battlefield which lies on the Dronne bank. Northward it encountered the wooded hills beyond which lay Villeneuve, and the town of Barbezieux on the great north road, and the plain towards Angoulême. Fairer aerie, or stronger, is scarce to be found in the width of three provinces.

Until they came to the market-place, therefore, the abbess and her unwilling companion had little to fear save an encounter with M. de Vlaye himself. As far as others were concerned, Father Benet's coarse, plump face, albeit less ruddy than ordinary, was warrant enough to avert both suspicion and inquiry. But

thence onwards they walked in full view not only of the lounge upon the ramparts which the Captain of Vlaye most affected at the cool hour, but of a dozen lofty casements from any one of which an officious sentry or a servant might mark their approach and pass word of it.

Father Benet traversed this path as one under fire. The sun was low, but at its mid day height it had not heated the stout priest more than the fancied fury of those eyes. The sweat poured down his face as he climbed and panted and crossed himself in a breath.

"Believe me, you are better here than in the bishop's prison," his companion said, to cheer him.

"But he will see us from the ramparts!" he groaned, not daring to look up and disprove the fact. "He will see us! He will meet us at the gate."

"Then it will be my affair," the abess answered hardily.

"We are mad, stark, staring mad!" he protested.

"You were madder to go back," she said.

He looked at her viciously, as if he wished her dead. Fortunately they had reached the narrow defile under the bridge by this time; and a feverish longing to come to an end of the venture took place of all other feelings in the priest's breast. Doggedly he panted up the Tilt Mound, as it was called, and passed three or four groups of troopers who were taking the air on their backs or playing at games of chance. Thence he crossed the drawbridge. The iron-studded doors, with their clumsy grilles, above which the arms of the old family still showed their quarterings, stood open; but in the depths of the low-browed archway, where the shadows were beginning to gather, lounged ten or a dozen rogues whose insolent eyes the abess must confront.

But she had judged, and rightly, that the priest's company would make that easy which she could not have compassed so well alone; though she might have won entrance. The men were surprised to see her, and stared; some recognizing her with respect, others with grins half knowing, half insolent. But no one stepped forward or volunteered to challenge her entrance.

One wit, as soon as their backs were turned, hummed:

*Je suis amoureuse,
Malheureuse,
J'ai perdu mon galant!*

"Oh, la, la, it is no doubt the bridesmaid!" another muttered, with a wink at his fellows.

They were soon clear of the gate and the starers, and crossing the wide paved court, which, bathed in quiet light, was pervaded none the less by an air of subdued preparation. Here a man cleaned a horse or his harness, there a group chatted on the curb of the well; here a white-capped cook showed, and there, beside the entrance, a couple teased the tame bear that inhabited the stone kennel, and on high days made sport for the Captain of Vlaye's dogs.

Vlaye's quarters and those of his household and officers lay in the wing on the left, which overlooked the town; his men were barracked and the horses stabled in the opposite wing. The fourth side, facing the entrance, was open, being occupied by a garden raised two steps above the court and separated from it, first by a tall railing of curiously wrought iron, and secondly by a row of clipped limes, whose level wall of foliage effectually hid the pleasaunce from the vulgar come-and-go of the public.

The abess knew the place intimately. She felt no surprise when the father, in place of making for the common doorway on the left, which led into M. de Vlaye's wing, bore across the open to the floriated iron gate of the garden, and, passing through it, turned to the left along the cool green lime walk, still musical with the hum of belated bees.

"She is in the Demoiselles' wing, then, is she?" the abess murmured.

She had occupied those rooms herself on more than one occasion. They opened by a door on the garden, and enjoyed a fair outlook over the Dronne. As she recalled them and the memories they summoned up, her features worked.

"Where else should she be—short of this evening?" Father Benet answered, with full knowledge of the sting he inflicted. Her secret was no secret from him. "But I need come no farther?" he added, pausing awkwardly.

"To the door," she answered firmly. "That is the bargain."

"Well, we are there," he said, halting when he had taken another dozen paces; which brought them to the door in the garden end of the left wing. "Now I will retire, by your leave, sister."

"Knock!"

He complied with a faltering hand, and turned to flee the moment he had done so, as if the sound terrified him.

(To be continued.)